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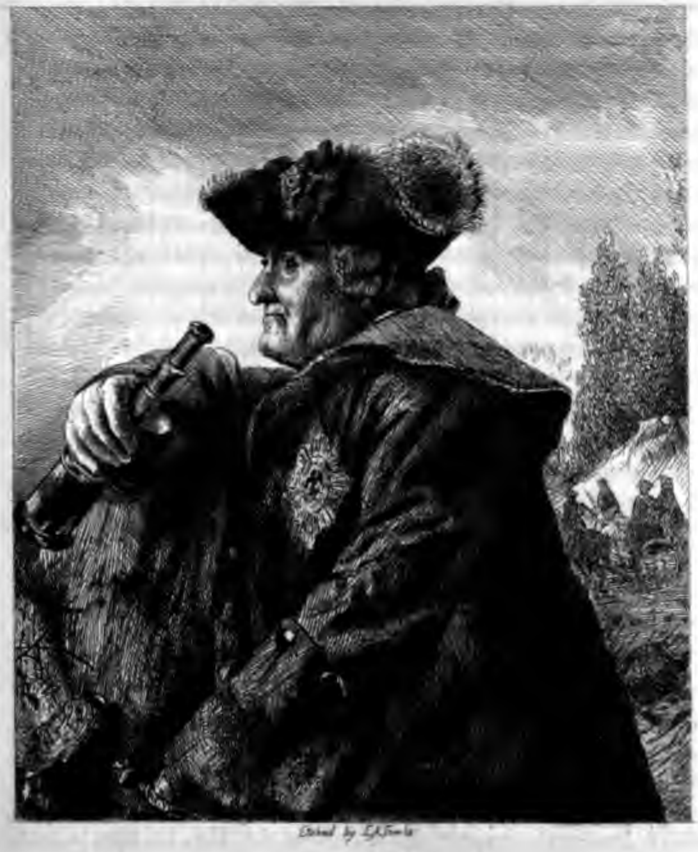

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HISTORY

OF

FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

VOL. V.

BOSTON
DANA ESTES AND CHARLES E. LAURIAT
1884

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PORTRAIT: JACOB KEITH.

From MENZEL'S Woodcut. Etched by E. A. FOWLE.

Frontispiece.

HISTORY OF

FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IN TWENTY-ONE BOOKS.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BOOK XV.

(CONTINUED.)

SECOND SILESIAN WAR, IMPORTANT EPISODE IN THE GENERAL EUROPEAN ONE.

15th Aug. 1744–25th Dec. 1745.

CHAPTER XIV.

BATTLE OF KESSELSDORF.

A "CORRESPONDENCE" of a certain Excellency Villiers, English Minister at Dresden, — Sir Thomas Villiers, Grandfather of the present Earl of Clarendon, — was very famous in those weeks; and is still worth mention, as a trait of Friedrich's procedure in this crisis. Friedrich, not intoxicated with his swift triumph over Prince Karl, but calculating the perils and the chances still ahead, — miserably off for money too, — admits to himself that not revenge or triumph, that Peace is the one thing needful to him. November 29th, Old Leopold is entering Saxony; and in the same hours, Podewils at Berlin, by order of Friedrich, writes to Villiers who is in Dresden, about Peace, about mediating for Peace: "My King ready and desirous, now as at all times, for Peace; the terms of it known; terms not altered, not alterable, no bargaining or higgling needed or allowable. *Convention of Hanover*, let his

Polish Majesty accede honestly to that, and all these miseries are ended."[1]

Villiers starts instantly on this beneficent business; "goes to Court, on it, that very night;" Villiers shows himself really diligent, reasonable, loyal; doing his very best now and afterwards; but has no success at all. Polish Majesty is obstinate, — I always think, in the way sheep are, when they feel themselves too much put upon; — and is deaf to everybody but Brühl. Brühl answers: "Let his Prussian Majesty retire from our Territory; — what is he doing in the Lausitz just now! Retire from our Territory; *then* we will treat!" Brühl still refuses to be desperate of his bad game; — at any rate, Brühl's rage is yellower than ever. That very evening, while talking to Villiers, he has had preparations going on; — and next morning takes his Master, Polish Majesty August III., with some comfortable minimum of apparatus (cigar-boxes not forgotten), off to Prag, where they can be out of danger till the thing decide itself. Villiers follows to Prag; desists not from his eloquent Letters, and earnest persuasions at Prag; but begins to perceive that the means of persuading Brühl will be a much heavier kind of artillery.

On the whole, negotiations have yet done little. Britannic George, though Purseholder, what is his success here? As little is the Russian Bugbear persuasive on Friedrich himself. The Czarina of the Russias, a luxurious lady, of far more weight than insight, has just notified to him, with more emphasis than ever, That he shall not attack Saxony; that if he do, she with considerable vigor will attack him! That has always been a formidable puzzle for Friedrich: however, he reflects that the Russians never could draw sword, or be ready with their Army, in less than six months, probably not in twelve; and has answered, translating it into polite official terms: "Fee-faw-fum, your Czarish Majesty! Question is not now of attacking, but of being myself attacked!" — and so is now running his risks with the Czarina.

---

[1] "*Correspondance du Roi avec Sir Thomas Villiers;*" commences, on Podewils's part, 28th November; on Friedrich's, 4th December; ends, on Villier's, 18th December; fourteen Pieces in all, four of them Friedrich's: Given in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 183–216 (see *ib.* 158), and in many other Books.

Still worse was the result he got from Louis XV. Lately, "for form's sake," as he tells us, "and not expecting anything," he had (November 15th) made a new appeal to France: "Ruin menacing your Most Christian Majesty's Ally, in this huge sudden crisis of invasive Austrian-Saxons; and for your Majesty's sake, may I not in some measure say?" To which Louis's Answer is also given. A very sickly, unpleasant Document; testifying to considerable pique against Friedrich; — Ranke says, it was a joint production, all the Ministers gradually contributing each his little pinch of irony to make it spicier, and Louis signing when it was enough; — very considerable pique against Friedrich; and something of the stupid sulkiness as of a fat bad boy, almost glad that the house is on fire, because it will burn his nimble younger brother, whom everybody calls so clever: "Sorry indeed, Sir my Brother, most sorry: — and so you have actually signed that *Hanover Convention* with our worst Enemy? France is far from having done so; France has done, and will do, great things. Our Royal heart grieves much at your situation; but is not alarmed; no, Your Majesty has such invention, vigor and ability, superior to any crisis, our clever younger Brother! And herewith we pray God to have you in his holy keeping." This is the purport of King Louis's Letter; — which Friedrich folds together again, looking up from perusal of it, we may fancy with what a glance of those eyes.[1]

He is getting instructed, this young King, as to alliances, grand combinations, French and other. His third Note to Villiers intimates, "It being evident that his Polish Majesty will have nothing from us but fighting, we must try to give it him of the best kind we have."[2] Yes truly; it is the *ultimate* persuasive, that. Here, in condensed form, are the essential details of the course it went, in this instance: —

---

[1] Louis's Original, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 173, 174 (with a much more satirical paraphrase than the above), and Friedrich's Answer adjoined, — after the events had come.

[2] "Bautzen, 11th December, 1745" (*ubi suprà*).

General Grüne, on the road to Berlin, hearing of the rout at Hennersdorf, halted instantly, — hastened back to Saxony, to join Rutowski there, and stand on the defensive. Not now in that Halle-Frontier region (Rutowski has quitted that, and all the intrenchments and marshy impregnabilities there); not on that Halle Frontier, but hovering about in the interior, Rutowski and Grüne are in junction; gravitating towards Dresden; — expecting Prince Karl's advent; who ought to emerge from the Saxon Switzerland in few days, were he sharp; and again enable us to make a formidable figure. Be speedy, Old Dessauer: you must settle the Grüne-Rutowski account before that junction, not after it!

The Old Dessauer has been tolerably successful, and by no means thinks he has been losing time. November 29th, "at three in the morning," he stept over into Saxony with its impregnable camps; drove Rutowski's rear-guard, or remnant, out of the quagmires, canals and intrenchments, before daylight; drove it, that same evening, or before dawn of the morrow, out of Leipzig: has seized that Town, — lays heavy contribution on it, nearly £50,000 (such our strait for finance), "and be sure you take only substantial men as sureties!"[1] — and will, and does after a two days' rest, advance with decent celerity inwards; though "One must first know exactly whither; one must have bread, and preparations and precautions; do all things solidly and in order," thinks the Old Dessauer. Friedrich well knows the whither; and that Dresden itself is, or may be made, the place for falling in with Rutowski. Friedrich is now himself ready to join, from the Bautzen region; the days and hours precious to him; and spurs the Old Dessauer with the sharpest remonstrances. "All solidly and in order, your Majesty!" answers the Old Dessauer: solid strong-boned old coach-horse, who has his own modes of trotting, having done many a heavy mile of it in his time; and whose skin, one hopes, is of the due thickness against undue spurring.

Old Dessauer wishes two things: bread to live upon; and a sure Bridge over the Elbe whereby Friedrich may join him.

---

[1] Orlich, ii. 308.

Old Dessauer makes for Torgau, far north, where is both an Elbe Bridge and a Magazine; which he takes; Torgau and pertinents now his. But it is far down the Elbe, far off from Bautzen and Friedrich: "A nearer Bridge and rendezvous, your Highness! Meissen [where they make the china, only fifty miles from me, and twenty from Dresden], let that be the Bridge, now that you have got victual. And speedy; for Heaven's sake, speedy!" Friedrich pushes out General Lehwald from Bautzen, with 4,000 men, towards Meissen Bridge; Lehwald does not himself meddle with the Bridge, only fires shot across upon the Saxon party, till the Old Dessauer, on the other bank, come up; — and the Old Dessauer, impatience thinks, will never come. "Three days in Torgau, yes, Your Majesty: I had bread to bake, and the very ovens had to be built." A solid old roadster, with his own modes of trotting; needs thickness of skin.[1]

At long last, on Sunday, 12th December, about two P.M., the Old Dessauer does appear; or General Gessler, his vanguard, does appear, — Gessler of the sixty-seven standards, — "always about an hour ahead." Gessler has summoned Meissen; has not got it, is haggling with it about terms, when, towards sunset of the short day, Old Dessauer himself arrives. Whereupon the Saxon Commandant quits the Bridge (not much breaking it); and glides off in the dark, clear out of Meissen, towards Dresden, — chased, but successfully defending himself.* "Had he but stood out for two days!" say the Saxons, — "Prince Karl had then been up, and much might have been different." Well, Friedrich too would have been up, and it had most likely been the same on a larger scale. But the Saxon Commandant did not stand out; he glided off, safe; joined Rutowski and Grüne, who are lying about Wilsdruf, six or seven miles on the hither side of Dresden, and eagerly waiting for Prince Karl. "Bridge and Town of Meissen are your Majesty's," reports the Old Dessauer that night: upon which Friedrich instantly rises, hastening thitherward. Lehwald comes across Meissen Bridge, effects the desired junction; and all Monday the Old Dessauer defiles through Meissen town and territory; continually advances towards Dresden, the Saxons harassing the flanks of him a little, — nay in one defile, being sharp strenuous fellows, they threw his rear into some confusion; cut off certain carts and prisoners, and the life of one brave General, Lieutenant-General Röel, who had charge there. "Spurring one's trot into a gallop! This comes of your fast marching, of your spurring beyond the rules of war!" thinks Old Leopold; and Friedrich, who knows otherwise, is very angry for a moment.

---

[1] Friedrich's Letters to Leopold, in Orlich, ii. 431, 435 (6th–10th December, 1745)

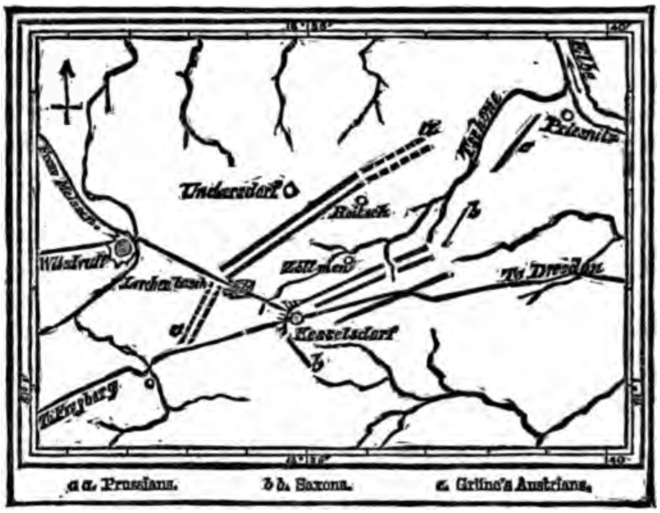
* See Plan, p. 10.

But indeed the crisis is pressing. Prince Karl is across the Metal Mountains, nearing Dresden from the east; Friedrich strikes into march for the same point by Meissen, so soon as the Bridge is his. Old Leopold is advancing thither from the westward, — steadily hour by hour; Dresden City the fateful goal. There, — in these middle days of December, 1745 (Highland Rebellion just whirling back from Derby again, "the London shops shut for one day"), — it is clear there will be a big and bloody game played before we are much older. Very sad indeed: but Count Brühl is not persuadable otherwise. By slumbering and sluggarding, over their money-tills and fleshpots; trying to take evil for good, and to say, "It will do," when it will not do, respectable Nations come at last to be governed by Brühls; cannot help themselves; — and get their backs broken in consequence. Why not? Would you have a Nation live forever that is content to be governed by Brühls? The gods are wiser! — It is now the 13th; Old Dessauer tramping forward, hour by hour, towards Dresden and some field of Fate.

On Tuesday, 14th, by break of day, Old Dessauer gets on march again; in four columns, in battle order; steady all day, — hard winter weather, ground crisp, and flecked with snow. The Pass at Neustadt, "his cavalry went into it at full gallop;" but found nobody there. That night he encamps at a place called Röhrsdorf; which may be eight miles west-by-north from Dresden, as the crow flies; and ten or more, if you follow the highway round by Wilsdruf on your right. The real direct Highway from Meissen to Dresden is on the other side of the Elbe, and keeps by the River-bank, a fine level road; but on this western side, where Leopold now is, the road is inland, and goes with a bend. Leopold, of course, keeps command of this road; his columns are on both sides of it, River on their left at some miles distance; and incessantly expect to find Rutowski, drawn out on favorable ground somewhere. The country is of fertile, but very broken character; intersected by many brooks, making obliquely towards the Elbe (obliquely, with a leaning Meissen-wards); country always mounting, till here about Röhrsdorf we seem to have almost reached the watershed, and the brooks make for the Elbe, leaning Dresden way. Good posts abound in such broken country, with its villages and brooks, with its thickets, hedges and patches of swamp. But Rutowski has not appeared anywhere, during this Tuesday.

Our four columns, therefore, lie all night, under arms, about Röhrsdorf: and again by morrow's dawn are astir in the old order, crunching far and wide the frozen ground; and advance, charged to the muzzle with potential battle. Slightly upwards always, to the actual watershed of the country; leaving Wilsdruf a little to their right. Wilsdruf is hardly past, when see, from this broad table-land, top of the country: "Yonder is Rutowski, at last; — and this new Wednesday will be a day!" Yonder, sure enough: drawn out three or four miles long; with his right to the Elbe, his left to that intricate Village of Kesselsdorf; bristling with cannon; deep gullet and swampy brook in front of him: the strongest post a man could have chosen in those parts.

The Village of Kesselsdorf itself lies rather in a hollow; in the slight beginning, or uppermost extremity, of a little Valley or Dell, called the Tschonengrund, — which, with its quaggy brook of a Tschone, wends northeastward into the Elbe, a course of four or five miles: a little Valley very deep for its length, and getting altogether chasmy and precipitous towards the Elbe-ward or lower end. Kesselsdorf itself, as we said, is mainly in a kind of hollow: between Old Leopold and Kesselsdorf the ground rather mounts; and there is perceptibly a flat knoll or rise at the head of it, where the Village begins. Some trees there, and abundance of cannon and grenadiers at this moment. It is the southwestern or leftmost point of Rutowski's line; impregnable with its cannon-batteries and grenadiers. Rightward Rutowski extends in long lines, with the quaggy dell of Tschonengrund in front of him, parallel to him; Dell ever deepening as it goes. Northeastward, at the extreme right, or Elbe point of it, where Grüne and the Austrians stand, it has grown so


Elbe
Priesnitz
a
c
Unkersdorf
Zöllmen
b
From Meissen
Wilsdruff
Lerchen Busch
a
Kesselsdorf
b
To Dresden
To Freyberg
a a. Prussians.
b b. Saxons.
c. Grüne's Austrians.

chasmy, we judge that Grüne can neither advance nor be advanced upon: so we leave him standing there, — which he did all day, in a purely meditative posture. Rutowski numbers 35,000, now on this ground, with immensity of cannon; 32,000 we, with only the usual field-artillery, and such a Tschonengrund, with its half-frozen quagmires ahead. A ticklish case for the old man, as he grimly reconnoitres it, in the winter morning.

Grim Old Dessauer having reconnoitred, and rapidly considered, decides to try it, — what else ? — will range himself on the west side of that Tschonengrund, horse and foot; two lines, wide as Rutowski opposite him; but means to direct his main and prime effort against Kesselsdorf, which is clearly the key of the position, if it can be taken. For which end the Old Dessauer lengthens himself out to rightward, so as to outflank Kesselsdorf; — neglecting Grüne (refusing Grüne, as the soldiers say): — "our horse of the right wing reached from the Wood called Lerchenbusch (*Larch-Bush*) rightward as far as Freyberg road; foot all between that Lerchenbusch and the big Birch-tree on the road to Wilsdruf; horse of the left wing, from there to Roitsch."[1] It was about two P.M. before the old man got all his deployments completed; what corps of his, deploying this way or that, came within wind of Kesselsdorf, were saluted with cannon, thirty pieces or more, which are in battery, in three batteries, on the knoll there; but otherwise no fighting as yet. At two, the Old Dessauer is complete; he reverently doffs his hat, as had always been his wont, in prayer to God, before going in. A grim fervor of prayer is in his heart, doubtless; though the words as reported are not very regular or orthodox: "*O Herr Gott*, help me yet this once; let me not be disgraced in my old days! Or if thou wilt not help me, don't help those *Hundsvögte* [damned Scoundrels, so to speak], but leave us to try it ourselves!" That is the Old Scandinavian of a Dessauer's prayer; a kind of *Godur* he too, Priest as well as Captain: Prayer mythically true as given; mythically, not otherwise.[2] Which done, he waves his hat once, "On, in God's name!" and the storm is loose. Prussian right wing pushing grandly forward, bent in that manner, to take Kesselsdorf and its fire-throats in flank.

The Prussians tramp on with the usual grim-browed resolution, foot in front, horse in rear; but they have a terrible problem at that Kesselsdorf, with its retrenched batteries, and numerous grenadiers fighting under cover. The very ground is sore against them; uphill, and the trampled snow wearing into a slide, so that you sprawl and stagger sadly. Thirty-one big guns, and about 9,000 small, pouring out mere death on you, from that knoll-head. The Prussians stagger; cannot stand it; bend to rightwards, and get out of shot-range; cannot manage it this bout. Rally, reinforce; try it again. Again, with a will; but again there is not a way. The Prussians are again repulsed; fall back, down this slippery course, in more disorder than the first time. Had the Saxons stood still, steadily handling arms, how, on such terms, could the Prussians ever have managed it?

---

[1] Stille (p. 181), who was present. See Plan, p. 10.

[2] Ranke iii. 334 n.

But at sight of this second repulse, the Saxon grenadiers, and especially one battalion of Austrians who were there (the only Austrians who fought this day), gave a shout "Victory!" — and in the height of their enthusiasm, rushed out, this Austrian battalion first and the Saxons after them, to charge these Prussians, and sweep the world clear of them. It was the ruin of their battle; a fatal hollaing before you are out of the woods. Old Leopold, quick as thought, noticing the thing, hurls cavalry on these victorious down-plunging grenadiers; slashes them asunder, into mere recoiling whirlpools of ruin; so that "few of them got back unwounded;" and the Prussians storming in along with them, — aided by ever new Prussians, from beyond the Tschonengrund even, — the place was at length carried; and the Saxon battle became hopeless.

For, their right being in such hurricane, the Prussians from the centre, as we hint, storm forward withal; will not be held back by the Tschonengrund. They find the Tschonengrund quaggy in the extreme, "brook frozen at the sides, but waist-deep of liquid mud in the centre;" cross it, nevertheless, towards the upper part of it, — young Moritz of Dessau leading the way, to help his old Father in extremity. They climb the opposite side, — quite slippery in places, but "helping one another up;" — no Saxons there till you get fairly atop, which was an oversight on the Saxon part. Fairly atop, Moritz is saluted by the Saxons with diligent musket-volleys; but Moritz also has musket-volleys in him, bayonet-charges in him; eager to help his old Papa at this hard pinch. Old Papa has the Saxons in flank; sends more and ever more other cavalry in on them; and in fact, the right wing altogether storms violently through Kesselsdorf, and sweeps it clean. Whole regiments of the Saxons are made prisoners; Röel's Light Horse we see there, taking standards; cutting violently in to avenge Röel's death, and the affront they had at Meissen lately. Furious Moritz on their front, from across the Tschonengrund; furious Röel (*ghost* of Röel) and others in their flank, through Kesselsdorf: no standing for the Saxons longer.

About nightfall, — their horse having made poorish fight, though the foot had stood to it like men, — they roll universally away. The Prussian left wing of horse are summoned through the Tschonengrund to chase: had there remained another hour of daylight, the Saxon Army had been one wide ruin. Hidden in darkness, the Saxon Army ebbed confusedly towards Dresden: with the loss of 6,000 prisoners and 3,000 killed and wounded: a completely beaten Army. It is the last battle the Saxons fought as a Nation, — or probably will fight. Battle called of Kesselsdorf: Wednesday, 15th December, 1745.

Prince Karl had arrived at Dresden the night before; heard all this volleying and cannonading, from the distance; but did not see good to interfere at all. Too wide apart, some say; quartered at unreasonably distant villages, by some irrefragable ignorant War-clerk of Brühl's appointing, — fatal Brühl. Others say, his Highness had himself no mind; and made excuses that his troops were tired, disheartened by the two beatings lately, — what will become of us in case of a third or fourth! It is certain, Prince Karl did nothing. Nor has Grüne's corps, the right wing, done anything except meditate: — it stood there unattacked, unattacking; till deep in the dark night, when Rutowski remembered it, and sent it order to come home. One Austrian battalion, that of grenadiers on the knoll at Kesselsdorf, did actually fight; — and did begin that fatal outbreak, and quitting of the post there; "which lost the Battle to us!" say the Saxons.

Had those grenadiers stood in their place, there is no Prussian but admits that it would have been a terrible business to take

Kesselsdorf and its batteries. But they did not stand; they rushed out, shouting "Victory;" and lost us the battle. And that is the good we have got of the sublime Austrian Alliance; and that is the pass our grand scheme of Partitioning Prussia has come to? Fatal little Brühl of the three hundred and sixty-five clothes-suits; Valet fatally become divine in Valethood, — are not you costing your Country dear!

Old Dessauer, glorious in the last of his fields, lay on his arms all night in the posts about; three bullets through his roquelaure, no scratch of wound upon the old man. Young Moritz too "had a bullet through his coat-skirt, and three horses shot under him; but no hurt, the Almighty's grace preserving him."[1] This Moritz is the Third of the Brothers, age now thirty-three; and we shall hear considerably about him in times coming. A lean, tall, austere man; and, "of all the Brothers, most resembled his Father in his ways." Prince Dietrich is in Leipzig at present; looking to that contribution of £50,000; to that, and to other contributions and necessary matters; — and has done all his fighting (as it chanced), though he survived his Brothers many years. Old Papa will now get his discharge before long (quite suddenly, one morning, by paralytic stroke, 7th April, 1747); and rest honorably with the Sons of Thor.[2]

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CHAPTER XV.

PEACE OF DRESDEN: FRIEDRICH DOES MARCH HOME.

Friedrich himself had got to Meissen, Tuesday, 14th; no enemy on his road, or none to speak of: Friedrich was there, or not yet far across, all Wednesday; collecting himself, waiting, on the slip, for a signal from Old Leopold. Sound of cannon, up the Elbe Dresden-ward, is reported there to Friedrich, that afternoon: cannon, sure enough, notes Friedrich; and deep dim-rolling peals, as of volleying small-arms; "the sky all on fire over there," as the hoar-frosty evening fell. Old Leopold busy at it, seemingly. That is the glare of the Old Dessauer's countenance; who is giving voice, in that manner, to the earthly and the heavenly powers; conquering Peace for us, let us hope!

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[1] *Feldzüge*, i. 434.

[2] Young Leopold, the successor, died 16th December, 1751, age fifty-two; Dietrich (who had thereupon quitted soldiering, to take charge of his Nephew left minor, and did not resume it), died 2d December, 1769; Moritz (soldier to the last), 11th April, 1760. See *Militair-Lexikon*, i. 43, 34, 38, 47.

Friedrich, as may be supposed, made his best speed next morning: "All well!" say the messengers; all well, says Old Leopold, whom he meets at Wilsdruf, and welcomes with a joyful embrace; "dismounting from his horse, at sight of Leopold, and advancing to meet him with doffed hat and open arms," — and such words and treatments, that day, as made the old man's face visibly shine. "Your Highness shall conduct me!" And the two made survey together of the actual Field of Kesselsdorf; strewn with the ghastly wrecks of battle, — many citizens of Dresden strolling about, or sorrowfully seeking for their lost ones among the wounded and dead. No hurt to these poor citizens, who dread none; help to them rather: such is Friedrich's mind, — concerning which, in the Anecdote-Books, there are Narratives (not worth giving) of a vapidly romantic character, credible though inexact.[1] Friedrich, who may well be profuse of thanks and praises, charms the Old Dessauer while they walk together; brave old man with his holed roquelaure. For certain, he has done the work there, — a great deal of work in his time! Joy looks through his old rough face, of gunpowder color: the Herr Gott has not delivered him to those damned Scoundrels in the end of his days. — On the morrow, Friday, Leopold rolled grandly forward upon Dresden; Rutowski and Prince Karl vanishing into the Metal Mountains, by Pirna, for Bohemia, at sound of him, — as he had scarcely hoped they would.

On the Saturday evening, Dresden, capable of not the least defence, has opened all its gates, and Friedrich and the Prussians are in Dresden; Austrians and wrecked Saxons falling back diligently towards the Metal Mountains for Bohemia, diligent to clear the road for him. Queen and Junior Princes are here; to whom, as to all men, Friedrich is courtesy itself; making personal visit to the Royalties, appointing guards of honor, sacred respect to the Royal Houses; himself will lodge at the Princess Lubomirski's, a private mansion.

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[1] For the indisputable part, see Orlich, ii. 343, 344; and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iii. 170.

"That ferocious, false, ambitious King of Prussia" — Well, he is not to be ruined in open fight, on the contrary is ruinous there; nor by the cunningest ambuscades, and secret combinations, in field or cabinet: our overwhelming Winter Invasion of him — see where it has ended! Brühl and Polish Majesty — the nocturnal sky all on fire in those parts, and loud general doomsday come — are a much-illuminated pair of gentlemen.

From the time Meissen Bridge was lost, Prince Karl too showing himself so languid, even Brühl had discerned that the case was desperate. On the very day of Kesselsdorf, — not the day *before,* which would have been such a thrift to Brühl and others! — Friedrich had a Note from Villiers, signifying joyfully that his Polish Majesty would accept Peace. Thanks to his Polish Majesty: — and after Kesselsdorf, perhaps the Empress-Queen too will! Friedrich's offers are precisely what they were, what they have always been: "Convention of Hanover; that, in all its parts; old treaty of Breslau, to be guaranteed, to be actually kept. To me Silesia sure; — from you, Polish Majesty, one million crowns as damages for the trouble and cost this Triple Ambuscade of yours has given me; one million crowns, £150,000 we will say; and all other requisitions to cease on the day of signature. These are my terms: accept these; then wholly, As you were, Empress-Queen and you, and all surviving creatures: and I march home within a week." Villiers speeds rapidly from Prag, with the due olive-branch; with Count Harrach, experienced Austrian, and full powers. Harrach cannot believe his senses: "Such the terms to be still granted, after all these beatings and rebeatings!" — then at last does believe, with stiff thankfulness and Austrian bows. The Negotiation need not occupy many hours.

"His Majesty of Prussia was far too hasty with this Peace," says Valori: "he had taken a threap that he would have it finished before the Year was done:" — in fact, he knows his own mind, *mon gros Valori*, and that is what few do. You shear through no end of cobwebs with that fine implement, a wisely fixed resolution of your own. A Peace slow enough for Valori and the French: where could that be looked for? — Valori is at Berlin, in complete disgrace; his Most Christian King having behaved so like a Turk of late. Valori, horror-struck at such Peace, what shall he do to prevent it, to retard it? One effort at least. D'Arget his Secretary, stolen at Jaromirz, is safe back to him; ingenious, ingenuous D'Arget was always a favorite with Friedrich: despatch D'Arget to him. D'Arget is despatched; with reasons, with remonstrances, with considerations. D'Arget's Narrative is given: an ingenuous off-hand Piece; — poor little crevice, through which there is still to be had, singularly clear, and credible in every point, a direct glimpse of Friedrich's own thoughts, in that many-sounding Dresden, — so loud, that week, with dinner-parties, with operas, balls, Prussian war-drums, grand-parades and Peace-negotiations.

The Sieur D'Arget to Excellency Valori (at Berlin).

"DRESDEN, 1745" (dateless otherwise, must be December, between 18th and 25th).

"MONSEIGNEUR, — I arrived yesterday at 7 P.M.; as I had the honor of forewarning you, by the word I wrote to the Abbé [never mind what Abbé; another Valori-Clerk] from Sonnenwalde [my half-way house between Berlin and this City]. I went, first of all, to M. de Vaugrenand," our Envoy here; "who had the goodness to open himself to me on the Business now on hand. In my opinion, nothing can be added to the excellent considerations he has been urging on the King of Prussia and the Count de Podewils.

"At half-past 8, I went to his Prussian Majesty's; I found he was engaged with his Concert," — lodges in the Lubomirski Palace, has his snatch of melody in the evening of such discordant days, — "and I could not see him till after half-past 9.

I announced myself to M. Eichel; he was too overwhelmed with affairs to give me audience. I asked for Count Rothenburg; he was at cards with the Princess Lubomirski. At last, I did get to the King: who received me in the most agreeable way; but was just going to Supper; said he must put off answering till to-morrow morning, morning of this day. M. de Vaugrenand had been so good as prepare me on the rumors of a Peace with Saxony and the Queen of Hungary. I went to M. Podewils; who said a great many kind things to me for you. I could only sketch out the matter, at that time; and represented to Podewils the brilliant position of his Master, who had become Arbiter of the Peace of Europe; that the moment was come for making this Peace a General One, and that perhaps there would be room for repentance afterwards, if the opportunity were slighted. He said, his Master's object was that same; and thus closed the conversation by general questions.

"This morning, I again presented myself at the King of Prussia's. I had to wait, and wait; in fine, it was not till half-past 5 in the evening that he returned, or gave me admittance; and I stayed with him till after 7," — when Concert-time was at hand again. Listen to a remarkable Dialogue, of the Conquering Hero with a humble Friend whom he likes. "His Majesty condescended (*a daigné*) to enter with me into all manner of details; and began by telling me,

"That M. de Valori had done admirably not to come, himself, with that Letter from the King [Most Christian, *our* King; Letter, the sickly Document above spoken of]; that there could not have been an Answer expected, — the Letter being almost of ironical strain; his Majesty [Most Christian] not giving him the least hope, but merely talking of his fine genius, and how that would extricate him from the perilous entanglement, and inspire him with a wise resolution in the matter! That he had, in effect, taken a resolution the wisest he could; and was making his Peace with Saxony and the Queen of Hungary. That he had felt all the dangers of the difficult situations he had been in," — sheer destruction yawning all round him, in huge imminency, more than once, and no friend heeding; — "that, weary of playing always double-or-quits, he had determined to end it, and get into a state of tranquillity, which both himself and his People had such need of. That France could not, without difficulty, have remedied his mishaps; and that he saw by the King's Letter, there was not even the wish to do it. That his, Friedrich's, military career was completed," — so far as *he* could foresee or decide! "That he would not again expose his Country to the Caprices of Fortune, whose past constancy to him was sufficiently astonishing to raise fears of a reverse (*hear!*). That his ambitions were fulfilled, in having compelled his Enemies to ask Peace from him in their own Capital, with the Chancellor of Bohemia [Harrach, typifying fallen Austrian pride] obliged to co-operate.

"That he would always be attached to our King's interests, and set all the value in the world on his friendship; but that he had not been sufficiently assisted to be content. That, observing henceforth an exact neutrality, he might be enabled to do offices of mediation; and to carry, to the one side and to the other, words of peace. That he offered himself for that object, and would be charmed to help in it; but that he was fixed to stop there. That in regard to the basis of General Peace, he had Two Ideas [which the reader can attend to, and see where they differed from the Event, and where not]: — One was, That France should keep Ypres, Furnes, Tournay [which France did not], giving up the Netherlands otherwise, with Ostend, to the English [to the English!] in exchange for Cape Breton. The other was, To give up more of our Conquests [we gave them all up, and got only the glory, and our Cod-fishery, Cape Breton, back, the English being equally generous], and bargain for liberty to re-establish Dunkirk in its old condition [not a word of your Dunkirk; there is your Cape Breton, and we also will go home with what glory there is, — not difficult to carry!]. But that it was by England we must make the overtures, without addressing ourselves to the Court of Vienna; and put it in his, Friedrich's, power to propose a receivable Project of Peace. That he well conceived the great point was the Queen of Spain [Termagant and Jenkins's Ear;

Termagant's Husband, still living, is a lappet of Termagant's self]: but that she must content herself with Parma and Piacenza for the Infant, Don Philip [which the Termagant did]; and give back her hold of Savoy [partial hold, of no use to her without the Passes] to the King of Sardinia." And of the *Jenkins's-Ear* question, generous England will say nothing? Next to nothing; hopes a modicum of putty and diplomatic varnish may close that troublesome question, — which springs, meanwhile, in the centre of the world! —

"These kind condescensions of his Majesty emboldened me to represent to him the brilliant position he now held; and how noble it would be, after having been the Hero of Germany, to become, instead of one's own pacificator, the Pacificator of Europe. 'I grant you,' said he, '*mon cher* D'Arget; but it is too dangerous a part for playing. A reverse brings me to the edge of ruin: I know too well the mood of mind I was in, last time I left Berlin [with that Three-legged Immensity of Atropos, *not* yet mown down at Hennersdorf by a lucky cut], ever to expose myself to it again! If luck had been against me there, I saw myself a Monarch without throne; and my subjects in the cruelest oppression. A bad game that: always, mere *Check to your King;* no other move; — I refer it to you, friend D'Arget: — in fine, I wish to be at peace.'

"I represented to him that the House of Austria would never, with a tranquil eye, see his House in possession of Silesia. 'Those that come after me,' said he, 'will do as they like; the Future is beyond man's reach. Those that come after will do as they can. I have acquired; it is theirs to preserve. I am not in alarm about the Austrians; — and this is my answer to what you have been saying about the weakness of my guarantees. They dread my Army; the luck that I have. I am sure of their sitting quiet for the dozen years or so which may remain to me of life; — quiet till I have, most likely, done with it. What! Are we never to have any good of our life, then (*Ne dois-je donc jamais jouir*)? There is more for me in the true greatness of laboring for the happiness of my subjects, than in the repose of Europe. I have put Saxony out of a condition to do hurt. She owes 14,775,000 crowns of debt [two millions and a quarter sterling]; and by the Defensive Alliance which I form with her, I provide myself [but ask Brühl withal!] a help against Austria. I would not henceforth attack a cat, except to defend myself.' ["These are his very words," adds D'Arget; — and well worth noting.] 'Ambition (*gloire*) and my interests were the occasion of my first Campaigns. The late Kaiser's situation, and my zeal for France [not to mention interests again], gave rise to these second: and I have been fighting always since for my own hearths, — for my very existence, I might say! Once more, I know the state I had got into: — if I saw Prince Karl at the gates of Paris, I would not stir.' — 'And us at the gates of Vienna,' answered I promptly, 'with the same indifference?' — 'Yes; and I swear it to you, D'Arget. In a word, I want to have some good of my life (*veux jouir*). What are we, poor human atoms, to get up projects that cost so much blood? Let us live, and help to live.'

"The rest of the conversation passed in general talk, about Literature, Theatres and such objects. My reasonings and objectings, on the great matter, I need not farther detail: by the frank discourse his Prussian Majesty was kind enough to go into, you may gather perhaps that my arguments were various, and not ill-chosen; — and it is too evident they have all been in vain." — Your Excellency's (really in a very faithful way) — D'ARGET.[1]

D'Arget, about a month after this, was taken into Friedrich's service; Valori consenting, whose occupation was now gone; — and we shall hear of D'Arget again. Take this small Note, as summary of him: "D'Arget (18th January, 1746) had some title, 'Secretary at Orders (*Secrétaire des Commandements*),' bit of pension; and continued in the character of reader, or miscellaneous literary attendant and agent, very much liked by his Master, for six years coming. A man much heard of, during those years of office. March, 1752, having lost his dear little Prussian Wife, and got into ill health and spirits, he retired on leave to Paris; and next year had to give up the thought of returning; — though he still, and to the end, continued loyally attached to his old Master, and more or less in correspondence with him. Had got, before long, *not* through Friedrich's influence at Paris, some small Appointment in the *Ecole Militaire* there. He is, of all the Frenchmen Friedrich had about him, with the exception of D'Argens alone, the most honest-hearted. The above Letter, lucid, innocent, modest, altogether rational and practical, is a fair specimen of D'Arget: add to it the prompt self-sacrifice (and in that fine silent way) at Jaromirz for Valori, and readers may conceive the man. He lived at Paris, in meagre but contented fashion, *Rue de l'Ecole Militaire*, till 1778; and seems, of all the Ex-Prussian Frenchmen, to have known most about Friedrich; and to have never spoken any falsity against him. Duvernet, the 'M——' Biographer of *Voltaire*, frequented him a good deal; and any true notions, or glimmerings of such, that he has about Prussia, are probably ascribable to D'Arget."[1]

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[1] Valori, i. 290–294 (no date, except "Dresden, 1745," — sleepy Editor feeling no want of any)

The Treaty of Dresden can be read in Schöll, Flassan, Rousset, Adelung; but, except on compulsion, no creature will now read it, — nor did this Editor, even he, find it pay. Peace is made. Peace of Dresden is signed, Christmas Day, 1745: "To me Silesia, without farther treachery or trick; you, wholly as you were." Europe at large, as Friedrich had done, sees "the sky all on fire about Dresden." The fierce big battles done against this man have, one and all of them, become big defeats. The strenuous machinations, high-built plans cunningly devised, — the utmost sum-total of what the Imperial and Royal Potencies can, for the life of them, do: behold, it has all tumbled down here, in loud crash; the final peal of it at Kesselsdorf; and the consummation is flame and smoke, conspicuous over all the Nations. You will let him keep his own henceforth, then, will you? Silesia, which was *not* yours nor ever shall be? Silesia and no afterthought?

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[1] See *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. (p. xii of *Preface* to the *D'Arget Correspondence* there).

The Saxons sign, the high Plenipotentiaries all; in the eyes of Villiers, I am told, were seen sublimely pious tears. Harrach, bowing with stiff, almost incredulous, gratitude, swears and signs; — hurries home to his Sovereign Lady, with Peace, and such a smile on his face; and on her Imperial Majesty's such a smile! — readers shall conceive it.

There are but Two new points in the Treaty of Dresden, — nay properly there is but One point, about which posterity can have the least care or interest; for that other, concerning "The Toll of Schidlo," and settlement of haggles on the Navigation of the Elbe there, was not kept by the Saxons, but continued a haggle still: this One point is the Eleventh Article. Inconceivably small; but liable to turn up on us again, in a memorable manner. That let us translate, — for M. de Voltaire's sake, and time coming! *Steuer* means Land-Tax; *Ober-Steuer-Einnahme* will be something like Royal Exchequer, therefore; and *Steuer-Schein* will be approximately equivalent to Exchequer Bill. Article Eleventh stipulates:

"All subjects and servants of his Majesty the King of Prussia who hold bonds of the Saxon *Ober-Steuer-Einnahme* shall be paid in full, capital and interest, at the times, and to the amount, specified in said *Steuer-Scheine* or Bonds." That is Article Eleventh. — "The Saxon Exchequer," says an old Note on it, "thanks to Brühl's extravagance, has been as good as bankrupt, paying with inconvertible paper, with *Scheine* (Things to be *Shown*), for some time past; which paper has accordingly sunk, let us say, 25 per cent below its nominal amount in gold. All Prussian subjects, who hold these Bonds, are to be paid in gold; Saxons, and others, will have to be content with paper till things come round again, if things ever do." Yes; — and, by ill chance, the matter will attract M. de Voltaire's keen eye in the interim!

Friedrich stayed eight days in Dresden, the loud theme of Gazetteers and rumors; the admired of two classes, in all Countries: of the many who admire success, and also of the few who can understand what it is to deserve success. Among his own Countrymen, this last Winter has kindled all their admirations to the flaming pitch. Saved by him from imminent destruction; their enemies swept home as if by one invincible; nay, sent home in a kind of noble shame, conquered by generosity. These feelings, though not encouraged to speak, run very high. The Dresdeners in private society found him delightful; the high ladies especially: "Could you have thought it; terrific Mars to become radiant Apollo in this manner!" From considerable Collections of Anecdotes illustrating this fact, in a way now fallen vapid to us, — I select only the Introduction: —

"Do readers recollect Friedrich's first visit to Dresden [in 1728], seventeen years ago; and a certain charming young Countess Flemming, at that time only fourteen; who, like a Hebe as she was, contrived beautiful surprises for him, and among other things presented him, so gracefully, on the part of August the Strong, with his first flute?" — No reader of this History can recollect it; nor indeed, except in a mythic sense, believe it! A young Countess Flemming (daughter of old Feldmarschall Flemming) doubtless there might be, who presented him a flute; but as to *his first* flute — ? "That same charming young Countess Flemming is still here, age now thirty-one; charming, more than ever, though now under a changed name; having wedded a Von Racknitz (Supreme Gentleman-Usher, or some such thing) a few years ago, and brought him children and the usual felicities. How much is changed! August the Strong, where is he; and his famous Three Hundred and Fifty-four, Enchantress Orzelska and the others, where are they? Enchantress Orzelska wedded, quarrelled, and is in a convent: her charming destiny concluded. Rutowski is not now in the Prussian Army: he got beaten, Wednesday last, at Kesselsdorf, fighting against that Army. And the Chevalier de Saxe, he too was beaten there; — clambering now across the Metal Mountains, ask not of him. And the Maréchal de Saxe, he takes Cities, fights Battles of Fontenoy, 'mumbling a lead bullet all day;' being dropsical, nearly dead of debaucheries; the most dissolute (or probably so) of all the Sons of Adam in his day. August the Physically Strong is dead. August the Spiritually Weak is fled to Prag with his Brühl. And we do not come, this time, to get a flute; but to settle the account of Victories, and give Peace to Nations. Strange, here as always, to look back, — to look round or forward, — in the mad huge whirl of that loud-roaring Loom of Time! — One of Countess Racknitz's Sons happened to leave *Manuscript Diaries* [rather feeble, not too exact-looking], and gives us, from Mamma's reminiscences" . . . Not a word more.[1]

The Peace, we said, was signed on Christmas-day. Next day, Sunday, Friedrich attended Sermon in the Kreuzkirche (Protestant High-Church of Dresden), attended Opera withal; and on Monday morning had vanished out of Dresden, as all his people had done, or were diligently doing. Tuesday, he dined briefly at Wusterhausen (a place we once knew well), with the Prince of Prussia, whose it now is; got into his open carriage again, with the said Prince and his other Brother Ferdinand; and drove swiftly homeward. Berlin, drunk with joy, was all out on the streets, waiting. On the Heath of Britz, four or five miles hitherward of Berlin, a body of young gentlemen ("Merchants mostly, who had ridden out so far") saluted him with "*Vivat Friedrich der Grosse* (Long live Friedrich *the Great*)!" thrice over; — as did, in a less articulate manner, Berlin with one voice, on his arrival there; Burgher Companies lining the streets; Population vigorously shouting; Pupils of the Köln Gymnasium, with Clerical and School Functionaries in mass, breaking out into Latin Song: —

> "*Vivat, vivat Fridericus Rex;*
> *Vivat Augustus, Magnus, Felix, Pater, Patri-æ — !*"

— and what not.[2] On reaching the Portal of the Palace, his Majesty stept down; and, glancing round the Schloss-Platz and the crowded windows and simmering multitudes, saluted, taking off his hat; which produced such a shout, — naturally the loudest of all. And so *exit* King, into his interior. Tuesday, 2–3 P.M., 28th December, 1745: a King new-christened in the above manner, so far as people could.

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[1] Rödenbeck, *Beiträge*, i. 440, et seq.

[2] Preuss, i. 220; who cites *Beschreibung* ("Description of his Majesty's Triumphant Entry, on the" &c.) and other Contemporary Pamphlets. Rödenbeck, i. 124.

Illuminated Berlin shone like noon, all that night (the beginning of a *Gaudeamus* which lasted miscellaneously for weeks): — but the King stole away to see a friend who was dying; that poor Duhan de Jaudun, his early Schoolmaster, who had suffered much for him, and whom he always much loved. Duhan died, in a day or two. Poor Jordan, poor Keyserling (the "Césarion" of young days): them also he has lost; and often laments, in this otherwise bright time.[1]

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[1] In *Œuvres*, xvii. 288; xviii. 141; *ib.* 142 (painfully tender Letters to Frau von Camas and others, on these events).

BOOK XVI.

THE TEN YEARS OF PEACE.

1746–1756.

CHAPTER I.

SANS-SOUCI.

FRIEDRICH has now climbed the heights, and sees himself on the upper table-land of Victory and Success; his desperate life-and-death struggles triumphantly ended. What may be ahead, nobody knows; but here is fair outlook that his enemies and Austria itself have had enough of him. No wringing of his Silesia from this "bad Man." Not to be overset, this one, by never such exertions; oversets *us*, on the contrary, plunges us heels-over-head into the ditch, so often as we like to apply to him; nothing but heavy beatings, disastrous breaking of crowns, to be had on trying there! "Five Victories!" as Voltaire keeps counting on his fingers, with upturned eyes,— Mollwitz, Chotusitz, Striegau, Sohr, Kesselsdorf (the last done by Anhalt; but omitting Hennersdorf, and that sudden slitting of the big Saxon-Austrian Projects into a cloud of feathers, as fine a feat as any),—"Five Victories!" counts Voltaire; calling on everybody (or everybody but Friedrich himself, who is easily sated with that kind of thing) to admire. In the world are many opinions about Friedrich. In Austria, for instance, what an opinion; sinister, gloomy in the extreme: or in England, which derives from Austria,—only with additional dimness, and with gloomy new provocations of its own before long! Many opinions about Friedrich, all dim enough: but this, that he is a very demon for fighting, and the stoutest King walking the Earth just now, may well be a universal one. A man better not be meddled with, if he will be at peace, as he professes to wish being.

Friedrich accordingly is not meddled with, or not openly meddled with; and has, for the Ten or Eleven Years coming, a time of perfect external Peace. He himself is decided "not to fight with a cat," if he can get the peace kept; and for about eight years hopes confidently that this, by good management, will continue possible; — till, in the last three years, electric symptoms did again disclose themselves, and such hope more and more died away. It is well known there lay in the fates a Third Silesian War for him, worse than both the others; which is now the main segment of his History still lying ahead for us, were this Halcyon Period done. Halcyon Period counts from Christmas-day, Dresden, 1745, — "from this day, Peace to the end of my life!" had been Friedrich's fond hope. But on the 9th day of September, 1756, Friedrich was again entering Dresden (Saxony some twelve days before); and the Crowning Struggle of his Life was, beyond all expectation, found to be still lying ahead for him, awfully dubious for Seven Years thereafter! —

Friedrich's History during this intervening Halcyon or Peace Period must, in some way, be made known to readers: but for a great many reasons, especially at present, it behooves to be given in compressed form; riddled down, to an immense extent, out of those sad Prussian Repositories, where the grain of perennial, of significant and still memorable, lies overwhelmed under rubbish-mountains of the fairly extinct, the poisonously dusty and forgettable; — *Ach Himmel!* Which indispensable preliminary process, how can an English Editor, at this time, do it; no Prussian, at any time, having thought of trying it! From a painful Predecessor of mine, I collect, rummaging among his dismal Paper-masses, the following Three Fragments, worth reading here: —

1°. "Friedrich was as busy, in those Years, as in the generality of his life; and his actions, and salutary conquests over difficulties, were many, profitable to Prussia and to himself. Very well worth keeping in mind. But not fit for History; or at least only fit in the summary form; to be delineated in little, with large generic strokes, — if we had the means; — such details belonging to the Prussian Antiquary, rather than to the English Historian of Friedrich in our day. A happy Ten Years of time. Perhaps the time for Montesquieu's aphorism, 'Happy the People whose Annals are blank in History-Books!' The Prussian Antiquary, had he once got any image formed to himself of Friedrich, and of Friedrich's History in its human lineaments and organic sequences, will glean many memorabilia in those Years: which his readers then (and not till then) will be able to intercalate in their places, and get human good of. But alas, while there is no intelligible human image, nothing of lineaments or organic sequences, or other than a jumbled mass of Historical Marine-Stores, presided over by Dryasdust and Human Stupor (unsorted, unlabelled, tied up in blind sacks), the very Antiquary will have uphill work of it, and his readers will often turn round on him with a gloomy expression of countenance!"

2°. "Friedrich's Life — little as he expected it, that day when he started up from his ague-fit at Reinsberg, and grasped the fiery Opportunity that was shooting past — is a Life of War. The chief memory that will remain of him is that of a King and man who fought consummately well. Not Peace and the Muses; no, that is denied him, — though he was so unwilling, always, to think it denied! But his Life-Task turned out to be a Battle for Silesia. It consists of Three grand Struggles of War. And not for Silesia only; — unconsciously, for what far greater things to his Nation and to him!

"Deeply unconscious of it, they were passing their 'Trials,' his Nation and he, in the great Civil-Service-Examination Hall of this Universe: 'Are you able to defend yourselves, then; and to hang together coherent, against the whole world and its incoherencies and rages?' A question which has to be asked of Nations, before they can be recognized as such, and be baptized into the general commonwealth; they are mere Hordes or accidental Aggregates, till that Question come. Question which this Nation had long been getting ready for; which now, under this King, it answered to the satisfaction of gods and men: 'Yes, Heaven assisting, we can stand on our defence; and in the long-run (as with air when you try to annihilate it, or crush it to *nothing*) there is even an infinite force in us; and the whole world does not succeed in annihilating us!' Upon which has followed what we term National Baptism; — or rather this *was* the National Baptism, this furious one in torrent whirlwinds of fire; done three times over, till in gods or men there was no doubt left. That was Friedrich's function in the world; and a great and memorable one; — not to his own Prussian Nation only, but to Teutschland at large, forever memorable.

"'Is Teutschland a Nation; is there in Teutschland still a Nation?' Austria, not dishonestly, but much sunk in superstitions and involuntary mendacities, and liable to sink much farther, answers always, in gloomy proud tone, 'Yes, I am the Nation of Teutschland!' — but is mistaken, as turns out. For it is not mendacities, conscious or other, but veracities, that the Divine Powers will patronize, or even in the end will put up with at all. Which you ought to understand better than you do, my friend. For, on the great scale and on the small, and in all seasons, circumstances, scenes and situations where a Son of Adam finds himself, that is true, and even a sovereign truth. And whoever does *not* know it, — human charity to him (were such always possible) would be, that *he* were furnished with handcuffs as a part of his outfit in this world, and put under guidance of those who do. Yes; to him, I should say, a private pair of handcuffs were much usefuler than a ballot-box, — were the times once settled again, which they are far from being!" . . .

"So that, if there be only Austria for Nation, Teutschland is in ominous case. Truly so. But there is in Teutschland withal, very irrecognizable to Teutschland, yet authentically present, a Man of the properly unconquerable type; there is also a select Population drilled for him: these two together will prove to you that there is a Nation. Conquest of Silesia, Three Silesian Wars; labors and valors as of Alcides, in vindication of oneself and one's Silesia: — secretly, how unconsciously, that other and higher Question of Teutschland, and of its having in it a Nation, was Friedrich's sore task and his Prussia's at that time. As Teutschland may be perhaps now, in our day, beginning to recognize; with hope, with astonishment, poor Teutschland!" . . .

3°. "And in fine, leaving all that, there is one thing undeniable: In all human Narrative, it is the battle only, and not the victory, that can be dwelt upon with advantage. Friedrich has now, by his Second Silesian War, achieved Greatness: 'Friedrich the Great;' expressly so denominated, by his People and others. The struggle upwards is the Romance; your hero once wedded, — to *Glory*, or whoever the Bride may be, — the Romance ends. Precise critics do object, That there may still lie difficulties, new perils and adventures ahead: — which proves conspicuously true in this case of ours. And accordingly, our Book not being a Romance but a History, let us, with all fidelity, look out what these are, and how they modify our Royal Gentleman who has got his wedding done. With all fidelity; but with all brevity, no less. For, inasmuch as" —

Well, brevity in most cases is desirable. And, privately, it must be owned there is another consideration of no small weight: That, our Prussian resources falling altogether into bankruptcy during Peace-Periods, Nature herself has so ordered it, in this instance! Partly it is our Books (the Prussian Dryasdust reaching his acme on those occasions), but in part too it is the Events themselves, that are small and want importance; that have fallen dead to us, in the huge new Time and its uproars. Events not of flagrant notability (like battles or war-passages), to bridle Dryasdust, and guide him in some small measure. Events rather which, except as characteristic of one memorable Man and King, are mostly now of no memorability whatever. Crowd all these indiscriminately into sacks, and shake them out pell-mell on us: that is Dryasdust's sweet way. As if the largest Marine-Stores Establishment in all the world had suddenly, on hest of some Necromancer or maleficent person, taken wing upon you; and were dancing, in boundless mad whirl, round your devoted head; — simmering and dancing, very much at its ease; no-whither; asking *you* cheerfully, "What is your candid opinion, then?" "Opinion," Heavens! —

You have to retire many yards, and gaze with a desperate steadiness; assuring yourself: "Well, it does, right indisputably, shadow forth *Some*thing. This was a Thing Alive; and did at one time stick together, as an organic Fact on the Earth, though it now dances in Dryasdust at such a rate!" It is only by self-help of this sort, and long survey, with rigorous selection, and extremely extensive exclusion and oblivion, that you gain the least light in such an element. "Brevity" — little said, when little has been got to be known — is an evident rule! Courage, reader; by good eyesight, you will still catch some features of Friedrich as we go along, To *say* our little in a not unintelligible manner, and keep the rest well hidden, it is all we can do for you! —

Friedrich declines the Career of Conquering Hero; goes into Law-Reform; and gets ready a Cottage Residence for Himself.

Friedrich's Journey to Pyrmont is the first thing recorded of him by the Newspapers. Gone to take the waters; as he did after his former War. Here is what I had noted of that small Occurrence, and of one or two others contiguous in date, which prove to be of significance in Friedrich's History.

"*May* 12–17*th*, 1746," say the old Books, "his Majesty sets out for Pyrmont, taking Brunswick by the way; arrives at Pyrmont May 17th; stays till June 8th;" three weeks good. "Is busy corresponding with the King of France about a General Peace; but, owing to the embitterment of both parties, it was not possible at this time." Taking the waters at least, and amusing himself. From Brunswick, in passing, he had brought with him his Brother-in-law the reigning Duke; Rothenburg was there, and Brother Henri; D'Arget expressly; Flute-player Quanz withal, and various musical people: "in all, a train of above sixty persons." I notice also that Prince Wilhelm of Hessen was in Pyrmont at the time. With whom, one fancies, what speculations there might be: About the late and present War-passages, about the poor Peace Prospects; your Hessian "Siege" so called "of Blair in Athol" (*Culloden* now comfortably done), and other cognate topics. That is the Pyrmont Journey.

It is no surprise to us to hear, in these months, of new and continual attention to Army matters, to Husbandry matters; and to making good, on all sides, the ruins left by War. Of rebuilding (at the royal expense) "the town of Schmiedeberg, which had been burnt;" of rebuilding, and repairing from their damage, all Silesian villages and dwellings; and still more satisfactory, How, "in May, 1746, there was, in every Circle of the Country, by exact liquidation of Accounts [so rapidly got done], exact payment made to the individuals concerned, 1°. of all the hay, straw and corn that had been delivered to his Majesty's Armies; 2°. of all the horses that had perished in the King's work; 3°. of all the horses stolen by the Enemy, and of all the money-contributions exacted by the Enemy: payment in ready cash, and according to the rules of justice (*baar und billigmässig*), by his Majesty."[1]

It was from Pyrmont, May, 1746, — or more definitely, it was "at Potsdam early in the morning, 15th September," following, — that Friedrich launched, or shot forth from its moorings, after much previous attempting and preparing, a very great Enterprise; which he has never lost sight of since the day he began reigning, nor will till his reign and life end: the actual Reform of Law in Prussia. "May 12th, 1746," Friedrich, on the road to Pyrmont, answers his Chief Law-Minister Cocceji's *Report of Practical Plan* on this matter: "Yes; looks very hopeful!" — and took it with him to consider at Pyrmont, during his leisure. Much considering of it, then and afterwards, there was. And finally, September 15th, early in the morning, Cocceji had an Interview with Friedrich; and the decisive fiat was given: "Yes; start on it, in God's name! Pommern, which they call the *Provincia litigiosa;* try it there first!"[1] And Cocceji, a vigorous old man of sixty-seven, one of the most learned of Lawyers, and a very Hercules in cleaning Law-Stables, has, on Friedrich's urgencies, — which have been repeated on every breathing-time of Peace there has been, and even sometimes in the middle of War (last January, 1745, for example; and again, express Order, January, 1746, a fortnight after Peace was signed), — actually got himself girt for this salutary work. "Wash me out that horror of accumulation, let us see the old Pavements of the place again. Every Lawsuit to be finished within the Year!"

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[1] Seyfarth, ii. 22, 23.

Cocceji, who had been meditating such matters for a great while,[2] and was himself eager to proceed, in spite of considerable wigged oppositions and secret reluctances that there were, did now, on that fiat of September 15th, get his Select Commission of Six riddled together and adjoined to him, — the likeliest Six that Prussia, in her different Provinces, could yield; — and got the *Stände* of Pommern, after due committeeing and deliberating, to consent and promise help. December 31st, 1746, was the day the *Stände* consented: and January 10th, 1747, Cocceji and his Six set out for Pommern. On a longish Enterprise, in that Province and the others; — of which we shall have to take notice, and give at least the dates as they occur.

To sweep out pettifogging Attorneys, cancel improper Advocates, to regulate Fees; to war, in a calm but deadly manner, against pedantries, circumlocutions and the multiplied forms of stupidity, cupidity and human owlery in this department; — and, on the whole, to realize from every Court, now and onwards, "A decision to all Lawsuits within a Year after their beginning." This latter result, Friedrich thinks, will itself be highly beneficial; and be the sign of all manner of improvements. And Cocceji, scanning it with those potent law-eyes of his, ventures to assure him that it will be possible. As, in fact, it proved; — honor to Cocceji and his King, and King's Father withal. "Samuel von Cocceji [says an old Note], son of a Law Professor, and himself once such, — was picked up by Friedrich Wilhelm, for the Official career, many years ago. A man of wholesome, by no means weakly aspect, — to judge by his Portrait, which is the chief 'Biography' I have of him. Potent eyes and eyebrows, ditto blunt nose; honest, almost careless lips, and deep chin well dewlapped: extensive penetrative face, not pincered together, but potently fallen closed; — comfortable to see, in a wig of such magnitude. Friedrich, a judge of men, calls him 'a man of sterling character (*caractère intègre et droit*), whose qualities would have suited the noble times of the Roman Republic.'"[1] He has his Herculean battle, his Master and he have, with the Owleries and the vulturous Law-Pedantries, — which I always love Friedrich for detesting as he does: — and, during the next five years, the world will hear often of Cocceji, and of this Prussian Law-Reform by Friedrich and him.

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[1] Ranke, ii. 392.

[2] "1st March, 1738," Friedrich Wilhelm's "Edict" on Law Reform: Cocceji ready, at that time; — but his then Majesty forbore.

His Majesty's exertions to make Peace were not successful; what does lie in his power is, to keep out of the quarrel himself. It appears great hopes were entertained, by some in England, of gaining Friedrich over; of making him Supreme Captain to the Cause of Liberty. And prospects were held out to him, quasi-offers made, of a really magnificent nature, — undeniable, though obscure. Herr Ranke has been among the Archives again; and comes out with fractional snatches of a very strange "Paper from England;" capriciously hiding all details about it, all intelligible explanation: so that you in vain ask, "Where, When, How, By whom?" — and can only guess to yourself that Carteret was somehow at the bottom of the thing; *aut Carteretus aut Diabolus.* "What would your Majesty think to be elected Stadtholder of Holland? Without a Stadtholder, these Dutch are worth nothing; not hoistable, nor of use when hoisted, all palavering and pulling different ways. Must have a Stadtholder; and one that stands firm on some basis of his own. Stadtholder of Holland, King of Prussia, — you then, in such position, take the reins of this poor floundering English-Dutch Germanic Anti-French War, you; and drive it in the style you have. Conquer back the Netherlands to us; French Netherlands as well. French and Austrian Netherlands together, yours in perpetuity; Dutch Stadtholderate as good as ditto: this, with Prussia and its fighting capabilities, will be a pleasant Protestant thing. Austria cares little about the Netherlands, in comparison. Austria, getting back its Lorraine and Alsace, will be content, will be strong on its feet. What if it should even lose Italy? France, Spain, Sardinia, the Italian Petty Principalities and Anarchies: suppose they tug and tussle, and collapse there as they can? But let France try to look across the Rhine again; and to threaten Teutschland, England, and the Cause of Human Liberty temporal or spiritual!"

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[1] *Œuvres*, iv. 2.

This is authentically the purport of Herr Ranke's extraordinary Document;[1] guessable as due to *Carteretus* or *Diabolus*. Here is an outlook; here is a career as Conquering Hero, if that were one's line! A very magnificent ground-plan; hung up to kindle the fancy of a young King, — who is far too prudent to go into it at all. More definite quasi-official offers, it seems, were made him from the same quarter: Subsidies to begin with, such subsidies as nobody ever had before; say £1,000,000 sterling by the Year. To which Friedrich answered, "Subsidies, your Excellency?" (Are We a Hackney-Coachman, then?) — and, with much contempt, turned his back on that offer. No fighting to be had, by purchase or seduction, out of this young man. Will not play the Conquering Hero at all, nor the Hackney-Coachman at all; has decided "not to fight a cat" if let alone; but to do and endeavor a quite other set of things, for the rest of his life.

Friedrich, readers can observe, is not uplifted with his greatness. He has been too much beaten and bruised to be anything but modestly thankful for getting out of such a deadly clash of chaotic swords. Seems to have little pride even in his "Five Victories;" or hides it well. Talks not overmuch about these things; talks of them, so far as we can hear, with his old comrades only, in praise of *their* prowesses; as a simple human being, not as a supreme of captains; and at times acknowledges, in a fine sincere way, the omnipotence of Luck in matters of War.

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[1] Ranke, iii. 359.

One of the most characteristic traits, extensively symbolical of Friedrich's intentions and outlooks at this Epoch, is his installing of himself in the little Dwelling-House, which has since become so celebrated under the name of Sans-Souci. The plan of Sans-Souci — an elegant commodious little "Country Box," quite of modest pretensions, one story high; on the pleasant Hill-top near Potsdam, with other little green Hills, and pleasant views of land and water, all round — had been sketched in part by Friedrich himself; and the diggings and terracings of the Hill-side were just beginning, when he quitted for the Last War. "April 14th, 1745," while he lay in those perilous enigmatic circumstances at Neisse with Pandours and devouring bugbears round him, "the foundation-stone was laid" (Knobelsdorf being architect, once more, as in the old Reinsberg case): and the work, which had been steadily proceeding while the Master struggled in those dangerous battles and adventures far away from it, was in good forwardness at his return. An object of cheerful interest to him; prophetic of calmer years ahead.

It was not till May, 1747, that the formal occupation took place: "Mayday, 1747," he had a grand House-heating, or "First Dinner, of 200 covers: and May 19th–20th was the first night of his sleeping there." For the next Forty Years, especially as years advanced, he spent the most of his days and nights in this little Mansion; which became more and more his favorite retreat, whenever the noises and scenic etiquettes were not inexorable. "*Sans-Souci;*" which we may translate "No-Bother." A busy place this too, but of the quiet kind; and more a home to him than any of the Three fine Palaces (ultimately Four), which lay always waiting for him in the neighborhood. Berlin and Charlottenburg are about twenty miles off; Potsdam, which, like the other two, is rather consummate among Palaces, lies leftwise in front of him within a short mile. And at length, to *right* hand, in a similar distance and direction, came the "*Neue Schloss*" (New Palace of Potsdam), called also the "*Palace* of Sans-Souci," in distinction from the Dwelling-House, or as it were Garden-House, which made that name so famous.

Certainly it is a significant feature of Friedrich; and discloses the inborn proclivity he had to retirement, to study and reflection, as the chosen element of human life. Why he fell upon so ambitious a title for his Royal Cottage? "*No*-Bother" was not practically a thing he, of all men, could consider possible in this world: at the utmost perhaps, by good care, "*Less*-Bother"! The name, it appears, came by accident. He had prepared his Tomb, and various Tombs, in the skirts of this new Cottage: looking at these, as the building of them went on, he was heard to say, one day (Spring 1746), D'Argens strolling beside him: "*Oui, alors je serai sans souci* (Once *there*, one will be out of bother)!" A saying which was rumored of, and repeated in society, being by such a man. Out of which rumor in society, and the evident aim of the Cottage Royal, there was gradually born, as Venus from the froth of the sea, this name, "Sans-Souci;" — which Friedrich adopted; and, before the Year was out, had put upon his lintel in gold letters. So that, by "Mayday, 1747," the name was in all men's memories; and has continued ever since.[1] Tourists know this Cottage Royal: Friedrich's "Three Rooms in it; one of them a Library; in another, a little Alcove with an iron Bed" (iron, without curtains; old softened *hat* the usual royal nightcap) — altogether a soldier's lodging: — all this still stands as it did. Cheerfully looking down on its garden-terraces, stairs, Greek statues, and against the free sky: — perhaps we may visit it in time coming, and take a more special view. In the Years now on hand, Friedrich, I think, did not much practically live there, only shifted thither now and then. His chief residence is still Potsdam Palace; and in Carnival time, that of Berlin; with Charlottenburg for occasional festivities, especially in summer, the gardens there being fine.

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[1] Preuss, i. 268, &c.; Nicolai, iii. 1200.

This of Sans-Souci is but portion of a wider Tendency, wider set of endeavors on Friedrich's part, which returns upon him now that Peace has returned : That of improving his own Domesticities, while he labors at so many public improvements. Gazing long on that simmering "Typhoon of Marine-stores" above mentioned, we do trace Three great Heads of Endeavor in this Peace Period. *First*, the Reform of Law; which, as above hinted, is now earnestly pushed forward again, and was brought to what was thought completion before long. With much rumor of applause from contemporary mankind. Concerning which we are to give some indications, were it only dates in their order: though, as the affair turned out not to be completed, but had to be taken up again long after, and is an affair lying wide of British ken, — there need not, and indeed cannot, be much said of it just now. *Secondly*, there is eager Furthering of the Husbandries, the Commerces, Practical Arts, — especially at present, that of Foreign Commerce, and Shipping from the Port of Embden. Which shall have due notice. And *thirdly*, what must be our main topic here, there is that of Improving the Domesticities, the Household Enjoyments such as they were ; — especially definable as Renewal of the old Reinsberg Program; attempt more strenuous than ever to realize that beautiful ideal. Which, and the total failure of which, and the consequent quasi-abandonment of it for time coming, are still, intrinsically and by accident, of considerable interest to modern readers.

Curious, and in some sort touching, to observe how that old original Life-Program still re-emerges on this King: "Something of melodious possible in one's poor life, is not there? A Life to the Practical Duties, yes; but to the Muses as well!" — Of Friedrich's success in his Law-Reforms, in his Husbandries, Commerces and Furtherances, conspicuously great as it was, there is no possibility of making careless readers cognizant at this day. Only by the great results — a "Prussia *quadrupled*" in his time, and the like — can studious readers convince themselves, in a cold and merely statistic way. But in respect of Life to the Muses, we have happily the means of showing that in actual vitality; in practical struggle towards fulfilment, — and how extremely disappointing the result was. In a word, Voltaire pays his Fifth and final Visit in this Period; the Voltaire matter comes to its consummation. To that, as to one of the few things which are perfectly knowable in this Period of *Ten-Years Peace*, and in which mankind still take interest, we purpose mostly to devote ourselves here.

Ten years of a great King's life, ten busy years too; and nothing visible in them, of main significance, but a crash of Author's Quarrels, and the Crowning Visit of Voltaire? Truly yes, reader; so it has been ordered. Innumerable high-dressed gentlemen, gods of this lower world, are gone all to inorganic powder, no comfortable or profitable memory to be held of them more; and this poor Voltaire, without implement except the tongue and brain of him, — he is still a shining object to all the populations; and they say and symbol to me, "Tell us of him! He is the man!" Very strange indeed. Changed times since, for dogs barking at the heels of him, and lions roaring ahead, — for Asses of Mirepoix, for foul creatures in high dizenment, and foul creatures who were hungry valets of the same, — this man could hardly get the highways walked! And indeed had to keep his eyes well open, and always have covert within reach, — under pain of being torn to pieces, while he went about in the flesh, or rather in the bones, poor lean being. Changed times; within the Century last past! For indeed there was in that man what far transcends all dizenment, and temporary potency over valets, over legions, treasure-vaults and dim millions mostly blockhead: a spark of Heaven's own lucency, a gleam from the Eternities (in small measure); — which becomes extremely noticeable when the Dance is over, when your tallow-dips and wax-lights are burnt out, and the brawl of the night is gone to bed.

CHAPTER II.

PEEP AT VOLTAIRE AND HIS DIVINE EMILIE (BY CANDLELIGHT) IN THE TIDE OF EVENTS.

PUBLIC European affairs require little remembrance; the War burning well to leeward of us henceforth. A huge world of smoky chaos; the special fires of it, if there be anything of fire, are all the more clear far in the distance. Of which sort, and of which only, the reader is to have notice. Maréchal de Saxe — King Louis oftenest personally there, to give his name and countenance to things done — is very glorious in the Netherlands; captures, sometimes by surprisal, place after place (beautiful surprisal of Brussels last winter); with sieges of Antwerp, Mons, Charleroi, victoriously following upon Brussels: and, before the end of 1746, he is close upon Holland itself; intent on having Namur and Maestricht; for which the poor Sea-Powers, with a handful of Austrians, fight two Battles, and are again beaten both times.[1] A glorious, ever-victorious Maréchal; and has an Army very "high-toned," in more than one sense: indeed, I think, one of the loudest-toned Armies ever on the field before. Loud not with well-served Artillery alone, but with play-actor Thunder-barrels (always an itinerant Theatre attends), with gasconading talk, with orgies, debaucheries, — busy service of the Devil, *and* pleasant consciousness that we are Heaven's masterpiece, and are in perfect readiness to die at any moment; — our *elasticity* and agility ("*élan*" as we call it) well kept up, in that manner, for the time being.

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[1] 1°. Battle of Roucoux, 11th October, 1746; Prince Karl commanding, English taking mainly the stress of fight, — Saxe having already outwitted poor Karl, and *got* Namur. 2°. Battle of Lawfelt, or Lauffeld, called also of *Val*, 2d July, 1747; Royal Highness of Cumberland commanding (and taking most of the stress; Ligonier made prisoner, &c.), — Dutch fighting ill, and Bathyani and his Austrians hardly in the fire at all.

Hungarian Majesty, contrary to hope, neglects the Netherlands, "Holland and England, for their own sake, will manage there!"—and directs all her resources, and her lately Anti-Prussian Armies (General Browne leading them) upon Italy, as upon the grand interest now. Little to the comfort of the Sea-Powers. But Hungarian Majesty is decided to cut in upon the French and Spaniards, in that fine Country,—who had been triumphing too much of late; Maillebois and Señor de Gages doing their mutual exploits (though given to quarrel); Don Philip wintering in Milan even (1745–1746); and the King of Sardinia getting into French courses again.

Strong cuts her Hungarian Majesty does inflict, on the Italian side; tumbles Infant Philip out of Milan and his Carnival gayeties, in plenty of hurry; besieges Genoa, Marquis Botta d'Adorno (our old acquaintance Botta) her siege-captain, a native of this region; brings back the wavering Sardinian Majesty; captures Genoa, and much else. Captures Genoa, we say,—had not Botta been too rigorous on his countrymen, and provoked a revolt again, Revolt of Genoa, which proved difficult to settle. In fine, Hungarian Majesty has, in the course of this year 1746, with aid of the reconfirmed Sardinian Majesty, satisfactorily beaten the French and Spaniards. Has—after two murderous Battles gained over the Maillebois-Gages people—driven both French and Spaniards into corners, Maillebois altogether home again across the Var;—nay has descended in actual Invasion upon France itself. And, before New-year's day, 1747, General Browne is busy besieging Antibes, aided by English Seventy-fours; so that "sixty French Battalions" have to hurry home, from winter-quarters, towards those Provençal Countries; and Maréchal de Belleisle, who commands there, has his hands full. Triumphant enough her Hungarian Majesty, in Italy; while in the Netherlands, the poor Sea-Powers have met with no encouragement from the Fates or her.[1] All which the reader may keep imagining at his convenience; — but will be glad rather, for the present, to go with us for an actual look at M. de Voltaire and the divine Emilie, whom we have not seen for a long time. Not much has happened in the interim; one or two things only which it can concern us to know; — scattered fragments of memorial, on the way thus far: —

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[1] "Battle of Piacenza" (Prince Lichtenstein, with whom is Browne, *versus* Gages and Maillebois), 16th June, 1746 (*Adelung*, v. 427); "Battle of Rottofreddo" (Botta chief Austrian there, and our old friend Bärenklau getting killed there), 12th August, 1746 (*ib.* 462); whereupon, *7th September*, Genoa (which had declared itself Anti-Austrian latterly, not without cause, and brought

1°. *M. de Voltaire has, in 1745, made way at Court.* Divine Emilie picked up her Voltaire from that fine Diplomatic course, and went home with him out of our sight, in the end of 1743; the Diplomatic career gradually declaring itself barred to him thenceforth. Since which, nevertheless, he has had his successes otherwise, especially in his old Literary course: on the whole, brighter sunshine than usual, though never without tempestuous clouds attending. Goes about, with his divine Emilie, now wearing browner and leaner, both of them; and takes the good and evil of life, mostly in a quiet manner; sensible that afternoon is come.

The thrice-famous Pompadour, who had been known to him in the Chrysalis state, did not forget him on becoming Head-Butterfly of the Universe. By her help, one long wish of his soul was gratified, and did not hunger or thirst any more. Some uncertain footing at Court, namely, was at length vouchsafed him: — uncertain; for the Most Christian Majesty always rather shuddered under those carbuncle eyes, under that voice "sombre and majestious," with such turns lying in it: — some uncertain footing at Court; and from the beginning of 1745, his luck, in the Court spheres, began to mount in a wonderful and world-evident manner. On grounds tragically silly, as he thought them. On the Dauphin's Wedding, — a Termagant's Infanta coming hither as Dauphiness, at this time, —

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the tug of War into those parts) is coerced by Botta to open its gates, on grievous terms (*ib.* 484–489); so that, *November 30th*, Browne, no Bourbon Army now on the field, enters Provence (crosses the Var, that day), and tries Antibes: 5*th*–11*th December*, Popular Revolt in Genoa, and Expulsion of proud Botta and his Austrians (*ib.* 518–523); upon which surprising event (which could not be mended during the remainder of the War), Browne's enterprise became impossible. See Buonamici, *Histoire de la dernière Révolution de Gênes;* Adelung, v. 516; vi. 31, &c. &c.

there needed to be Court-shows, Dramaticules, Transparencies, Feasts of Lanterns, or I know not what. Voltaire was the chosen man; Voltaire and Rameau (readers have heard of *Rameau's Nephew,* and musical readers still esteem Rameau) did their feat; we may think with what perfection, with what splendor of reward. Alas, and the feat done was, to one of the parties, so unspeakably contemptible! Voltaire pensively surveying Life, brushes the sounding strings; and hums to himself, the carbuncle eyes carrying in them almost something of wet: —

> "*Mon* Henri Quatre *et ma* Zaïre,
> *Et mon Américain* Alzire,
> *Ne m'ont valu jamais un seul regard du Roi;*
> *J'avais mille ennemis avec très peu de gloire:*
> *Les honneurs et les biens pleuvent enfin sur moi*
> *Pour un Farce de la Foire.*"[1]

Yes, my friend; it is a considerable ass, this world; by no means the Perfectly Wise put at the top of it (as one could wish), and the Perfectly Foolish at the bottom. Witness — nay, witness Psyche Pompadour herself, is not she an emblem! Take your luck without criticism; luck good and bad visits all.

2°. *And got into the Academy next Year, in consequence.* In 1746, the Academy itself, Pompadour favoring, is made willing; Voltaire sees himself among the Forty: soul, on that side too, be at ease, and hunger not nor thirst any more.[2] This highest of felicities could not be achieved without an ugly accompaniment from the surrounding Populace. Desfontaines is dead, safe down in Sodom; but wants not for a successor, for a whole Doggery of such. Who are all awake, and giving tongue on this occasion. There is M. Roi the "Poet," as he was then reckoned; jingling Roi, who concocts satirical calumnies; who collects old ones, reprints the same, — and sends Travenol, an Opera-Fiddler, to vend them. From which sprang a Lawsuit, *Procès-Travenol*, of famous melancholy sort. As Voltaire had rather the habit of such sad melancholy Lawsuits, we will pause on this of Travenol for a moment: —

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[1] "My *Henri Quatre,* my *Zaïre,* my *Alzire* [high works very many], could never purchase me a single glance of the King; I had multitudes of enemies, and very little fame: — honors and riches rain on me, at last, for a Farce of the Fair" (*Œuvres,* ii. 151).

The "Farce" (which by no means *called* itself such) was *Princesse de Navarre* (*Œuvres,* lxxiii. 251): first acted 23d February, 1745, Day of the Wedding. Gentlemanship of the Chamber thereupon (which Voltaire, by permission, sold, shortly after, for £2,500, with titles retained), and appointment as Historiographer Royal. Poor Dauphiness did not live long; Louis XVI.'s Mother was a *second* Wife, Saxon-Polish Majesty's Daughter.

[2] "May 9th, 1746, Voltaire is received at the Academy; and makes a very fine Discourse" (*Barbier,* ii. 488). *Œuvres de Voltaire,* lxxiii. 355, 385, and i. 97.

3°. *Summary of Travenol Lawsuit.* "Monday, 9th May, 1746, was the Day of reception at the Academy; reception and fruition, thrice-savory to Voltaire. But what an explosion of the Doggeries, before, during and after that event! Voltaire had tried to be prudent, too. He had been corresponding with Popes, with Cardinals; and, in a fine frank-looking way, capturing their suffrages: — not by lying, which in general he wishes to avoid, but by speaking half the truth; in short, by advancing, in a dexterous, diplomatic way, the *un*cloven foot, in those Vatican precincts. And had got the Holy Father's own suffrage for *Mahomet* (think of that, you Ass of Mirepoix!), among other cases that might rise. When this seat among the Forty fell vacant, his very first measure — mark it, Orthodox reader — was a Letter to the Chief Jesuit, Father Latour, Head of one's old College of Louis le Grand. A Letter of fine filial tenor: 'My excellent old Schoolmasters, to whom I owe everything; the representatives of learning, of decorum, of frugality and modest human virtue: — in what contrast to the obscure Doggeries poaching about in the street-gutters, and flying at the peaceable passenger!'[1] Which captivated Father Latour; and made matters smooth on that side; so that even the *Ancien de Mirepoix* said nothing, this time: What could he say? No cloven foot visible, and the Authorities strong.

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[1] In *Voltairiana, ou Eloges Amphigouriques*, &c. (Paris, 1748), i. 150-160, the *Letter* itself, "Paris, 7th February, 1746;" omitted (without need or real cause on any side) in the common Collections of *Œuvres de Voltaire*.

"Voltaire had started as Candidate with these judicious preliminaries. Voltaire was elected, as we saw; fine Discourse, 9th May; and on the Official side all things comfortable. But, in the mean while, the Doggeries, as natural, seeing the thing now likely, had risen to a never-imagined pitch; and had filled Paris, and, to Voltaire's excruciated sense, the Universe, with their howlings and their hyena-laughter, with their pasquils, satires, old and new. So that Voltaire could not stand it; and, in evil hour, rushed downstairs upon them; seized one poor dog, Travenol, unknown to him as Fiddler or otherwise; pinioned Dog Travenol, with pincers, by the ears, him for one; — proper Police-pincers, for we are now well at Court; — and had a momentary joy! And, alas, this was not the right dog; this, we say, was Travenol a Fiddler at the Opera, who, except the street-noises, knew nothing of Voltaire; much less had the least pique at him; but had taken to hawking certain Pasquils (Jingler Roi's *Collection*, it appears), to turn a desirable penny by them.

"And mistakes were made in the Affair Travenol, — old *Father* Travenol haled to prison, instead of Son, — by the Lieutenant of Police and his people. And Voltaire took the high-hand method (being well at Court): — and thereupon hungry Advocates took up Dog Travenol and his pincered ears: 'Serene Judges of the Châtelet, Most Christian Populace of Paris, did you ever see a Dog so pincered by an Academical Gentleman before, merely for being hungry?' And Voltaire, getting madder and madder, appealed to the Academy (which would not interfere); filed Criminal Informations; appealed to the Châtelet, to the Courts above and to the Courts below; and, for almost a year, there went on the '*Procès-Travenol:*'[1] Olympian Jove in distressed circumstances *versus* a hungry Dog who had eaten dirty puddings. Paris, in all its Saloons and Literary Coffee-houses (figure the *Antre de Procope*, on Publication nights !), had, monthly or so, the exquisite malign banquet; and grinned over the Law Pleadings: what Magazine Serial of our day can be so interesting to the emptiest mind!

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[1] About Mayday, 1746, Seizure of Travenol; Pleadings are in vigor August, 1746; not done April, 1747. In *Voltairiana*, ii. 141–206, Pleadings, &c., copiously given; and most of the original Libels, in different parts of that sad Book (compiled by Travenol's Advocate, a very sad fellow himself): see also *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 355 n., 385 n.; *ib.* i. 97; *Barbier*, ii. 487. All in a very jumbled, dateless, vague and incorrect condition.

"Lasted, I find, for above a year. From Spring, 1746, till towards Autumn, 1747: Voltaire's feelings being — Haha, so exquisite, all the while! — Well, reader, I can judge how amusing it was to high and low. And yet Phœbus Apollo going about as mere Cowherd of Admetus, and exposed to amuse the populace by his duels with dogs that have bitten him? It is certain Voltaire was a fool, not to be more cautious of getting into gutter-quarrels; not to have a thicker skin, in fact."

Procès-Travenol escorting one's Triumphal Entry; what an adjunct! Always so: always in your utmost radiance of sunshine a shadow; and in your softest outburst of Lydian or Spheral symphonies something of eating Care! Then too, in the Court-circle itself, "is Trajan pleased," or are all things well? Readers have heard of that "*Trajan est-il content?*" It occurred Winter, 1745 (27th November, 1745, a date worth marking), while things were still in the flush of early hope. That evening, our *Temple de la Gloire* (Temple of Glory) had just been acted for the first time, in honor of him we may call "Trajan," returning from a "Fontenoy and Seven Cities captured:"[1] —

"*Reviens, divin Trajan, vainqueur doux et terrible;*
Le monde est mon rival, tous les cœurs sont à toi;
Mais est-il un cœur plus sensible,
Et qui t'adore plus que moi?"[2]

"Return, divine Trajan, conqueror sweet and terrible;
The world is my rival, all hearts are thine;
But is there a heart more loving,
Or that adores thee more than I?"

An allegoric Dramatic Piece; naturally very admirable at Versailles. Issuing radiant from Fall of the Curtain, Voltaire had the farther honor to see his Majesty pass out; Majesty escorted by Richelieu, one's old friend in a sense: "Is Trajan pleased?" whispered Voltaire to his Richelieu; overheard by Trajan, — who answered in words nothing, but in a visible glance of the eyes did answer, "Impertinent Lackey!" — Trajan being a man unready with speech; and disliking trouble with the people whom he paid for keeping his boots in polish. O my winged Voltaire, to what dunghill Bubbly-Jocks (*Coqs d'Inde*) you do stoop with homage, constrained by their appearance of mere size! —

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[1] Seven of them; or even eight of a kind: Tournay, Ghent, Bruges, Nieuport, Dendermond, Ath, Ostend; and nothing lost but Cape Breton and one's Codfishery.

[2] *Temple de la Gloire*, Acte iv. (*Œuvres*, xii. 328).

Evidently no perfect footing at Court, after all. And then the Pompadour, could she, Head-Butterfly of the Universe, be an anchor that would hold, if gales rose? Rather she is herself somewhat of a gale, of a continual liability to gales; unstable as the wind! Voltaire did his best to be useful, as Court Poet, as director of Private Theatricals; — above all, to soothe, to flatter Pompadour; and never neglected this evident duty. But, by degrees, the envious Lackey-people made cabals; turned the Divine Butterfly into comparative indifference for Voltaire; into preference of a Crébillon's poor faded Pieces: "Suitabler these, Madame, for the Private Theatricals of a Most Christian Majesty." Think what a stab; crueler than daggers through one's heart: "Crébillon?" M. de Voltaire said nothing; looked nothing, in those sacred circles; and never ceased outwardly his worship, and assiduous tuning, of the Pompadour: but he felt — as only Phœbus Apollo in the like case can! "Away!" growled he to himself, when this atrocity had culminated. And, in effect, is, since the end of 1746 or so, pretty much withdrawn from the Versailles Olympus; and has set, privately in the distance (now at Cirey, now at Paris, in our *petit palais* there), with his whole will and fire, to do Crébillon's dead Dramas into living ones of his own. Dead *Catilina* of Crébillon into *Rome Sauvée* of Voltaire, and the other samples of dead into living, — that stupid old Crébillon himself and the whole Universe may judge, and even Pompadour feel a remorse! — Readers shall fancy these things; and that the world is coming back to its old poor drab color with M. de Voltaire; his divine Emilie and he rubbing along on the old confused terms. One face-to-face peep of them readers shall now have; and that is to be enough, or more than enough: —

Voltaire and the divine Emilie appear suddenly, one Night, at Sceaux.

About the middle of August, 1747, King Friedrich, I find, was at home; — not in his new *Sans-Souci* by any means, but running to and fro; busy with his Musterings, "grand review, and mimic attack on Börnstadt, near Berlin;" *Invaliden-Haus* (Military Hospital) getting built; Silesian Reviews just ahead; and, for the present, much festivity and moving about, to Charlottenburg, to Berlin and the different Palaces; Wilhelmina, "August 15th," having come to see him; of which fine visit, especially of Wilhelmina's thoughts on it, — why have the envious Fates left us nothing!

While all this is astir in Berlin and neighborhood, there is, among the innumerable other visits in this world, one going on near Paris, in the Mansion or Palace of Sceaux, which has by chance become memorable. A visit by Voltaire and his divine Emilie, direct from Paris, I suppose, and rather on the sudden. Which has had the luck to have a *Letter* written on it, by one of those rare creatures, a seeing Witness, who can make others see and believe. The seeing Witness is little Madame de Staal (by no means Necker's Daughter, but a much cleverer), known as one of the sharpest female heads; she from the spot reports it to Madame du Deffand, who also is known to readers. There is such a glimpse afforded here into the actuality of old things and remarkable human creatures, that Friedrich himself would be happy to read the Letter.

Duchesse du Maine, Lady of Sceaux, is a sublime old personage, with whom and with whose high ways and magnificent hospitalities at Sceaux, at Anet and elsewhere, Voltaire had been familiar for long years past.[1] This Duchess, granddaughter of the great Condé, now a dowager for ten years, and herself turned of seventy, has been a notable figure in French History this great while: a living fragment of Louis le Grand, as it were. Was wedded to Louis's "Legitimated" Illegitimate, the Duc du Maine; was in trouble with the Regent d'Orléans about Alberoni-Cellamare conspiracies (1718), Regent having stript her husband of his high legitimatures and dignities, with little ceremony; which led her to conspire a good deal, at one time.[1] She was never very beautiful; but had a world of grace and witty intelligence; and knew a Voltaire when she saw him. Was the soul of courtesy and benignity, though proud enough, and carrying her head at its due height; and was always very charming, in her lofty gracious way, to mankind. Interesting to all, were it only as a living fragment of the Grand Epoch, — kind of French Fulness of Time, when the world was at length blessed with a Louis Quatorze, and Ne-plus-ultra of a Gentleman determined to do the handsome thing in this world. She is much frequented by high people, especially if of a Literary or Historical turn. President Hénault (of the *Abrégé Chronologique*, the well-frilled, accurately powdered, most correct old legal gentleman) is one of her adherents; Voltaire is another, that may stand for many: there is an old Marquis de St. Aulaire, whom she calls "*mon vieux berger* (my old shepherd," that is to say, sweetheart or flame of love);[2] there is a most learned President de Mesmes, and others we have heard of, but do not wish to know. Little De Staal was at one time this fine Duchess's maid; but has far outgrown all that, a favorite guest of the Duchess's instead;

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[1] In *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiii. 434 n., x. 8, &c., "Clog." and others represent *this* Visit as having been to Anet, — though the record otherwise is express.

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[1] *Duc du Maine* with *Comte de Toulouse* were products of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan: — "legitimated" by Papa's fiat in 1673, while still only young children; *dis*legitimated again by Regent d'Orléans, autumn, 1718; grand scene, "guards drawn out" and the like, on this occasion (*Barbier*, i. 8-11, ii. 181); futile Conspiracies with Alberoni thereupon; arrest of Duchess and Duke (29th December, 1718), and closure of that poor business. Duc du Maine died 1736; Toulouse next year; ages, each about sixty-five. "Duc de Penthièvre," Egalité's father-in-law, was Toulouse's son; Maine has left a famous Dowager, whom we see. Nothing more of notable about the one or the other.

[2] *Barbier*, ii. 87; see ib. (i. 8-11; ii. 181, 436; &c.) for many notices of her affairs and her.

holds now mainly by Madame du Deffand (not yet fallen blind), — and is well turned of fifty, and known for one of the shrewdest little souls in the world, at the time she writes. Her Letter is addressed "*To Madame du Deffand*, at Paris;" most free-flowing female Letter; of many pages, runs on, day after day, for a fortnight or so; — only Excerpts of it introducible here: —

"*Sceaux, Tuesday,* 15*th August*, 1747. . . . Madame du Châtelet and Voltaire, who had announced themselves as for to-day, and whom nobody had heard of otherwise, made their appearance yesternight, near midnight; like two Spectres, with an odor of embalmment about them, as if just out of their tombs. We were rising from table; the Spectres, however, were hungry ones: they needed supper; and what is more, beds, which were not ready. The Housekeeper (*Concierge*), who had gone to bed, rose in great haste. Gaya [amiable gentleman, conceivable, not known], who had offered his apartment for pressing cases, was obliged to yield it in this emergency: he flitted with as much precipitation and displeasure as an army surprised in its camp; leaving a part of his baggage in the enemy's hands. Voltaire thought the lodging excellent, but that did not at all console Gaya.

"As to the Lady, her bed turns out not to have been well made; they have had to put her in a new place to-day. Observe, she made that bed herself, no servants being up, and had found a blemish or *défaut* of" — word wanting: who knows what? — "in the mattresses; which I believe hurt her exact mind, more than her not very delicate body. She has got, in the interim, an apartment promised to somebody else; and she will have to leave it again on Friday or Saturday, and go into that of Maréchal de Maillebois, who leaves at that time."

— Yes; Maillebois in the body, O reader. This is he, with the old ape-face renewed by paint, whom we once saw marching with an "Army of Redemption," haggling in the Passes about Eger, unable to redeem Belleisle; marching and haggling, more lately, with a "Middle-Rhine Army," and the like non-effect; since which, fighting his best in Italy, —

pushed home last winter, with Browne's bayonets in his back; Belleisle succeeding him in dealing with Browne. Belleisle, and the "Revolt of Genoa" (fatal to Browne's Invasion of us), and the Defence of Genoa and the mutual worryings thereabout, are going on at a great rate, — and there is terrible news out of those Savoy Passes, while Maillebois is here. Concerning which by and by. He is grandson of the renowned Colbert, this Maillebois. A Field-Marshal evidently extant, you perceive, in those vanished times: is to make room for Madame on Friday, says our little De Staal; and take leave of us, — if for good, so much the better!

"He came at the time we did, with his daughter and grand-daughter: the one is pretty, the other ugly and dreary [*l'une, l'autre;* no saying which, in such important case! Madame la Maréchale, the mother and grandmother, I think must be dead. Not beautiful she, nor very benignant, "*une très-méchante femme,* very cat-witted woman," says Barbier; "shrieked like a devil, at Court, upon the Cardinal," about that old *Army-of-Redemption* business; but all her noise did nothing].[1] — M. le Maréchal has hunted here with his dogs, in these fine autumn woods and glades; chased a bit of a stag, and caught a poor doe's fawn: that was all that could be got there.

"Our new Guests will make better sport: they are going to have their Comedy acted again [Comedy of *The Exchange,* much an entertainment with them]: Vanture [conceivable, not known] is to do the Count de Boursoufle (*de Blister* or *de Windbag*); you will not say this is a hit, any more than Madame du Châtelet's doing the Hon. Miss Piggery (*La Cochonnière*), who ought to be fat and short." [2] — Little De Staal then abruptly breaks off, to ask about her Correspondent's health, and her Correspondent's friend old President Hénault's health; touches on those "grumblings and discords in the Army (*tracasseries de l'Armée*)," which are making such a stir; how

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[1] Barbier, ii. 332 ("November, 1742").

[2] *L'Echange,* The Exchange, *or When shall I get married?* Farce in three acts: *Œuvres,* x. 167–222; used to be played at Cirey and elsewhere (see plenty of details upon it, exact or not quite so, *ib.* 7–9).

M. d'Argenson, our fine War-Minister, man of talent amid blockheads, will manage them; and suddenly exclaims: "O my queen, what curious animals men and women are! I laugh at their manœuvres, the days when I have slept well; if I have missed sleep, I could kill them. These changes of temper prove that I do not break off kind. Let us mock other people, and let other people mock us; it is well done on both sides. — [Poor little De Staal: to what a posture have things come with you, in that fast-rotting Epoch, of Hypocrisies becoming all insolvent!]

"*Wednesday*, 16*th*. Our Ghosts do not show themselves by daylight. They appeared yesterday at ten in the evening; I do not think we shall see them sooner to-day: the one is engaged in writing high feats [*Siècle de Louis XV.*, or what at last became such]; the other in commenting Newton. They will neither play nor walk: they are, in fact, equivalent to *zeros* in a society where their learned writings are of no significance. — [Pauses, without notice given, for some hours, perhaps days; then resuming:] Nay, worse still: their apparition to-night has produced a vehement declamation on one of our little social diversions here, the game of *Cavagnole:*[1] it was continued and maintained," on the part of Madame du Châtelet, you guess, "in a tone which is altogether unheard of in this place; and was endured," on the part of Serene Highness, "with a moderation not less surprising. But what is unendurable is my babble" — And herewith our nimble little woman hops off again into the general field of things; and gossips largely, How are you, my queen, Whither are you going, Whither we; That the Maillebois people are away, and also the Villeneuves, if anybody knew them now; then how the Estillacs, to the number of four, are coming tomorrow; and Cousin Soquence, for all his hunting, can catch nothing; and it is a continual coming and going; and how Boursoufle is to be played, and a Dame Dufour is just come, who will do a character. Rubrics, vanished Shadows, nearly all those high Dames and Gentlemen; *la pauvre* Saint-Pierre, "eaten with gout," who is she? "Still drags herself about, as well as she can; but not with me, for I never go by land, and she seems to have the hydrophobia, when I take to the water. [Thread of date is gone! I almost think we must have got to Saturday by this time: — or perhaps it is only Thursday, and Maillebois off prematurely, to be out of the way of the Farce? Little De Staal takes no notice; but continues gossiping rapidly:]

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[1] "Kind of *Biribi*," it would appear; in the height of fashion then.

"Yesterday Madame du Châtelet got into her third lodging: she could not any longer endure the one she had chosen. There was noise in it, smoke without fire: — privately meseems, a little the emblem of herself! As to noise, it was not by night that it incommoded her, she told me, but by day, when she was in the thick of her work: it deranges her ideas. She is busy reviewing her *Principles*" — *Newton's Principia,* no doubt, but De Staal will understand it only as *Principes,* Principles in general: — "it is an exercise she repeats every year, without which the Principles might get away, and perhaps go so far she would never find them again [You satirical little gypsy!]. Her head, like enough, is a kind of lock-up for them, rather than a birthplace, or natural home: and that is a case for watching carefully lest they get away. She prefers the high air of this occupation to every kind of amusement, and persists in not showing herself till after dark. Voltaire has produced some gallant verses [unknown to Editors] which help off a little the bad effect of such unusual behavior.

"*Sunday, 27th.* I told you on Thursday [no, you did n't; you only meant to tell] that our Spectres were going on the morrow, and that the Piece was to be played that evening: all this has been done. I cannot give you much of Boursoufle [done by one Vanture]. Mademoiselle Piggery [*de la Cochonnière,* Madame du Châtelet herself] executed so perfectly the extravagance of her part, that I own it gave me real pleasure. But Vanture only put his own fatuity into the character of Boursoufle, which wanted more: he played naturally in a Piece where all requires to be forced, like the subject of it." — What a pity none of us has read this fine Farce! "One Pâris did the part of *Muscadin* (Little Coxcomb), which name represents his character: in short, it can be said the Farce was well given.

The Author ennobled it by a Prologue for the Occasion; which he acted very well, along with Madame Dufour as *Barbe* (Governess Barbara), — who, but for this brilliant action, could not have put up with merely being Governess to Piggery. And, in fact, she disdained the simplicity of dress which her part required; — as did the chief actress," Du Châtelet herself (age now forty-one); "who, in playing *Piggery*, preferred the interests of her own face to those of the Piece, and made her entry in all the splendor and elegant equipments of a Court Lady," — her "*Principles*," though the key is turned upon them, not unlike jumping out of window, one would say! "She had a crow to pluck [*maille à partir*, "clasp to open," which is better] with Voltaire on this point: but she is sovereign, and he is slave. I am very sorry at their going, though I was worn out with doing her multifarious errands all the time she was here.

"*Wednesday, 30th.* M. le President [Hénault] has been asked hither; and he is to bring you, my Queen! Tried all I could to hinder; but they would not be put off. If your health and disposition do suit, it will be charming. In any case, I have got you a good apartment: it is the one that Madame du Châtelet had seized upon, after an exact review of all the Mansion. There will be a little less furniture than she had put in it; Madame had pillaged all her previous apartments to equip this one. We found about seven tables in it, for one item: she needs them of all sizes; immense, to spread out her papers upon; solid, to support her *nécessaire;* slighter, for her nicknacks (*pompons*), for her jewels. And this fine arrangement did not save her from an accident like that of Philip II., when, after spending all the night in writing, he got his despatches drowned by the oversetting of an ink-bottle. The Lady did not pretend to imitate the moderation of that Prince; at any rate, he was only writing on affairs of state; and the thing they blotted, on this occasion, was Algebra, much more difficult to clean up again.

"This subject ought to be exhausted: one word more, and then it does end. The day after their departure, I receive a Letter of four pages, and a Note enclosed, which announces dreadful hurly-burly: M. de Voltaire has mislaid his Farce, forgotten to get back the parts, and lost his Prologue: I am to find all that again [excessively tremulous about his Manuscripts, M. de Voltaire; of such value are they, of such danger to him; there is *La Pucelle,* for example, — enough to hang a man, were it surreptitiously launched forth in print!] — I am to send him the Prologue instantly, not by post, because they would copy it; to keep the parts for fear of the same accident, and to lock up the Piece 'under a hundred keys.' I should have thought one padlock sufficient for this treasure! I have duly executed his orders."[1]

And herewith *explicit De Staal.* Scene closes: *exeunt omnes;* are off to Paris or Versailles again; to Lunéville and the Court of Stanislaus again, — where also adventures await them, which will be heard of!

"Figure to yourself," says some other Eye-witness, "a lean Lady, with big arms and long legs; small head, and countenance losing itself in a cloudery of head-dress; cocked nose [*retroussé,* say you? Very slightly, then; quite an unobjectionable nose!] and pair of small greenish eyes; complexion tawny, and mouth too big: this was the divine Emilie, whom Voltaire celebrates to the stars. Loaded to extravagance with ribbons, laces, face-patches, jewels and female ornaments; determined to be sumptuous in spite of Economics, and pretty in spite of Nature:" Pooh, it is an enemy's hand that paints! "And then by her side," continues he, "the thin long figure of Voltaire, that Anatomy of an Apollo, affecting worship of her,"[2] — yes, that thin long Gentleman, with high red-heeled shoes, and the daintiest polite attitudes and paces; in superfine coat, laced hat under arm; nose and under-lip ever more like coalescing (owing to decay of teeth), but two eyes shining on you like carbuncles; and in the ringing voice, such touches of speech when you apply for it! Thus they at Sceaux and elsewhere; walking their Life-minuet, making their entrances and exits.

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[1] *Madame de Graffigny* (Paris, 1820), pp. 283–291.

[2] From Rödenbeck (quoting somebody, whom I have surely seen in French; whom Rödenbeck tries to name, as he could have done, but curiously without success), i. 179.

One thing is lamentable: the relation with Madame is not now a flourishing one, or capable again of being: "Does not love me as he did, the wretch!" thinks Madame always; — yet sticks by him, were it but in the form of blister. They had been to Lunéville, Spring, 1747; happy dull place, within reach of Cirey; far from Versailles and its cabals. They went again, 1748, in a kind of permanent way; Titular Stanislaus, an opulent dawdling creature, much liking to have them; and Father Menou, his Jesuit, — who is always in quarrel with the Titular Mistress, — thinking to displace *her* (as you gradually discover), and promote the Du Châtelet to that improper dignity! In which he had not the least success, says Voltaire; but got "two women on his ears instead of one." It was not to be Stanislaus's mistress; nor a *titular* one at all, but a real, that Madame was fated in this dull happy place! Idle readers know the story only too well; — concerning which, admit this other Fraction and no more: —

"Stanislaus, as a Titular King, cannot do without some kind of Titular Army, — were it only to blare about as Life-guard, and beat kettle-drums on occasion. A certain tall high-sniffing M. de St. Lambert, a young Lorrainer of long pedigree and light purse, had just taken refuge in this Life-guard [Summer 1748, or so], I know not whether as Captain or Lieutenant, just come from the Netherlands Wars: of grave stiff manners; for the rest, a good-looking young fellow; thought to have some poetic genius, even; — who is precious, surely, in such an out-of-the-way place. Welcome to Voltaire, to Madame still more. Alas, readers know the History, — on which we must not dwell. Madame, a brown geometric Lady, age now forty-two, with a Great Man who has scandalously ceased to love her, casts her eye upon St. Lambert: 'Yes, you would be the shoeing-horn, Monsieur, if one had time, you fine florid fellow, hardly yet into your thirties —' And tries him with a little coquetry; I always think, perhaps in this view chiefly? And then, at any rate, as he responded, the thing itself became so interesting: 'Our Ulysses-bow, we can still bend it, then, aha!' And is not that a pretty stag withal, worth bringing down; florid, just entering his thirties, and with the susceptibilities of genius! Voltaire was not blind, could he have helped it, — had he been tremulously alive to help it. 'Your Verses to her, my St. Lambert, — ah, Tibullus never did the like of them. Yes, to you are the roses, my fine young friend, to me are the thorns:' thus sings Voltaire in response;[1] perhaps not thinking it would go so far. And it went, — alas, it went to all lengths, mentionable and not mentionable: and M. le Marquis had to be coaxed home in the Spring of 1749, — still earlier it had been suitabler; — and in September ensuing, M. de St. Lambert looking his demurest, there is an important lying-in to be transacted! Newton's *Principia* is, by that time, drawing diligently to its close; — complicated by such far abstruser Problems, not of the geometric sort! Poor little lean brown woman, what a Life, after all; what an End of a Life!" —

War-Passages in 1747.

The War, since Friedrich got out of it, does not abate in animosity, nor want for bloodshed, battle and sieging; but offers little now memorable. March 18th, 1747, a ghastly Phantasm of a Congress, "Congress of Breda," which had for some months been attempting Peace, and was never able to get into conference, or sit in its chairs except for moments, flew away altogether;[2] and left the War perhaps angrier than ever, more hopelessly stupid than ever. Except, indeed, that resources are failing; money running low in France, Parlements beginning to murmur, and among the Population generally a feeling that glory is excellent, but will not make the national pot boil. Perhaps all this will be more effective than Congresses of Breda? Here are the few Notes worth giving:

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[1] *Œuvres*, xvii. 223 (*Epître à M. de St. Lambert*, 1749); &c. &c. In *Mémoires sur Voltaire par Longchamp et Wagnière* (Paris, 1826), ii. 229 et seq., details enough and more.

[2] In September, 1746, had got together; but would not take life, on trying and again trying, and fell forgotten: February, 1747, again gleams up into hope: March 18th and the following days, vanishes for good (*Adelung*, v. 50; vi. 6, 62).

April 23d–30th, 1747, *The French invade Holland; whereupon, suddenly, a Stadtholder there.* "After Fontenoy there has been much sieging and capturing in that Netherlands Country, a series of successes gloriously delightful to Maréchal de Saxe and the French Nation: likewise (in bar of said sieging, in futile attempt to bar it) a Battle of Roucoux, October, 1746; with victory, or quasi-victory, to Saxe, at least with prostration to the opposite part. And farther on, there is a Battle of Lauffeld coming, 2d July, 1747; with similar results; frustration evident, retreat evident, victory not much to speak of. And in this gloriously delightful manner Saxe and the French Nation have proceeded, till in fact the Netherlands Territory with all strongholds, except Maestricht alone, was theirs, — and they decided on attacking the Dutch Republic itself. And (17th April, 1747) actually broke in upon the frontier Fortresses of Zealand; found the same dry-rotten everywhere; and took them, Fortress after Fortress, at the rate of a cannon salvo each: 'Ye magnanimous Dutch, see what you have got by not sitting still, as recommended!' To the horror and terror of the poor Zealanders and general Dutch Population. Who shrieked to England for help; — and were, on the very instant, furnished with a modicum of Seventy-fours (Dutch Courier returning by the same); which landed the Courier April 23d, and put Walcheren in a state of security.[1]

"Whereupon the Dutch Population turned round on its Governors, with a growl of indignation, spreading ever wider, waxing ever higher: 'Scandalous laggards, is this your mode of governing a free Republic? Freedom to let the State go to dry-rot, and become the laughing-stock of mankind. To provide for your own paltry kindred in the State-employments; to palaver grandly with all comers; and publish melodious Despatches of Van Hoey? Had not Britannic Majesty, for his dear Daughter's sake, come to the rescue in this crisis, where had we been? We demand a Stadtholder again; our glorious Nassau Orange, to keep some bridle on you!' And actually, in this way, Populus and Plebs, by general turning out into the streets, in a gloomily indignant manner, which threatens to become vociferous and dangerous, — cowed the Heads of the Republic into choosing the said Prince, with Princess and Family, as Stadtholder, High-Admiral, High-Everything and Supreme of the Republic. Hereditary, no less, and punctually perpetual; Princess and Family to share in it. In which happy state (ripened into Kingship latterly) they continue to this day. A result painfully surprising to Most Christian Majesty; gratifying to Britannic proportionately, or more; — and indeed beneficial towards abating dry-rot and melodious palaver in that poor Land of the Free. Consummated, by popular outbreak of vociferation, in the different Provinces, in about a week from April 23d, when those helpful Seventy-fours hove in sight. Stadtholdership had been in abeyance for forty-five years.[1] The new Stadtholder did his best; could not, in the short life granted him, do nearly enough. — Next year there was a *second* Dutch outbreak, or general turning into the streets; of much more violent character; in regard to glaringly unjust Excises and Taxations, and to 'instant dismissal of your Excise-Farmers,' as the special first item.[2] Which salutary object being accomplished (new Stadtholder well aiding, in a valiant and judicious manner), there has no third dose of that dangerous remedy been needed since.

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[1] Adelung, vi. 105, 125–134.

"*July* 19*th, Fate of Chevalier de Belleisle.* At the Fortress of Exilles, in one of those Passes of the Savoy Alps, — Pass of Col di Sieta, memorable to the French Soldier ever since, — there occurred a lamentable thing;" doubtless much talked of at Sceaux while Voltaire was there. "The Revolt of Genoa (popular outburst, and expulsion of our poor friend Botta and his Austrians, then a famous thing, and a rarer than now) having suddenly recalled the victorious General Browne from his Siege of Antibes and Invasion of Provence, — Maréchal Duc de Belleisle, well reinforced and now become 'Army of Italy' in general, followed steadfastly for 'Defence of Genoa' against indignant Botta, Browne and Company. For defence of Genoa; nay for attack on Turin, which would have been 'defence' in Genoa and everywhere, — had the captious Spaniard consented to co-operate. Captious Spaniard would not; Couriers to Madrid, to Paris thereupon, and much time lost; — till, at the eleventh hour, came consent from Paris, 'Try it by yourself, then!' Belleisle tries it; at least his Brother does. His Brother, the Chevalier, is to force that Pass of Exilles; a terrible fiery business, but the backbone of the whole adventure: in which, if the Chevalier can succeed, he too is to be Maréchal de France. Forward, therefore, climb the Alpine stairs again; snatch me that Fort of Exilles.

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[1] Since our Dutch William's death, 1702.

[2] Adelung, vi. 364 et seq.; Raumer, 182–193 ("March–September, 1748"); or, in *Chesterfield's Works*, Dayrolles's Letters to Chesterfield: somewhat unintelligent and unintelligible, both Raumer and he.

"And so, July 19th, 1747, the Chevalier comes in sight of the Place; scans a little the frowning buttresses, bristly with guns; the dumb Alps, to right and left, looking down on him and it. Chevalier de Belleisle judges that, however difficult, it can and must be possible to French valor; and storms in upon it, huge and furious (20,000, or if needful 30,000); — but is torn into mere wreck, and hideous recoil; rallies, snatches a standard, 'We must take it or die,' — and dies, does not take it; falls shot on the rampart, 'pulling at the palisades with his own hands,' nay some say 'with his teeth,' when the last moments came. Within one hour, he has lost 4,000 men; and himself and his Brother's Enterprise lie ended there.[1] Fancy his poor Brother's feelings, who much loved him! The discords about War-matters (*tracasseries de l'Armée*) were a topic at Sceaux lately, as De Staal intimated. 'Why starve our Italian Enterprises; heaping every resource upon the Netherlands and Saxe?' Diligent Defence of Genoa (chiefly by flourishing of swords on the part of France, for the Austrians were not yet ready) is henceforth all the Italian War there is; and this explosion at Exilles may fitly be finis to it here. Let us only say that Infant Philip did, when the Peace came, get a bit of Apanage (Parma and Piacenza or some such thing, contemptibly small to the Maternal heart), and that all things else lapsed to their pristine state, *minus* only the waste and ruin there had been."

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[1] Voltaire, xxv. 221 et seq. (*Siècle de Louis Quinze*, c. 22); Adelung, vi. 174.

July 12th–September 18th: Siege of the chief Dutch Fortress. "Unexpected Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom; two months of intense excitement to the Dutch Patriots and Cause-of-Liberty Gazetteers, as indifferent and totally dead as it has now become. Maréchal de Saxe, after his victory at Lauffeld, 2d July, did not besiege Maestricht, as had been the universal expectation; but shot off an efficient lieutenant of his, one Löwendahl, in due force, privately ready, to overwhelm Bergen-op-Zoom with sudden Siege, while he himself lay between the beaten enemy and it. Bergen is the heart of Holland, key of the Scheld, and quite otherwise important than Maestricht. 'Coehorn's masterpiece!' exclaim the Gazetteers; 'Impregnable, you may depend!' 'We shall see,' answered Saxe, answered Löwendahl the Dane (who also became Maréchal by this business); and after a great deal of furious assaulting and battering, took the Place September 18th, before daylight," by a kind of surprisal or quasi-storm; — "the Commandant, one Cronström, a brave old Swede, age towards ninety, not being of very wakeful nature! 'Did as well as could be expected of him,' said the Court-Martial sitting on his case, and forbore to shoot the poor old man.[1] A sore stroke, this of Bergen, to Britannic Majesty and the Friends of Liberty; who nevertheless refuse to be discouraged."

December 25th, Russians in behalf of Human Liberty. "March of 36,000 Russians from the City of Moscow, this day; on a very long journey, in the hoary Christmas weather! Most Christian Majesty is ruinously short of money; Britannic Majesty has still credit, and a voting Parliament, but, owing to French influence on the Continent, can get no recruits to hire. Gradually driven upon Russia, in such stress, Britannic Majesty has this year hired for himself a 35,000 Russians; 30,000 regular foot; 4,000 ditto horse, and 1,000 Cossacks; — uncommonly cheap, only £150,000 the lot, not £4 per head by the year. And, in spite of many difficulties and hagglings, they actually get on march, from Moscow, 25th December, 1747; and creep on, all Winter, through the frozen peaty wildernesses, through Lithuania, Poland, towards Böhmen, Mähren: are to appear in the Rhine Countries, joined by certain Austrians; and astonish mankind next Spring. Their Captain is one Repnin, Prince Repnin, afterwards famous enough in those Polish Countries;" — which is now the one point interesting to us in the thing. "Their Captain *was*, first, to be Lacy, old Marshal Lacy; then, failing Lacy, 'Why not General Keith?' — but proves to be Repnin, after much hustling and intriguing:" Repnin, not Keith, that is the interesting point.

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[1] Adelung, vi. 184, 206; — "for Cronström," if any one is curious, "see Schlötzer, *Schwedische Biographie*, ii. 252 (in voce)."

"Such march of the Russians, on behalf of Human Liberty, in pay of Britannic Majesty, is a surprising fact; and considerably discomposes the French. Who bestir themselves in Sweden and elsewhere against Russia and it: with no result, — except perhaps the incidental one, of getting our esteemed old friend Guy Dickens, now Sir Guy, dismissed from Stockholm, and we hope put on half-pay on his return home."[1]

Marshal Keith comes to Prussia (September, 1747).

"Much hustling and intriguing," it appears, in regard to the Captaincy of these Russians. Concerning which there is no word worthy to be said, — except for one reason only, That it finished off the connection of General Keith with Russia. That this of seeing Repnin, his junior and inferior, preferred to him, was, of many disgusts, the last drop which made the cup run over; — and led the said General to fling it from him, and seek new fields of employment. From Hamburg, having got so far, he addresses himself, 1st September, 1747, to Friedrich, with offer of service; who grasps eagerly at the offer: "Feldmarschall your rank; income, £1,200 a year; income, welcome, all suitable:" — and, October 28th, Feldmarschall Keith finishes, at Potsdam, a long Letter to his Brother Lord Marischal, in these words, worth giving, as those of a very clear-eyed sound observer of men and things: —

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[1] Adelung, vi. 250, 302: — Sir Guy, not yet invalided, "went to Russia," and other errands.

"I have now the honor, and, which is still more, the pleasure, of being with the King at Potsdam; where he ordered me to come," 17th current, "two days after he declared me Field-marshal: where I have the honor to dine and sup with him almost every day. He has more wit than I have wit to tell you; speaks solidly and knowingly on all kinds of subjects; and I am much mistaken if, with the experience of Four Campaigns, he is not the best Officer of his Army. He has several persons," Rothenburg, Winterfeld, Swedish Rudenskjöld (just about departing), not to speak of D'Argens and the French, "with whom he lives in almost the familiarity of a friend, — but has no favorite; — and shows a natural politeness for everybody who is about him. For one who has been four days about his person, you will say I pretend to know a great deal of his character: but what I tell you, you may depend upon. With more time, I shall know as much of him as he will let me know; — and all his Ministry knows no more."[1]

A notable acquisition to Friedrich; — and to the two Keiths withal; for Friedrich attached both of them to his Court and service, after their unlucky wanderings; and took to them both, in no common degree. As will abundantly appear.

While that Russian Corps was marching out of Moscow, Cocceji and his Commissions report from Pommern, that the Pomeranian Law-stables are completely clear; that the New Courts have, for many months back, been in work, and are now, at the end of the Year, fairly abreast with it, according to program; — have "decided of Old-Pending Lawsuits 2,400, all that there were (one of them 200 years old, and filling seventy Volumes); and of the 994 New ones, 772; not one Lawsuit remaining over from the previous Year." A highly gratifying bit of news to his Majesty; who answers emphatically, *Euge!* and directs that the Law Hercules proceed now to the other Provinces, — to the Kur-Mark, now, and Berlin itself, — with his salutary industries. Naming him "Grand

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[1] Varnhagen von Ense, *Leben des Feldmarschalls Jakob Keith* (Berlin, 1844,) p. 100; Adelung, vi. 244.

Chancellor," moreover; that is to say, under a new title, Head of Prussian Law, — old Arnim, "Minister of Justice," having shown himself disaffected to Law-Reform, and got rebuked in consequence, and sulkily gone into private life.[1]

In February of this Year, 1747, Friedrich had something like a stroke of apoplexy; "sank suddenly motionless, one day," and sat insensible, perhaps for half an hour: to the terror and horror of those about him. Hemiplegia, he calls it; rush of blood to the head; — probably indigestion, or gouty humors, exasperated by over-fatigue. Which occasioned great rumor in the world; and at Paris, to Voltaire's horror, reports of his death. He himself made light of the matter:[2] and it did not prove to have been important; was never followed by anything similar through his long life; and produced no change in his often-wavering health, or in his habits, which were always steady. He is writing *Memoirs;* settling "Colonies" (on his waste moors); improving Harbors. Waiting when this European War will end; politely deaf to the offers of Britannic Majesty as to taking the least personal share in it.

CHAPTER III.

EUROPEAN WAR FALLS DONE: TREATY OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

THE preparations for Campaign 1748 were on a larger scale than ever. Britannic Subsidies, a New Parliament being of willing mind, are opulent to a degree; 192,000 men, 60,000 Austrians for one item, shall be in the Netherlands; — coupled with this remarkable new clause, "And they are to be there in fact, and not on paper only," and with a tare-and-tret of 30 or 40 per cent, as too often heretofore! Holland, under its new Stadtholder, is stanch of purpose, if of nothing else. The

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[1] Stenzel, iv. 321; Ranke, iii. 389.

[2] To Voltaire, 22d February, 1747 (*Œuvres de Frédéric,* xxii. 164); see *ib.* 164 n.

35,000 Russians, tramping along, are actually dawning over the horizon, towards Teutschland, — King Friedrich standing to arms along his Silesian Border, vigilant "Cordon of Troops all the way," in watch of such questionable transit.[1] Britannic Majesty and Parliament seem resolute to try, once more, to the utmost, the power of the breeches-pocket in defending this sacred Cause of Liberty so called.

Breeches-pocket *minus* most other requisites: alas, with such methods as you have, what can come of it? Royal Highness of Cumberland is a valiant man, knowing of War little more than the White Horse of Hanover does; — certain of ruin again, at the hands of Maréchal de Saxe. So think many, and have their dismal misgivings. "Saxe having eaten Bergen-op-Zoom before our eyes, what can withstand the teeth of Saxe?" In fact, there remains only Maestricht, of considerable; and then Holland is as good as his! As for King Louis, glory, with funds running out, and the pot ceasing to boil, has lost its charm to an afflicted France and him. King Louis's wishes are known, this long while; — and Ligonier, generously dismissed by him after Lauffeld, has brought express word to that effect, and outline of the modest terms proposed in one's hour of victory, with pot ceasing to boil.

On a sudden, too, "March 18th," — wintry blasts and hailstorms still raging, — Maréchal de Saxe, regardless of Domestic Hunger, took the field, stronger than ever. Manœuvred about; bewildering the mind of Royal Highness and the Stadtholder ("Will he besiege Breda? Will he do this, will he do that?") — poor Highness and poor Stadtholder; who "did not agree well together," and had not the half of their forces come in, not to speak of handling them when come! Bewilderment of these two once completed, Maréchal de Saxe made "a beautiful march upon Maestricht;" and, April 15th, opened trenches, a very Vesuvius of artillery, before that place; Royal Highness gazing into it, in a doleful manner, from the adjacent steeple-tops. Royal Highness, valor's self, has to admit: "Such an outlook; not half of us got together! The 60,000 Austrians are but 30,000; the — In fact, you will have to make Peace, what else?"[1] Nothing else, as has been evident to practical Official People (especially to frugal Pelham, Chesterfield and other leading heads) for these two months last past.

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[1] In *Adelung*, vi. 110, 143, 167, 399 ("April, 1747–August, 1748"), account of the more and more visible ill-will of the Czarina: "jealousy" about Sweden, about Dantzig, Poland, &c. &c.

In a word, those 35,000 Russians are still far away under the horizon, when thoughts of a new Congress, "Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle," are busying the public mind: "Mere moonshine again?" "Something real this time?" — And on and from March 17th (Lord Sandwich first on the ground, and Robinson from Vienna coming to help), the actual Congress begins assembling there. April 24th, the Congress gets actually to business; very intent on doing it; at least the three main parties, France, England, Holland, are supremely so. Who, finding, for five diligent days, nothing but haggle and objection on the part of the others, did by themselves meet under cloud of night, "night of April 29th–30th;" and — bring the Preliminaries to perfection. And have them signed before daybreak; which is, in effect, signing, or at least fixing as certain, the Treaty itself; so that Armistice can ensue straightway, and the War essentially end.

A fixed thing; the Purseholders having signed. On the safe rear of which, your recipient Subsidiary Parties can argue and protest (as the Empress-Queen and her Kaunitz vehemently did, to great lengths), and gradually come in and finish. Which, in the course of the next six months, they all did, Empress-Queen and Excellency Kaunitz not excepted. And so, October 18th, 1748, all details being, in the interim, either got settled, or got flung into corners as unsettleable (mostly the latter), — Treaty itself was signed by everybody; and there was "Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle." Upon which, except to remark transiently how inconclusive a conclusion it was, mere end of war because your powder is run out, mere truce till you gather breath and gunpowder again, we will spend no word in this place.[2]

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[1] His Letters, in Coxe's *Pelham* ("March 29th–April 2d, 1748"), i. 405–410.

[2] Complete details in *Adelung*, vi. 225–409: "October, 1747," Ligonier returning, and first rumor of new Congress (226); "17th March, 1748," Sand-

"The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was done in a hurry and a huddle; greatly to Maria Theresa's disgust. 'Why not go on with your expenditures, ye Sea-Powers? Can money and life be spent better? I have yet conquered next to nothing for the Cause of Liberty and myself!' But the Sea-Powers were tired of it; the Dutch especially, who had been hoisted with such difficulty, tended strongly, New Stadtholder notwithstanding, to plump down again into stable equilibrium on the broad-bottom principle. Huddle up the matter; end it, well if you can; any way end it. The Treaty contained many Articles, now become forgettable to mankind. There is only One Article, and the Want of One, which shall concern us in this place. The One Article is: guarantee by all the European Powers to Friedrich's Treaty of Dresden. Punctually got as bargained for, — French especially willing; Britannic Majesty perhaps a little languid, but his Ministers positive on the point; so that Friedrich's Envoy had not much difficulty at Aix. And now, Friedrich's Ownership of Silesia recognized by all the Powers to be final and unquestionable, surely nothing more is wanted? Nothing, — except keeping of this solemn stipulation by all the Powers. How it was kept by some of them; in what sense some of them are keeping it even now, we shall see by and by.

"The Want of an Article was, on the part of England, concerning *Jenkins's Ear*. There is not the least conclusion arrived at on that important Spanish-English Question; blind beginning of all these conflagrations; and which, in its meaning to the somnambulant Nation, is so immense. No notice taken of it; huddled together, some hasty shovelful or two of diplomatic ashes cast on it, 'As good as extinct, you see!' Left smoking, when all the rest is quenched. Considerable feeling there was, on this point, in the heart of the poor som-

wich come (323); "April 29th–30th," meet under cloud of night (326); Kaunitz protesting (339): "2d August," Russians to halt and turn (397); "are over into the Oberpfalz, magazines ahead at Nürnberg;" in September, get to Böhmen again, and winter there: "18th October, 1748," Treaty finished (398, 409); Treaty itself given (*ib.*, Beylage, 44). See *Gentleman's Magazine*, and *Old Newspapers* of 1748; Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 7–41, i. 366–416.

nambulant English Nation; much dumb or semi-articulate growling on such a Peace-Treaty: 'We have arrived nowhere, then, by all this fighting, and squandering, and perilous stumbling among the chimney-pots? Spain (on its own showing) owed us £95,000. Spain's debt to Hanover; yes, you take care of that; some old sixpenny matter, which nobody ever heard of before: and of Spain's huge debt to England you drop no hint; of the £95,000, clear money, due by Spain; or of one's liberty to navigate the High Seas, none!'[1] A Peace the reverse of applauded in England; though the wiser Somnambulants, much more Pitt and Friends, who are broad awake on these German points, may well be thankful to see such a War end on any terms."

— Well, surely this old admitted £95,000 should have been paid! And, to a moral certainty, Robinson and Sandwich must have made demand of it from the Spaniard. But there is no getting old Debts in, especially from that quarter. "King Friedrich [let me interrupt, for a moment, with this poor composite Note] is trying in Spain even now, — ever since 1746, when Termagant's Husband died, and a new King came, — for payment of old debt: Two old Debts; quite tolerably just both of them. King Friedrich keeps trying till 1749, three years in all: and, in the end, gets nothing whatever. Nothing, — except some Merino Rams in the interim," gift from the new King of Spain, I can suppose, which proved extremely useful in our Wool Industries; "and, from the same polite Ferdinand VI., a Porcelain Vase filled with Spanish Snuff." That was all! —

King Friedrich, let me note farther, is getting decidedly deep into snuff; holds by *Spaniol* (a dry yellow pungency, analogous to Lundy-foot or Irish-Blackguard, known to snuffy readers); always by Spaniol, we say; and more especially "the kind used by her Majesty of Spain," the now Dowager Termagant:[2] which, also, is to be remembered. Dryasdust adds, in his sweetly consecutive way: "Friedrich was very expensive about his snuff-boxes; wore two big rich boxes in his pockets; five or six stood on tables about; and more than a hundred in store, coming out by turns for variety. The cheapest of them cost £300 (2,000 thalers); he had them as high as £1,500. At his death, there were found 130 of various values: they were the substance of all the jewelry he had; besides these snuff-boxes, two gold watches only, and a very small modicum of rings. Had yearly for personal Expenditure 1,200,000 thalers [£180,000 of Civil List, as we should say]; *spent* £33,000 of it, and yearly gave the rest away in Royal beneficences, aid of burnt Villages, inundated Provinces, and multifarious *Pater-Patriæ* objects."[1] — In regard to *Jenkins's Ear*, my Constitutional Friend continues: —

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[1] *Protest of English Merchants against, &c.* ("May, 1748") given in *Adelung*, vi. 353–358.

[2] Orders this kind, from his Ambassador in Paris, "30th September, 1743:" the earliest extant trace of his snuffing habits (Preuss, i. 409). — *Note farther*

"*Silesia* and *Jenkins's Ear*, we often say, were the two bits of realities in this enormous hurly-burly of imaginations, insane ambitions, and zeros and negative quantities. Negative Belleisle goes home, not with Germany cut in Four and put under guidance of the First Nation of the Universe (so extremely fit for guiding self and neighbors), but with the First Nation itself reduced almost to wallet and staff; bankrupt, beggared — 'Yes,' it answers, 'in all but glory! Have not we gained Fontenoy, Roucoux, Lauffeld; and strong-places innumerable [mostly in a state of dry-rot]? Did men ever fight as we Frenchmen; combining it with theatrical entertainments, too! Sublime France, First Nation of the Universe, will try another flight (*essor*), were she breathed a little!'

"Yes, a new *essor* ere long, and perhaps surprise herself and mankind! The losses of men, money and resource, under this

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(if interesting): "The Termagant still lasted as Dowager, consuming *Spaniol* at least, for near twenty years (died 11th July, 1766); — the new King, Ferdinand VI., was her *stepson*, not her son; he went mad, poor soul, and died (10th August, 1759): upon which, Carlos of Naples, our own 'Baby Carlos' that once was, succeeded in Spain, 'King Carlos III. of Spain;' leaving his Son, a young boy under tutelage, as King of the Two Sicilies (King 'Ferdinand IV.,' who did not die, but had his difficulties, till 1825). Don Philip, who had fought so in those Savoy Passes, and got the bit of Parmesan Country, died 1765, the year before Mamma."

[1] Preuss, i. 409, 410.

mad empty Enterprise of Belleisle's, were enormous, palpable to France and all mortals: but perhaps these were trifling to the replacement of them by such *gloire* as there had been. A *gloire* of plunging into War on no cause at all; and with an issue consisting only of foul gases of extreme levity. Messieurs are of confessed promptitude to fight; and their talent for it, in some kinds, is very great indeed. But this treating of battle and slaughter, of death, judgment and eternity, as light play-house matters; this of rising into such transcendency of valor, as to snap your fingers in the face of the Almighty Maker; this, Messieurs, give me leave to say so, is a thing that will conduct you and your *Première Nation* to the Devil, if you do not alter it. Inevitable, I tell you! Your road lies that way, then? Good morning, Messieurs; let me still hope, Not!"

Diplomatist Kaunitz gained his first glories in this Congress of Aix; which are still great in the eyes of some. Age now thirty-seven; a native of these Western parts; but henceforth, by degrees ever more, the shining star and guide of Austrian Policies down almost to our own New Epoch. As, unluckily, he will concern us not a little, in time coming, let us read this Note, as foreshadow of the man and his doings: —

"The glory of Count, ultimately Prince, von Kaunitz-Rietberg, is great in Diplomatic Circles of the past Century. 'The greatest of Diplomatists,' they all say; — and surely it is reckoned something to become the greatest in your line. Farther than this, to the readers of these times, Kaunitz-Rietberg's glory does not go. A great character, great wisdom, lasting great results to his Country, readers do not trace in Kaunitz's diplomacies, — only temporary great results, or what he and the by-standers thought such, to Kaunitz himself. He was the Supreme Jove, we perceive, in that extinct Olympus; and regards with sublime pity, not unallied to contempt, all other diplomatic beings. A man sparing of words, sparing even of looks; will hardly lift his eyelids for your sake, — will lift perhaps his chin, in slight monosyllabic fashion, and stalk superlatively through the other door. King of the vanished Shadows. A determined hater of Fresh Air; rode under glass cover, on the finest day; made the very Empress shut her windows when he came to audience; fed, cautiously daring, on boiled capons: more I remember not, — except also that he would suffer no mention of the word *Death* by any mortal.[1] A most high-sniffing, fantastic, slightly insolent shadow-king; — ruled, in his time, the now vanished Olympus; and had the difficult glory (defective only in result) of uniting France and Austria *against* the poor old Sea-Power milk-cows, for the purpose of recovering Silesia from Friedrich, a few years hence!" — These are wondrous results; hidden under the horizon, not very far either; and will astonish Britannic Majesty and all readers, in a few years.

Maréchal de Saxe pays Friedrich a Visit.

In Summer, 1749, Maréchal de Saxe, the other shiny figure of this mad Business of the Netherlands, paid Friedrich a visit; had the honor to be entertained by him three days (July 13th–16th, 1749), in his Royal Cottage of Sans-Souci seemingly, in his choicest manner. Curiosity, which is now nothing like so vivid as it then was, would be glad to listen a little, in this meeting of two Suns, or of one Sun and one immense Tar-Barrel, or Atmospheric Meteor really of shining nature, and taken for a Sun. But the Books are silent; not the least detail, or hint, or feature granted us. Only Fancy; — and this of Smelfungus, by way of long farewell to one of the parties: —

. . . "It was at Tongres, or in head-quarters near it, 10th October, 1746, — Battle expected on the morrow [Battle of *Roucoux*, over towards Herstal, which we used to know], — that M. Favart, Saxe's Playwright and Theatre-Director, gave out in cheerful doggerel on fall of the Curtain, the announcement: —

'*Demain nous donnerons relâche,*	'To-morrow is no Play,
Quoique le Directeur s'en fâche,	To the Manager's regret,
Vous voir combleroit nos desirs:	Whose sole study is to keep you happy:

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[1] Hormayr, *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. (3tes), 231–283.

On doit céder tout à la gloire;
Vous ne songez qu'à la victoire,
Nous ne songeons qu'à vos plaisirs.'[1]

But, you being bent upon victory,
What can he do?—
Day after to-morrow,'—

'Day after to-morrow,' added he, taking the official tone, 'in honor of your laurels [gained already, since you resolve on gaining them], we will have the honor of presenting'—such and such a gay Farce, to as many of you as remain alive! which was received with gay clapping of hands: admirable to the Universe, at least to the Parisian *Univers* and oneself. Such a prodigality of light daring is in these French gentlemen, skilfully tickled by the Maréchal; who uses this Playwright, among other implements, for keeping them at the proper pitch. Was there ever seen such radiancy of valor? Very radiant indeed;—yet, it seems to me, gone somewhat into the phosphorescent kind; shining in the dark, as fish will do when rotten! War has actually its serious character; nor is Death a farcical transaction, however high your genius may go. But what then? it is the Maréchal's trade to keep these poor people at the cutting pitch, on any terms that will hold for the moment.

"I know not which was the most dissolute Army ever seen in the world; but this of Saxe's was very dissolute. Playwright Favart had withal a beautiful clever Wife,—upon whom the courtships, munificent blandishments, threatenings and utmost endeavors of Maréchal de Saxe (in his character of goat-footed Satyr) could not produce the least impression. For a whole year, not the least. Whereupon the Goat-footed had to get *Lettre de Cachet* for her; had to—in fact, produce the brutalest Adventure that is known of him, even in this brutal kind. Poor Favart, rushing about in despair, not permitted to run him through the belly, and die with his Wife undishonored, had to console himself, he and she; and do agreeable theatricalities for a living as heretofore. Let us not speak of it!

"Of Saxe's Generalship, which is now a thing fallen pretty much into oblivion, I have no authority to speak. He had much wild natural ingenuity in him; cunning rapid whirls of contrivance; and gained Three Battles and very many Sieges, amid the loudest clapping of hands that could well be. He had perfect intrepidity; not to be flurried by any amount of peril or confusion; looked on that English Column, advancing at Fontenoy with its *feu infernal,* steadily through his perspective; chewing his leaden bullet: 'Going to beat me, then? Well — !' Nobody needed to be braver. He had great good-nature too, though of hot temper and so full of multifarious voracities; a substratum of inarticulate good sense withal, and much magnanimity run wild, or run to seed. A big-limbed, swashing, perpendicular kind of fellow; haughty of face, but jolly too; with a big, not ugly strut; — captivating to the French Nation, and fit God of War (fitter than 'Dalhousie,' I am sure!) for that susceptive People. Understood their Army also, what it was then and there; and how, by theatricals and otherwise, to get a great deal of fire out of it. Great deal of fire; — whether by gradual conflagration or not, on the road to ruin or not; how, he did not care. In respect of military 'fame' so called, he had the great advantage of fighting always against bad Generals, sometimes against the very worst. To his fame an advantage; to himself and his real worth, far the reverse. Had he fallen in with a Friedrich, even with a Browne or a Traun, there might have been different news got. Friedrich (who was never stingy in such matters, except to his own Generals, where it might do hurt) is profuse in his eulogies, in his admirations of Saxe; amiable to see, and not insincere; but which, perhaps, practically do not mean very much.

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[1] *Biographie Universelle*, xiv. 209, § Favart; Espagnac, ii. 162.

"It is certain the French Army reaped no profit from its experience of Maréchal de Saxe, and the high theatricalities, ornamental blackguardisms, and ridicule of death and life. In the long-run a graver face would have been of better augury. King Friedrich's soldiers, one observes, on the eve of battle, settle their bits of worldly business; and wind up, many of them, with a hoarse whisper of prayer. Oliver Cromwell's soldiers did so, Gustaf Adolf's; in fact, I think all good soldiers. Roucoux with a Prince Karl, Lauffeld with a Duke of

Cumberland; you gain your Roucoux, your Lauffeld, Human Stupidity permitting: but one day you fall in with Human Intelligence, in an extremely grave form; — and your '*élan*,' elastic outburst, the quickest in Nature, what becomes of it? Wait but another decade; we shall see what an Army this has grown. Cupidity, dishonesty, floundering stupidity, indiscipline, mistrust; and an elastic outspurt (*élan*) turned often enough into the form of *Sauve-qui-peut!*

"M. le Maréchal survived Aix-la-Chapelle little more than two years. Lived at Chambord, on the Loire, an Ex-Royal Palace; in such splendor as never was. Went down in a rose-pink cloud, as if of perfect felicity; of glory that would last forever, — which it has by no means done. He made despatch; escaped, in this world, the Nemesis, which often waits on what they call 'fame.' By diligent service of the Devil, in ways not worth specifying, he saw himself, November 21st, 1750, flung prostrate suddenly: 'Putrid fever!' gloom the doctors ominously to one another: and, November 30th, the Devil (I am afraid it was he, though clad in roseate effulgence, and melodious exceedingly) carried him home on those kind terms, as from a Universe all of Opera. 'Wait till 1759, — till 1789!' murmured the Devil to himself."

Tragic News, that concern us, of Voltaire and Others.

About two months after those Saxe-Friedrich hospitalities at Sans-Souci, Voltaire, writing, late at night, from the hospitable Palace of Titular Stanislaus, has these words, to his trusted D'Argental: —

Lunéville, 4th September, 1749. . . . "Madame du Châtelet, this night, while scribbling over her *Newton*, felt a little twinge; she called a waiting-maid, who had only time to hold out her apron, and catch a little Girl, whom they carried to its cradle. The Mother arranged her papers, went to bed; and the whole of that (*tout cela*) is sleeping like a dormouse, at the hour I write to you." My guardian angels, "poor I sha'n't have so easy a delivery of my *Catilina*" (my *Rome Saved*, for the confusion of old Crébillon and the cabals)![1] . . .

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[1] *Œuvres*, lxxiv. 57 (Voltaire to D'Argental).

And then, six days later, hear another Witness present there: —

Lunéville Palace, 10th September. "For the first three or four days, the health of the Mother appeared excellent; denoting nothing but the weakness inseparable from her situation. The weather was very warm. Milk-fever came, which made the heat worse. In spite of remonstrances, she would have some iced barley-water; drank a big glass of it; — and, some instants after, had great pain in her head; followed by other bad symptoms." Which brought the Doctor in again, several Doctors, hastily summoned; who, after difficulties, thought again that all was coming right. And so, on the sixth night, 10th September, inquiring friends had left the sick-room hopefully, and gone down to supper, "the rather as Madame seemed inclined to sleep. There remained none with her but M. de St. Lambert, one of her maids and I. M. de St. Lambert, as soon as the strangers were gone, went forward and spoke some moments to her; but seeing her sleepy, drew back, and sat chatting with us two. Eight or ten minutes after, we heard a kind of rattle in the throat, intermixed with hiccoughs: we ran to the bed; found her senseless; raised her to a sitting posture, tried vinaigrettes, rubbed her feet, knocked into the palms of her hands; — all in vain; she was dead!

"Of course the supper-party burst up into her room; M. le Marquis du Châtelet, M. de Voltaire, and the others. Profound consternation: to tears, to cries succeeded a mournful silence. Voltaire and St. Lambert remained the last about her bed. At length Voltaire quitted the room; got out by the Grand Entrance, hardly knowing which way he went. At the foot of the Outer Stairs, near a sentry's box, he fell full length on the pavement. His lackey, who was a step or two behind, rushed forward to raise him. At that moment came M. de St. Lambert; who had taken the same road, and who now hastened to help. M. de Voltaire, once on his feet again, and recognizing who it was, said, through his tears and with the most pathetic accent, '*Ah, mon ami*, it is you that have killed her to me!' — and then suddenly, as if starting awake, with the tone of reproach and despair, '*Eh, mon Dieu, Monsieur, de quoi vous* *avisiez-vous de lui faire un enfant* (Good God, Sir, what put it into your head to — to —)!'"[1]

Poor M. de Voltaire; suddenly become widower, and flung out upon his shifts again, at his time of life! May now wander, Ishmael-like, whither he will, in this hard lonesome world. His grief is overwhelming, mixed with other sharp feelings due on the matter; but does not last very long, in that poignant form. He will turn up on us, in his new capacity of single-man, again brilliant enough, within year and day.

Last Autumn, September, 1748, Wilhelmina's one Daughter, one child, was wedded; to that young Durchlaucht of Würtemberg, whom we saw gallanting the little girl, to Wilhelmina's amusement, some years ago. About the wedding, nothing; nor about the wedded life, what would have been more curious: — no Wilhelmina now to tell us anything; not even whether Mamma the Improper Duchess was there. From Berlin, the Two youngest Princes, Henri and Ferdinand, attended at Baireuth; — Mannstein, our old Russian friend, now Prussian again, escorting them.[2] The King, too busy, I suppose, with Silesian Reviews and the like, sends his best wishes, — for indeed the Match was of his sanctioning and advising; — though his wishes proved mere disappointment in the sequel. Friedrich got no "furtherance in the Swabian-Franconian Circles," or favor anywhere, by means of this Durchlaucht; in the end, far the reverse! — In a word, the happy couple rolled away to Würtemberg (September 26th, 1748); he twenty, she sixteen, poor young creatures; and in years following became unhappy to a degree.

There was but one child, and it soon died. The young Serene Lady was of airy high spirit; graceful, clever, good too, they said; perhaps a thought too proud: — but as for her Reigning Duke, there was seldom seen so lurid a Serenity; and it was difficult to live beside him. A most arbitrary Herr, with glooms and whims; dim-eyed, ambitious, voracious, and the temper of an angry mule, — very fit to have been haltered, in a judicious manner, instead of being set to halter others! Enough, in six or seven years time, the bright Pair found itself grown thunderous, opaque beyond description; and (in 1759) had to split asunder for good. "Owing to the reigning Duke's behavior," said everybody. "Has behaved so, I would run him through the body, if we met!" said his own Brother once: — Brother Friedrich Eugen, a Prussian General by that time, whom we shall hear of.[1] What thoughts for our dear Wilhelmina, in her latter weak years; — lapped in eternal silence, as so much else is.

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[1] Longchamp et Wagnière, *Mémoires sur Voltaire*, ii. 250, 251; — Longchamp *loquitur*.

[2] Seyfarth, ii. 76.

CHAPTER IV.

COCCEJI FINISHES THE LAW-REFORM; FRIEDRICH IS PRINTING HIS POESIES.

In these years, Friedrich goes on victoriously with his Law-Reform; Herculean Cocceji with Assistants, backed by Friedrich, beneficently conquering Province after Province to him; — Kur-Mark, Neu-Mark, Cleve (all easy, in comparison, after Pommern), and finally Preussen itself; — to the joy and profit of the same. Cocceji's method, so far as the Foreign on-looker can discern across much haze, seems to be threefold: —

1°. Extirpation (painless, were it possible) of the Pettifogger Species; indeed, of the Attorney Species altogether: "Seek other employments; disappear, all of you, from these precincts, under penalty!" The Advocate himself takes charge of the suit, from first birth of it; and sees it ended, — he knows within what limit of time.

2°. Sifting out of all incompetent Advocates, "Follow that Attorney-Company, you; away!" — sifting out all these, and retaining in each Court, with fees accurately settled, with character stamped sound, or at least *soundest*, the number actually needed. In a milder way, but still more strictly, Judges stupid or otherwise incompetent are riddled out; able Judges appointed, and their salaries raised.

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[1] Preuss, iv. 149; Michaelis, iii. 451.

3°. What seems to be Friedrich's own invention, what in outcome he thinks will be the summary of all good Law-Procedure: A final Sentence (three "instances" you can have, but the third ends it for you) within the Year. Good, surely. A justice that intends to be exact must front the complicacies in a resolute piercing manner, and will not be tedious. Nay a justice that is not moderately swift, — human hearts waiting for it, the while, in a cancerous state, instead of hopefully following their work, — what, comparatively, is the use of its being never so exact! —

Simple enough methods; rough and ready. Needing, in the execution, clear human eyesight, clear human honesty, — which happen to be present here, and without which no "method" whatever can be executed that will really profit.

In the course of 1748, Friedrich, judging by Pommern and the other symptoms that his enterprise was safe, struck a victorious Medal upon it: "*Fridericus Borussorum Rex*," pressing with his sceptre the oblique Balance to a level posture; with Epigraph, "*Emendato Jure*."[1] And by New-year's day, 1750, the matter was in effect completed; and "justice cheap, expeditious, certain," a fact in all Prussian Lands.

Nay, in 1749–1751, to complete the matter, Cocceji's "Project of a general Law-Code," *Projekt des Corporis Juris Fridericiani*, came forth in print:[2] to the admiration of mankind, at home and abroad; "the First Code attempted since Justinian's time," say they. *Project* translated into all languages, and read in all countries. A poor mildewed copy of this *Codex Fridericianus* — done at Edinburgh, 1761, not said by whom; evidently bought at least *twice*, and mostly never yet read (nor like being read) — is known to me, for years past, in a ghastly manner! Without the least profit to this present, or to any other Enterprise; — though persons of name in Jurisprudence call it meritorious in their Science; the first real attempt at a Code in Modern times. But the truth is, this Cocceji *Codex* remained a *Project* merely, never enacted anywhere. It was not till 1773, that Friedrich made actual attempt to build a Law-Code and did build one (the foundation-story of one, for his share, completed since), in which this of Cocceji had little part. In 1773, the thing must again be mentioned; the "Second Law-Reform," as they call it. What we practically know from this time is, That Prussian Lawsuits, through Friedrich's Reign, do all terminate, or push at their utmost for terminating, within one year from birth; and that Friedrich's fame, as a beneficent Justinian, rose high in all Countries (strange, in Countries that had thought him a War-scourge and Conquering Hero); strange, but undeniable;[1] and that his own People, if more silently, yet in practice very gladly indeed, welcomed his Law-Reform; and, from day to day, enjoyed the same, — no doubt with occasional remembrance who the Donor was.

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[1] Letter to Cocceji, accompanying Copy of the Medal in Gold, "24th June, 1748" (Seyfarth, ii. 67 n.).

[2] Halle, 2 vols. folio (Preuss, i. 316; see *ib.* 315 n., as to the *Law-Procedure, &c.* now settled by Cocceji).

Of Friedrich's Literary works, nobody, not even Friedrich himself, will think it necessary that we say much. But the fact is, he is doing a great many things that way: in Prose, the *Memoirs of Brandenburg*, coming out as Papers in the Academy from time to time;[2] in Verse, very secret as yet, the *Palladion* ("exquisite Burlesque," think some), the *Art of War* (reckoned truly his best Piece in verse): — and wishes sometimes he had Voltaire here to perfect him a little. This too would be one of the practical charms of Voltaire.[3] For though King Friedrich knows and remembers always, that these things, especially the Verse part, are mere amusements in comparison, he has the creditable wish to do these well; one would not fantasy *ill* even on the Flute, if one could help it. "Why does n't Voltaire come; as Quantz of the Flute has done?" Friedrich, now that Voltaire has fallen widower, renews his pressings, "Why don't you come?" Patience, your Majesty; Voltaire will come.

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[1] See *Gentleman's Magazine*, xx. 215–218 ("May, 1750"): eloquent, enthusiastic *Letter*, given there, "of Baron de Spon to Chancellor D'Aguessau," on these inimitable Law Achievements.

[2] From 1746 and onward: first published complete (after slight revision by Voltaire), Berlin, 1751.

[3] Friedrich's Letter to Algarotti (*Œuvres*, xviii. 66), "12th September, 1749."

Nobody can wish details in this Department: but there is one thing necessary to be mentioned, That Friedrich in these years, 1749–1752, has Printers out at Potsdam, and is Printing, "in beautiful quarto form, with copperplates," to the extent of twelve copies, the *Œuvres* (Poetical, that is) *du Philosophe de Sans-Souci.* Only twelve copies, I have heard; gift of a single copy indicating that you are among the choicest of the chosen. Copies have now fallen extremely rare (and are not in request at all, with my readers or me); but there was one Copy which, or the Mis-title of which, as *Œuvre de "Poéshie" du Roi mon Maître,* became miraculously famous in a year or two; — and is still memorable to us all! On Voltaire's arrival, we shall hear more of these things. Enough to say at present that the *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci: Au Donjon du Château: Avec Privilège d'Apollon,* — "three thinnish quarto volumes, all the Poetry then on hand," — was finished early in 1750, before Voltaire came. That, when Voltaire came, a revisal was undertaken, a new Edition, with Voltaire's corrections and other changes (total suppression of the *Palladion,* for one creditable change): that this Edition was to have been in Two Volumes; that One, accordingly, rather thicker than the former sort, was got finished in 1752 (same *Title,* only the new Date, and "no *Donjon du Château* this time"), One Volume in 1752; after which, owing to the explosions that ensued, no Second came, nor ever will; — and that the actual contents of that far-famed *Œuvre de "Poéshie"* (number of volumes even) are points of mystery to me, at this day.[1]

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[1] Herr Preuss — in the *Chronological List* of Friedrich's Writings (a useful accurate Piece otherwise), and in two other places where he tries — is very indistinct on this of *Donjon du Château;* and it is all but impossible to ascertain from him *what,* in an indisputable manner, the *Œuvre de "Poéshie"* may

Friedrich's other employments are multifarious as those of a Land's Husband (not inferior to his Father in that respect); and, like the benefits of the diurnal Sun, are to be considered incessant, innumerable and, in result to us-ward, *silent* also, impossible to speak of in this place. From the highest pitch of State-craft (Russian Czarina now fallen plainly hostile, and needing lynx-eyed diplomacy ever and anon), down to that of Dredging and Fascine-work (as at Stettin and elsewhere), of Oder-canals, of Soap-boiler Companies, and Mulberry-and-Silk Companies; nay of ordaining Where, and where not, the Crows are to be shot, and (owing to cattle-murrain) No *veal* to be killed:[1] daily comes the tide of great and of small, and daily the punctual Friedrich keeps abreast of it, — and Dryasdust has noted the details, and stuffed them into blind sacks, — for forty years.

The Review seasons, I notice, go somewhat as follows. For Berlin and neighborhood, May, or perhaps end of April (weather now bright, and ground firm); sometimes with considerable pomp ("both Queens out," and beautiful Female Nobilities, in "twenty-four green tents"), and often with great complicacy of manœuvre. In June, to Magdeburg, round by Cleve; and home again for some days. July is Pommern: onward thence to Schlesien, oftenest in August; Schlesien the last place, and generally not done with till well on in September. But we will speak of these things, more specially, another time. Such "Reviews," for strictness of inspection civil and military, as probably were not seen in the world since, — or before, except in the case of this King's Father only.

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have been. Here are the places for groping, if another should be induced to try: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. (Preface, p. ix); *ib.* xi. (Preface, p. ix); ib. *Table Chronologique* (in *what* Volume this is, you cannot yet say; seems preliminary to a *General Index*, which is infinitely wanted, but has not yet appeared to this Editor's aid), p. 14.

[1] Seyfarth, ii. 71, 83, 81; Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 101–109; &c.

CHAPTER V.

STRANGERS OF NOTE COME TO BERLIN, IN 1750.

BRITISH Diplomacies, next to the Russian, cause some difficulties in those years: of which more by and by. Early in 1748, while Aix-la-Chapelle was starting, Ex-Exchequer Legge came to Berlin; on some obscure object of a small Patch of Principality, hanging loose during those Negotiations: "Could not we secure it for his Royal Highness of Cumberland, thinks your Majesty?" Ex-Exchequer Legge was here;[1] got handsome assurances of a general nature; but no furtherance towards his obscure, completely impracticable object; and went home in November following, to a new Parliamentary Career.

And the second year after, early in 1750, came Sir Hanbury Williams, famed London Wit of Walpole's circle, on objects which, in the main, were equally chimerical: "King of the Romans, much wanted;" "No Damage to your Majesty's Shipping from our British Privateers;" and the like;—about which some notice, and not very much, will be due farther on. Here, in his own words, is Hanbury's Account of his First Audience:—

. . . "On Thursday," 16th July, 1750, "I went to Court by appointment, at 11 A.M. The King of Prussia arrived about 12 [at Berlin; King in from Potsdam, for one day]; and Count Podewils immediately introduced me into the Royal closet; when I delivered his Britannic Majesty's Letters into the King of Prussia's hands, and made the usual compliments to him in the best manner I was able. To which his Prussian Majesty replied, to the best of my remembrance, as follows:—

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[1] Coxe's *Pelham*, i. 431, &c.; Rödenbeck, pp. 155, 160 (first audience 1st May, 1748);—recalled 22d November, Aix being over.

"'I have the truest esteem for the King of Britain's person; and I set the highest value on his friendship. I have at different times received essential proofs of it; and I desire you would acquaint the King your Master that I will (*sic*) never forget them.' His Prussian Majesty afterwards said something with respect to myself, and then asked me several questions about indifferent things and persons. He seemed to express a great deal of esteem for my Lord Chesterfield, and a great deal of kindness for Mr. Villiers," useful in the Peace-of-Dresden time; "but did not once mention Lord Hyndford or Mr. Legge," — how singular!

"I was in the closet with his Majesty exactly five minutes and a half. My audience done, Prussian Majesty came out into the general room, where Foreign Ministers were waiting. He said, on stepping in, just one word" to the Austrian Excellency; not even one to the Russian Excellency, nor to me the Britannic; "conversed with the French, Swedish, Danish;" — happy to be off, which I do not wonder at; to dine with Mamma at Monbijou, among faces pleasant to him; and return to his Businesses and Books next day.[1]

Witty Excellency Hanbury did not succeed at Berlin on the "Romish-King Question," or otherwise; and indeed went off rather in a hurry. But for the next six or seven years he puddles about, at a great rate, in those Northern Courts; giving away a great deal of money, hatching many futile expensive intrigues at Petersburg, Warsaw (not much at Berlin, after the first trial there); and will not be altogether avoidable to us in time coming, as one could have wished. Besides, he is Horace Walpole's friend and select London Wit: he contributed a good deal to the English notions about Friedrich; and has left considerable bits of acrid testimony on Friedrich, "clear words of an Eye-witness," men call them, — which are still read by everybody; the said Walpole, and others, having since printed them, in very dark condition.[2] Brevity is much due to Hanbury and his testimonies, since silence in the circumstances is not allowable. Here is one Excerpt, with the necessary light for reading it: —

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[1] Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 449; Rödenbeck, i. 204.

[2] In Walpole, *George the Second* (i. 448–461), the Pieces which regard Friedrich. In *Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's Works* (edited by a diligent, reverential, but ignorant gentleman, whom I could guess to be Bookseller Jeffery

. . . It is on this Romish-King and other the like chimerical errands, that witty Hanbury, then a much more admirable man than we now find him, is prowling about in the German Courts, off and on, for some ten years in all, six of them still to come. A sharp-eyed man, of shrewish quality; given to intriguing, to spying, to bribing; anxious to win his Diplomatic game by every method, though the stake (as here) is oftenest zero: with fatal proclivity to Scandal, and what in London circles he has heard called Wit. Little or nothing of real laughter in the soul of him, at any time; only a labored continual grin, always of malicious nature, and much trouble and jerking about, to keep that up. Had evidently some modicum of real intellect, of capacity for being wise; but now has fatally devoted it nearly all to being witty, on those poor terms! A perverse, barren, spiteful little wretch; the grin of him generally an affliction, at this date. His Diplomatic Correspondence I do not know.[1] He did a great deal of Diplomatic business, issuing in zero, of which I have sometimes longed to know the exact dates; seldom anything farther. His "History of Poland," transmitted to the Right Hon. Henry Fox, by instalments from Dresden, in 1748, is [2] — Well, I should be obliged to call it worthier of Goody Two-Shoes than of that Right Hon. Henry, who was a man of parts, but evidently quite a vacuum on the Polish side!

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in person: London, 1822, 3 vols. small 8vo) are witty Verses, and considerable sections of Prose, relating to other persons and objects now rather of an obsolete nature.

[1] Nothing of him is discoverable in the State-Paper Office. Many of his Papers, it would seem, are in the Earl of Essex's hands; — and might be of some Historical use, not of very much, could the British Museum get possession of them. Abundance of *Backstairs* History, on those Northern Courts, especially on Petersburg, and Warsaw-Dresden, — authentic Court-gossip, generally malicious, often not true, but never mendacious on the part of Williams, — is one likely item.

[2] See *Hanbury's Works*, vol. iii.

Of Hanbury's News-Letters from Foreign Courts, four or five, incidentally printed, are like the contents of a slop-pail; uncomfortable to the delicate mind. Not lies on the part of Hanbury, but foolish scandal poured into him; a man more filled with credulous incredible scandal, evil rumors, of malfeasances by kings and magnates, than most people known. His rumored mysteries between poor Polish Majesty and pretty Daughter-in-law (the latter a clever and graceful creature, Daughter of the late unfortunate Kaiser, and a distinguished Correspondent of Friedrich's) are to be regarded as mere poisoned wind.[1] That "Polish Majesty gets into his dressing-gown at two in the afternoon" (inaccessible thenceforth, poor lazy creature), one most readily believes; but there, or pretty much there, one's belief has to stop. The stories, in *Walpole*, on the King of Prussia, have a grain of fact in them, twisted into huge irrecognizable caricature in the Williams optic-machinery. Much else one can discern to be, in essence, false altogether. Friedrich, who could not stand that intriguing, spying, shrewish, unfriendly kind of fellow at his Court, applied to England in not many months hence, and got Williams sent away:[2] on to Russia, or I forget whither; — which did not mend the Hanbury optical-machinery on that side. The dull, tobacco-smoking Saxon-Polish Majesty, about whom he idly retails so many scandals, had never done him any offence.

On the whole, if anybody wanted a swim in the slop-pails of that extinct generation, Hanbury, could he find an Editor to make him legible, might be printed. For he really was deep in that slop-pail or extinct-scandal department, and had heard a great many things. Apart from that, in almost any other department, — except in so far as he seems to *date* rather carefully, — I could not recommend him. The Letters and Excerpts given in Walpole are definable as one pennyworth of bread, — much ruined by such immersion, but very harmless otherwise, could you pick it out and clean it, — to twenty gallons of Hanbury sherris-sack, or chamber-slop. I have found nothing that seems to be, in all points, true or probable, but this; worth cutting out, and rendering legible, on other accounts. Hanbury *loquitur* (in condensed form):

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[1] See *Hanbury's Works*, ii. 209–240.

[2] "22d January, 1751" (MS. *List* in State-Paper Office).

"In the summer of last year, 1749, there was, somewhere in Mähren, a great Austrian Muster or Review;" all the more interesting, as it was believed, or known, that the Prussian methods and manœuvres were now to be the rule for Austria. Not much of a Review otherwise, this of 1749; Empress-Queen and Husband not personally there, as in coming Years they are wont to be; that high Lady being ardent to reform her Army, root and branch, according to the Prussian model, — more praise to her.[1] "At this Muster in Mähren, Three Prussian Officers happened to make their appearance, — for several imaginable reasons, of little significance: 'For the purpose of inveigling people to desert, and enlist with them!' said the Austrian Authorities; and ordered the Three Prussian Officers unceremoniously off the ground. Which Friedrich, when he heard of it, thought an unhandsome pipe-clay procedure, and kept in mind against the Austrian Authorities.

"Next Summer," next Spring, 1750, "an Austrian Captain being in Mecklenburg, travelling about, met there an old acquaintance, one Chapeau [*Hat!* can it be possible?], who is in great favor with the King of Prussia:" — very well, Excellency Hanbury; but who, in the name of wonder, can this *Hat*, or Chapeau, have been? After study, one perceives that Hanbury wrote Cha*z*eau, meaning *Chasot*, an old acquaintance of our own! Brilliant, sabring, melodying Chasot, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Baireuth Dragoons; who lies at Treptow, close on Mecklenburg, and is a declared favorite of the Duchess, often running over to the *Residenz* there. Often enough; but *Honi soit*, O reader; the clever Lady is towards sixty, childless, musical; and her Husband — do readers recollect him at all? — is that collapsed *tailoring* Duke whom Friedrich once visited, — and whose Niece, Half-Niece, is Charlotte, wise little hard-favored creature now of six, in clean bib and tucker, Ancestress of England that is to be; whose Papa will succeed, if the Serene Tailor die first, — which he did not quite. To this Duchess, musical gallant Chasot may well be a resource, and she to him. Naturally the Austrian Captain, having come to Mecklenburg, dined with Serene Highness, he and Chasot together, with concert following, and what not, at the Schloss of Neu-Strelitz: — And now we will drop the 'Chapeau,' and say Chasot, with comfort, and a shade of new interest.

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[1] *Maria Theresiens Leben*, p. 160 (what she did that way, *Anno* 1749); p. 162 (*present* at the Reviews, *Anno* 1750).

"'The grand May Review at Berlin just ahead, won't you look in; it is straight on your road home?' suggests Chasot to his travelling friend. 'One would like it, of all things,' answered the other: 'but the King?' 'Tush,' said Chasot; 'I will make that all straight!' And applies to the King accordingly: 'Permission to an Austrian Officer, a good acquaintance of mine.' 'Austrian Officer?' Friedrich's eyes lighten; and he readily gives the permission. This was at Berlin, on the very eve of the Review; and Chasot and his Austrian are made happy in that small matter. And on the morrow [end of May, 1750], the Austrian attends accordingly; but, to his astonishment, has hardly begun to taste the manœuvres, when — one of Friedrich's Aides-de-Camp gallops up: 'By the King's command, Mein Herr, you retire on the instant!'

"Next day, the Austrian is for challenging Chasot. 'As you like, that way,' answers Chasot; 'but learn first, that on your affront I rode up to the King; and asked, publicly, Did not your Majesty grant me permission? Unquestionably, Monsieur Chasot; — and if he had not come, how could I have paid back the Moravian business of last year!'"[1] — This is much in Friedrich's way; not the unwelcomer that it includes a satirical twitch on Chasot, whom he truly likes withal, or did like, though now a little dissatisfied with those too frequent Mecklenburg excursions and extra-military cares. Of this, merely squeezing the Hanbury venom out of it, I can believe every particular.

"Did you ever hear of anything so shocking?" is Hanbury's meaning here and elsewhere. "I must tell you a story of the King of Prussia's regard for the Law of Nations," continues he to Walpole.[2] Which proves to be a story, turned topsy-turvy, of one Hofmann, Brunswick Envoy, who (quite *beyond* commission, and a thing that must not be thought of at all!) had been detected in dangerous intriguings with the ever-busy Russian Excellency, or another; and got flung into Spandau,[1] — seemingly pretty much his due in the matter. And so of other Hanbury things. "What a Prussia; for rigor of command, one huge prison, in a manner!" King intent on punctuality, and all his business upon the square. Society, official and unofficial, kept rather strictly to their tackle; their mode of movement not that of loose oxen at all! "Such a detestable Tyrant," — who has ordered *me*, Hanbury, else-whither with my exquisite talents and admired wit! —

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[1] Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 457, 458.

[2] Ib. i. 458.

Candidatus Linsenbarth (quasi "Lentil-beard") *likewise visits Berlin.*

By far the notablest arrival in Berlin is M. de Voltaire's, July 10th; a few days before Hanbury got his First Audience, "five minutes long." But that arrival will require a Chapter to itself; — most important arrival, that, of all! The least important, again, is probably that of Candidatus Linsenbarth, in these same weeks; — a rugged poverty-stricken old Licentiate of Theology; important to no mortal in Berlin or elsewhere: — upon whom, however, and upon his procedures in that City, we propose, for our own objects, to bestow a few glances; rugged Narrative of the thing, in singular exotic dialect, but true every word, having fortunately come to us from Linsenbarth's own hand.[2]

Berlin, it must be admitted, after all one's reading in poor Dryasdust, remains a dim empty object; Teutschland is dim and empty: and out of the forty blind sacks, or out of four hundred such, what picture can any human head form to itself of Friedrich as King or Man? A trifling Adventure of that poor individual, called Linsenbarth *Candidatus Theologiæ*, one of the poorest of mortals, but true and credible in every particular, comes gliding by chance athwart all that; and like the glimmer of a poor rushlight, or kindled straw, shows it us for moments, a thing visible, palpable, as it worked and lived. In the great dearth, Linsenbarth, if I can faithfully interpret him for the modern reader, will be worth attending to.

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[1] Adelung, v. 534; vii. 132-144.

[2] Through Rödenbeck, *Beiträge*, i. 463 et seq.

Date of Linsenbarth's Adventure is June–August, 1750. "Schloss of Beichlingen" and "Village of Hemmleben" are in the Thüringen Hill Country (Weimar not far off to eastward): the Hero himself, a tall awkward raw-boned creature, is, for perhaps near forty years past, a *Candidatus*, say Licentiate, or Curate without Cure. Subsists, I should guess, by schoolmastering — cheapest schoolmaster conceivable, wages mere nothing — in the Villages about; in the Village of Hemmleben latterly; age, as I discover, grown to be sixty-one, in those straitened but by no means forlorn circumstances. And so, here is veteran Linsenbarth of Hemmleben, a kind of Thuringian Dominie Sampson; whose Interview with such a brother mortal as Friedrich King of Prussia may be worth looking at, — if I can abridge it properly.

Well, it appears, in the year 1750, at this thrice-obscure Village of Hemmleben, the worthy old pastor Cannabich died; — worthy old man, how he had lived there, modestly studious, frugal, chiefly on farm-produce, with tobacco and Dutch theology; a modest blessing to his fellow-creatures! And now he is dead, and the place vacant. Twenty pounds a Year certain; let us guess it twenty, with glebe-land, piggeries, poultry-hutches: who is now to get all that? Linsenbarth starts with his Narrative, in earnest.

Linsenbarth, who I guess may have been Assistant to the deceased Cannabich, and was now out of work, says: "I had not the least thought of profiting by this vacancy; but what happened? The Herr Graf von Werthern, at Schloss Beichlingen, sent his Steward [*Lehnsdirector, Fief-director* is the title of this Steward, which gives rise to obsolete thought of mill-dues, road-labor, payments *in naturâ*], his Lehnsdirector, Herr Kettenbeil, over to my *logis* [cheap boarding quarters]; who brought a gracious salutation from his Lord; saying farther, That I knew too well [excellent Cannabich gone from us, alas!] the

Pastorate of Hemmleben was vacant; that there had various competitors announced themselves, *supplicando*, for the place; the Herr Graf, however, had yet given none of them the *fiat*, but waited always till I should apply. As I had not done so, he (the Lord Graf) would now of his own motion give me the preference, and hereby confer the Pastorate upon me!" —

"Without all controversy, here was a *vocatio divina*, to be received with the most submissive thanks! But the lame *second* messenger came hitching in [*halting messenger*, German proverb] very soon. Kettenbeil began again: 'He must mention to me *sub rosâ*, Her Ladyship the Frau Gräfin wanted to have her Lady's-maid provided for by this promotion, too; I must marry her, and take the living at the same time.'"

Whew! And this is the noble Lady's way of thinking, up in her fine Schloss yonder? Linsenbarth will none of it. "For my notion fell at once," says he, "when I heard it was *Do ut facias, Facio ut facias* (I give that thou mayest do, I do that thou mayest do; Wilt have the kirk, then take the irk, *Willst du die Pfarre, so nimm die Quarre*); on those terms, my reply was: 'Most respectful thanks, Herr Fief-judge, and No, for such a vocation! And why? The vocation must have *libertatem*, there must be no *vitium essentiale* in it; it must be right *in essentiali*, otherwise no honest man can accept it with a good conscience. This were a marriage on constraint; out of which a thousand *inconvenientiæ* might spring!'" Hear Linsenbarth, in the piebald dialect, with the sound heart, and preference of starvation itself to some other things! Kettenbeil (*Chain-axe*) went home; and there was found another Candidatus willing for the marriage on constraint, "out of which *inconvenientiæ* might spring," in Linsenbarth's opinion.

"And so did the sneakish courtly gentleman [*Hofmann*, courtier as Linsenbarth has it], who grasped with both hands at my rejected offer, experience before long," continues Linsenbarth. "For the loose thing of court-tatters led him such a life that, within three years, age yet only thirty, he had to bite the dust" (*bite at the grass*, says Linsenbarth, proverbially), which was an *inconvenientia* including all others. "And I had *legitimam causam* to refuse the vocation *cum tali conditione*.

"However, it was very ill taken of me. All over that Thuringian region I was cried out upon as a headstrong foolish person: The Herr Graf von Werthern, so ran the story, had of his own kindness, without request of mine, offered me a living; *rara avis*, singular instance; and I, rash and without head, flung away such gracious offer. In short, I was told to my face [by good-natured friends], Nobody would ever think of me for promotion again;"—universal suffrage giving it clear against poor Linsenbarth, in this way.

"To get out of people's sight at least," continues he, "I decided to leave my native place, and go to Berlin," 250 miles away or more. "And so it was that, on June the 20th, 1750, I landed at Berlin for the first time: and here straightway at the *Packhof* (or Custom-house), in searching of my things, 400 *thalers* (some £60), all in Nürnberg *batzen*, were seized from me;"—*batzen*, quarter-groats we may say; 7½ batzen go to a shilling; what a sack there must have been of them, 9,000 in all, about the size of herring-scales, in bad silver; fruit of Linsenbarth's stern thrift from birth upwards:—all snatched from him at one swoop. "And why?" says he, quite historically: Yes, Why? The reader, to understand it wholly, would need to read in Mylius's *Edicten-Sammlung*, in *Seyfarth* and elsewhere;[1] and to know the scandalous condition of German coinage at this time and long after; every needy little Potentate mixing his coin with copper at discretion, and swindling mankind with it for a season; needing to be peremptorily forbidden, confiscated or ordered home, by the like of Friedrich. Linsenbarth answers his own "And why?" with historical calmness:—

"The king had, some (six) years ago, had the batzen utterly cried down (*ganz und gar*); they were not to circulate at all in his Countries; and I was so bold, I had brought batzen hither into the King's Capital, *Königliche Residenz* itself! At the Packhof, there was but one answer, 'Contraband, Contraband!'"—Here was a welcome for a man. "I made my excuses: Did not the least know; came straight from Thüringen, many miles of road; could not guess there What His

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[1] Mylius, *Edict* xli., January, 1744, &c. &c.

Majesty the King had been pleased to forbid in His (*Theiro*) Countries. 'You should have informed yourself,' said the Packhof people; and were deaf to such considerations. 'A man coming into such a Residenz Town as Berlin, with intent to abide there, should have inquired a little what was what, especially what coins were cried down, and what allowed,' said they of the Packhof." Poor Linsenbarth! "'But what am I to do now? How am I to live, if you take my very money from me?' 'That is your outlook,' said they; — and added, He must even find stowage for his stack of herring-scales or batzen, as soon as it was sealed up; 'we have no room for it in the Packhof!'" Here is a roughish welcome for a man: "I must leave all my money here; and find stowage for it, in a day or two.

"There was, accordingly, a truck-porter called in; he loaded my effects on his barrow, and rolled away. He brought me to the *White Swan* in the *Judenstrasse* [none of the grandest of streets, that Berlin *Jewry*], threw my things out, and demanded four groschen. Two of my batzen" 2½ exact, "would have done; but I had no money at all. The landlord came out: seeing that I had a stuffed feather-bed [note the luggage of Linsenbarth: "*Feder-bett*," of extreme tenuity], a trunk full of linens, a bag of Books and other trifles, he paid the man; and sent me to a small room in the court-yard [Inn forms a Court, perhaps four stories high]: 'I could stay there,' he said; 'he would give me food and drink in the meanwhile.' And so I lived in this Inn eight weeks long, without one red farthing, in mere fear and anxiety." June 20th *plus* eight weeks brings us to August 15th; Voltaire in *height* of feather; and very great things just ahead![1] — of which soon.

The White Swan was a place where Carriers lodged: some limb of the Law, of Subaltern sort, whom Linsenbarth calls "*der Advocat B.*" (one of the Ousted of Cocceji, shall we fancy!), had to do with Carriers and their pie-powder lawsuits. Advocat B. had noticed the gray dreary *Candidatus*, sitting sparrow-like in remote corners; had spoken to him; — undertook for a *Louis d'or*, no purchase no pay, to get back his batzen for him. They went accordingly, one morning, to "a grand House;" it was a Minister's (name not given), very grand Official Man: he heard the Advocat B.'s short statement; and made answer: "Monsieur, and is it you that will pick holes in the King's Law? I have understood you were rather aiming at the *Hausvogtei* [Common Jail of Berlin]: Go on in that way, and you are sure of your promotion!" — Advocat B. rushed out with Linsenbarth into the street; and there was neither pay nor purchase in that quarter.

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[1] "Grand Carrousel, 25th August;" &c.

Poor Linsenbarth was next advised, by simple neighbors, to go direct to the King; as every poor man can, at certain hours of the day. "Write out your Case (Memorial) with extreme brevity," said they; "nothing but the essential points, and those clear." Linsenbarth, steam at the high-pressure, composed (*conzipirte*) a Memorial of that right laconic sort; wrote it fair (*mundirte es*); — and went off therewith "at opening of the Gates [middle time of August, 1750, no date farther),[1] — without one farthing in my pocket, in God's name, to Potsdam." He continues: —

"And at Potsdam I was lucky enough to see the King; my first sight of him. He was on the Palace Esplanade there, drilling his troops [fine trim sanded Expanse, with the Palace to rear, and Garden-walks and River to front; where Friedrich Wilhelm sat, the last day he was out, and ordered Jockey Philips's house to be actually set about; where the troops do evolutions every morning; — there is Friedrich with cocked-hat and blue coat; say about 11 A.M.].

"When the drill was over, his Majesty went into the Garden, and the soldiers dispersed; only four Officers remained lounging upon the Esplanade, and walked up and down. For fright I knew not what to do; I pulled the Papers out of my pocket, — these were my Memorial, two Certificates of character, and a Thüringen Pass [poor soul]. The Officers noticed this; came straight to me, and said, 'What letters has He there, then?' I thankfully and gladly imparted the whole; and when the Officers had read them, they said, 'We will give you [Him, not even *Thee*] a good advice. The King is extra-gracious today, and is gone alone into the Garden. Follow him straight. Thou wilt have luck.'

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[1] August 21st? (See Rödenbeck, *Diary*, which we often quote, i. 205.)

"This I would not do; my awe was too great. They thereupon laid hands on me [the mischievous dogs, not ill-humored either]: one took me by the right arm, another by the left, 'Off, off; to the Garden!' Having got me thither, they looked out for the King. He was among the gardeners, examining some rare plant; stooping over it, and had his back to us. Here I had to halt; and the Officers began, in underhand tone [the dogs!], to put me through my drill: 'Hat under left arm! — Right foot foremost! — Breast well forward! — Head up! — Papers from pouch! — Papers aloft in right hand! — Steady! Steady!' — And went their ways, looking always round, to see if I kept my posture. I perceived well enough they were pleased to make game of me; but I stood, all the same, like a wall, being full of fear. The Officers were hardly out of the Garden, when the King turned round, and saw this extraordinary machine," — telegraph figure or whatever we may call it, with papers pointing to the sky. "He gave such a look at me, like a flash of sunbeams glancing through you; and sent one of the gardeners to bring my papers. Which having got, he struck into another walk with them, and was out of sight. In few minutes he appeared again at the place where the rare plant was, with my Papers open in his left hand; and gave me a wave with them To come nearer. I plucked up a heart, and went straight towards him. Oh, how thrice and four-times graciously this great Monarch deigned to speak to me! —

King. "'My good Thuringian (*lieber Thüringer*), you came to Berlin, seeking to earn your bread by industrious teaching of children; and here, at the Packhof, in searching your things, they have taken your Thüringen hoard from you. True, the batzen are not legal here; but the people should have said to you: You are a stranger, and did n't know the prohibition; — well then, we will seal up the Bag of Batzen; you send it back to Thüringen, get it changed for other sorts; we will not take it from you! —

"'Be of heart, however; you shall have your money again, and interest too. — But, my poor man, Berlin pavement is bare, they don't give anything gratis: you are a stranger; before you are known and get teaching, your bit of money is done; what then?'

"I understood the speech right well; but my awe was too great to say: 'Your Majesty will have the all-highest grace to allow me something!' But as I was so simple and asked for nothing, he did not offer anything. And so he turned away; but had scarcely gone six or eight steps, when he looked round, and gave me a sign I was to walk by him; and then began catechising: —

King. "'Where did you (*Er*) study?'

Linsenbarth. "'Your Majesty, in Jena.'

King. "'What years?'

Linsenbarth. "'From 1716 to 1720.'[1]

King. "'Under what Pro-rector were you inscribed?'

Linsenbarth. "'Under the *Professor Theologiæ* Dr. Förtsch.'

King. "'Who were your other Professors in the Theological Faculty?'"

Linsenbarth — names famed men; sunk now, mostly, in the bottomless waste-basket: "Buddäus" (who did a *Dictionary* of the *Bayle* sort, weighing four stone troy, out of which I have learned many a thing), "Buddæus," "Danz," "Weissenborn," "Wolf" (now back at Halle after his tribulations, — poor man, his immortal System of Philosophy, where is it!).

King. "'Did you study *Biblica* diligently?'

Linsenbarth. "'With Buddæus (*beym Buddäo*).'

King. "'That is he who had such quarrelling with Wolf?'

Linsenbarth. "'Yea, your Majesty! He was —'

King (does not want to know what he was). "'What other useful Courses of Lectures (*Collegia*) did you attend?'

Linsenbarth. "'Thetics and Exegetics with Förtsch [How the deuce did Förtsch teach these things?]; Hermeneutics and Polemics with Walch [editor of *Luther's Works*, I suppose]; Hebraics with Dr. Danz; Homiletics with Dr. Weissenborn; *Pastorale* [not Pastoral Poetry, but the Art of Pastorship] and

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[1] "Born 1689" (Rödenbeck, p. 474); twenty-five when he went.

Morale with Dr. Buddæus.' [There, your Majesty! — what a glimpse, as into infinite extinct Continents, filled with ponderous thorny inanities, invincible nasal drawling of didactic Titans, and the awful attempt to spin, on all manner of wheels, road-harness out of split cobwebs: Hoom! Hoom-m-m! Harness not to be had on those terms. Let the dreary Limbus close again, till the general Day of Judgment for all this.]

King (glad to get out of the Limbus). "'Were things as wild then at Jena, in your time, as of old, when the Students were forever scuffling and ruffling, and the Couplet went: —

"*Wer kommt von Jena ungeschlagen,*
Der hat von grossen Glück zu sagen.

"He that comes from Jena *sine bello*,
He may think himself a lucky fellow"?'

Linsenbarth. "'That sort of folly is gone quite out of fashion; and a man can lead a silent and quiet life there, just as at other Universities, if he will attend to the *Dic, curhic?* [or know what his real errand is]. In my time their Serene Highnesses, the Nursing-fathers of the University (*Nutritores Academiæ*), — of the Ernestine Line [Weimar-Gotha Highnesses, that is], were in the habit of having the Rufflers (*Renomisten*), Renowners as they are called, who made so much disturbance, sent to Eisenach to lie in the Wartburg a while; there they learned to be quiet.' [Clock strikes Twelve, — dinner-time of Majesty.]

King. "'Now I must go: they are waiting for their soup'" (and so ends Dialogue for the present). Did the King bid me wait?

"When we got out of the Garden," says Linsenbarth, silent on this point, "the four Officers were still there upon the Esplanade [Captains of Guard belike]; they went into the Palace with the King," — clearly meaning to dine with his Majesty.

"I remained standing on the Esplanade. For twenty-seven hours I had not tasted food: not a farthing *in bonis* [of principal or interest] to get bread with; I had waded twenty miles hither, in a sultry morning, through the sand. Not a difficult thing to keep down laughter in such circumstances!" — Poor soul; but the Royal mind is human too. — "In this tremor of my heart, there came a *Kammer-hussar* [Soldier-Valet, Valet reduced to his simplest expression] out of the Palace, and asked, 'Where is the man that was with my King (*meinem König,* — *thy* King particularly ?) in the Garden ?' I answered, 'Here!' And he led me into the Schloss, to a large Room, where pages, lackeys, and Kammer-hussars were about. My Kammer-hussar took me to a little table, excellently furnished; with soup, beef; likewise carp dressed with garden-salad, likewise game with cucumber-salad: bread, knife, fork, spoon and salt were all there [and I with an appetite of twenty-seven hours; I too was there]. My hussar set me a chair, said: 'This that is on the table, the King has ordered to be served for you (*Ihm*): you are to eat your fill, and mind nobody; and I am to serve. Sharp, then, fall to!' — I was greatly astonished; and knew not what to do; least of all could it come into my head that the King's Kammer-hussar, who waited on his Majesty, should wait on me. I pressed him to sit by me; but as he refused, I did as bidden; sat down, took my spoon, and went at it with a will (*frisch*)!

"The hussar took the beef from the table, set it on the charcoal dish (to keep it hot till wanted); he did the like with the fish and roast game; and poured me out wine and beer — [was ever such a lucky Barmecide!] I ate and drank till I had abundantly enough. Dessert, confectionery, what I could, — a plateful of big black cherries, and a plateful of pears, my waiting-man wrapped in paper and stuffed them into my pockets, to be a refreshment on the way home. And so I rose from the Royal table; and thanked God and the King in my heart, that I had so gloriously dined," — *herrlich,* "gloriously" at last. Poor excellent down-trodden Linsenbarth, one's heart opens to him, not one's larder only.

"The hussar took away. At that moment a Secretary came; brought me a sealed Order (Rescript) to the Packhof at Berlin, with my Certificates (*Testimonia*), and the Pass; told down on the table five Tail-ducats (*Schwanz-dukaten*), and a Gold Friedrich under them [about £3 10*s*., I think; better than £10 of our day to a common man, and better than £100 to a Linsenbarth], — saying, The King sent me this to take me home to Berlin again.

"And if the hussar took me into the Palace, it was now the Secretary that took me out again. And there, yoked with six horses, stood a royal Proviant-wagon; which having led me to, the Secretary said: 'You people, the King has given order you are to take this stranger to Berlin, and also to accept no drink-money from him.' I again, through the *Herrn Secretarium*, testified my most submissive thankfulness for all Royal graciousnesses; took my place, and rolled away.

"On reaching Berlin, I went at once to the Packhof, straight to the office-room," — standing more erect this time, — "and handed them my Royal Rescript. The Head man opened the seal; in reading, he changed color, went from pale to red; said nothing, and gave it to the second man to read. The second put on his spectacles; read, and gave it to the third. However, he [the Head man] rallied himself at last: I was to come forward, and be so good as write a quittance (receipt), 'That I had received, for my 400 thalers all in Batzen, the same sum in Brandenburg coin, ready down, without the least deduction.' My cash was at once accurately paid. And thereupon the Steward was ordered, To go with me to the White Swan in the Judenstrasse, and pay what I owed there, whatever my score was. For which end they gave him twenty-four thalers; and if that were not enough, he was to come and get more." On these high terms Linsenbarth marched out of the Packhof for the second time; the sublime head of him (not turned either) sweeping the very stars.

"That was what the King had meant when he said, 'You shall have your money back and interest too:' *videlicet*, that the Packhof was to pay my expenses at the White Swan. The score, however, was only 10 thaler, 4 groschen, 6 pfennigs [30 shillings, 5 pence, and 2 or perhaps 3 quarter-farthings], for what I had run up in eight weeks," — an uncommonly frugal rate of board, for a man skilled in Hermeneutics, Hebraics, Polemics, Thetics, Exegetics, Pastorale, Morale (and Practical Christianity and the Philosophy of Zeno, carried to perfection, or nearly so)! "And herewith this troubled History had its desired finish." And our gray-whiskered, raw-boned, great-hearted Candidatus lay down to sleep, at the White Swan; probably the happiest man in all Berlin, for the time being.

Linsenbarth dived now into Private-teaching, "*Information*," as he calls it; *forming*, and kneading into his own likeness, such of the young Berliners as he could get hold of: — surely not without some good effect on them, the model having, besides Hermeneutics in abundance, so much natural worth about it. He himself found the mine of Informing a very barren one, as to money: continued poor in a high degree, without honor, without emolument to speak of; and had a straitened, laborious, and what we might think very dark Life-pilgrimage. But the darkness was nothing to him, he carried such an inextinguishable frugal rushlight within. Meat, clothes and fire he did not again lack, in Berlin, for the time he needed them, — some twenty-seven years still. And if he got no printed praise in the Reviews, from baddish judges writing by the sheet, — here and there brother mortals, who knew him by their own eyes and experiences, looked, or transiently spoke, and even did, a most real praise upon him now and then. And, on the whole, he can do without praise; and will stand strokes even, without wincing or kicking, where there is no chance.

A certain Berlin Druggist ("Herr Medicinal-Assessor Rose," whom we may call Druggist First, for there were Two that had to do with Linsenbarth) was good and human to him. In Rose's House, where he had come to teach the children, and which continued, always thenceforth, a home to him when needful, he wrote this *Narrative* (Anno 1774); and died there, three years afterwards, — "24th August, 1777, of apoplexy, age 88," say the Burial Registers.[1] Druggist Second, on succeeding the humane Predecessor, found Linsenbarth's papers in the drug-stores of the place: Druggist Second chanced to be one Klaproth, famed among the Scientific of the world; and by him the Linsenbarth Narrative was forwarded to publication, and such fame as is requisite.

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[1] In Rödenbeck, *Beiträge*, i. 472–475, these latter Details (with others, in confused form); *ib.* 462–471, the *Narrative* itself.

Sir Jonas Hanway stalks across the Scene, too; in a pondering and observing manner.

Of the then very famous "Berlin Carrousel of 1750" we propose to say little; the now chief interesting point in it being that M. de Voltaire is curiously visible to us there. But the truth is, they were very great days at Berlin, those of Autumn, 1750; distinguished strangers come or coming; the King giving himself up to entertainment of them, to enjoyment of them; with such a hearty outburst of magnificence, this Carrousel the apex of it, as was rare in his reign. There were his Sisters of Schwedt and Baireuth, with suite, his dear Wilhelmina queen of the scene;[1] there were— It would be tedious to count what other high Herrschaften and Durchlauchtig Persons. And to crown the whole, and entertain Wilhelmina as a Queen should be, there had come M. de Voltaire; conquered at length to us, as we hope, and the Dream of our Youth realized. Voltaire's reception, July 10th and ever since, has been mere splendor and kindness; really extraordinary, as we shall find farther on. Reception perfect in all points, except that of the Pompadour's Compliments alone. "That sublime creature's compliments to your Majesty; such her express command!" said Voltaire. "*Je ne la connais pas,*" answered Friedrich, with his clear-ringing voice, "I don't know her;"[2]—sufficient intimation to Voltaire, but painful and surprising. For which some diplomatic persons blame Friedrich to this day; but not I, or any reader of mine. A very proud young King; in his silent way, always the prouder; and stands in no awe of the Divine Butterflies and Crowned Infatuations never so potent, as more prudent people do.

In a Berlin of such stir and splendor, the arrivals of Sir Jonas Hanway, of the "young Lord Malton" (famed Earl or Marquis of Rockingham that will be), or of the witty Excellency Hanbury, are as nothing;—Sir Jonas's as less than nothing. A Sir Jonas noticed by nobody; but himself taking note, dull worthy man; and mentionable now on that account. Here is a Scrap regarding him, not quite to be thrown away:

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[1] "Came 8th August" (Rödenbeck, 205).

[2] Voltaire to Madame Denis, "Potsdam, 11th August, 1750" (*Œuvres,* lxxiv. 184).

"Sir Jonas Hanway was not always so extinct as he has now become. Readers might do worse than turn to his now old Book of *Travels* again, and the strange old London it awakens for us: A 'Russian Trading Company,' full of hope to the then mercantile mind; a Mr. Hanway despatched, years ago, as Chief Clerk, inexpressibly interested to manage well; — and managing, as you may read at large. Has done his best and utmost, all this while; and had such travellings through the Naphtha Countries, sailings on the Caspian; such difficulties, successes, — ultimately, failure. Owing to Mr. Elton and Thamas Kouli Khan mainly. Thamas Kouli Khan — otherwise called Nadir Shah (and a very hard-headed fellow, by all appearance) — wiled and seduced Mr. Elton, an Ex-Naval gentleman, away from his Ledgers, to build him Ships; having set his heart on getting a Navy. And Mr. Elton did build him (spite of all I could say) a Bark or two on the Caspian; — most hopeful to the said Nadir Shah; but did it come to anything? It disgusted, it alarmed the Russians; and ruined Sir Jonas, — who is returning at this period, prepared to render account of himself at London, in a loftily resigned frame of mind.[1]

"The remarks of Sir Jonas upon Berlin — for he exercises everywhere a sapient observation on men and things — are of dim tumidly insignificant character, reminding us of an extinct Minerva's Owl; and reduce themselves mainly to this bit of ocular testimony, That his Prussian Majesty rides much about, often at a rapid rate; with a pleasant business aspect, humane though imperative; handsome to look upon, though with face perceptibly reddish [and perhaps snuff on it, were you near]. His age now thirty-eight gone; a set appearance, as if already got into his forties. Complexion florid, figure muscular, almost tending to be plump.

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[1] Jonas Hanway, *An Account of &c.* (or in brief, *Travels:* London, 3 vols. 4to, 1753), ii. 183. "Arrived in Berlin," from the Caspian and Petersburg side, "August 15th, 1750."

"Listen well through Hanway, you will find King Friedrich is an object of great interest, personal as well as official, and much the theme in Berlin society; admiration of him, pride in him, not now the audiblest tone, though it lies at the bottom too: 'Our Friedrich the Great,' after all [so Hanway intimates, though not express as to epithets or words used]. The King did a beautiful thing to Lieutenant-Colonel Keith the other day [as some readers may remember]: to Lieutenant-Colonel Keith; that poor Keith who was nailed to the gallows for him (in effigy), at Wesel long ago; and got far less than he had expected. The other day, there had been a grand Review, part of it extending into Madam Knyphausen's grounds, who is Keith's Mother-in-law. 'Monsieur Keith,' said the King to him, 'I am sorry we had to spoil Madam's fine shrubbery by our manœuvres: have the goodness to give her that, with my apologies,'—and handed him a pretty Casket with key to it, and in the interior 10,000 crowns. Not a shrub of Madam's had been cut or injured; but the King, you see, would count it £1,500 of damage done, and here is acknowledgment for it, which please accept. Is not that a gracious little touch?

"This King is doing something at Embden, Sir Jonas fears, or trying to do, in the Trade-and-Navigation way; scandalous that English capitalists will lend money in furtherance of such destructive schemes by the Foreigner! For the rest, Sir Jonas went to call on Lord Malton (Marquis of Rockingham that will be): an amiable and sober young Nobleman, come thus far on his Grand Tour," and in time for the Carrousel. "His Lordship's reception at Court here, one regretted to hear, was nothing distinguished; quite indifferent, indeed, had not the Queen-Mother stept in with amendments. The Courts are not well together; pity for it. My Lord and his Tutor did me the honor to return my visit; the rather as we all quartered in the same Inn. Amiable young Nobleman,"—so distinguished since, for having had unconsciously an Edmund Burke, and such torrents of Parliamentary Eloquence, in his breeches-pocket (*breeches-pocket* literally; how unknown to Hanway!)—"Amiable young Nobleman, is not it one's duty to salute, in passing such a one? Though I would by no means have it over-done, and am a calmly independent man.

"Sir Jonas also saw the Carrousel [of which presently]; and admired the great men of Berlin. Great men, all obsolete now, though then admired to infinitude, some of them: 'You may abuse me,' said the King to some stranger arrived in Berlin; 'you may abuse me, and perhaps here and there get praise by doing it: but I advise you not to doubt of Lieberkühn [the fashionable Doctor] in any company in Berlin,'"[1]— How fashionable are men!

One Collini, a young Italian, quite new in Berlin, chanced also to be at the Carrousel, or at the latter half of it,—though by no means in quest of such objects just at present, poor young fellow! As he came afterwards to be Secretary or Amanuensis of Voltaire, and will turn up in that capacity, let us read this Note upon him:—

"Signor Como Alessandro Collini, a young Venetian gentleman of some family and education, but of no employment or resource, had in late years been asking zealously all round among his home circle, What am I to do with myself? mere echo answering, What,—till a Signora Sister of Barberina the Dancer's answered: 'Try Berlin, and King *Friderico il Grande* there? I could give you a letter to my Sister!' At which Collini grasps; gets under way for Berlin,—through wild Alpine sceneries, foreign guttural populations; and with what thoughts, poor young fellow. It is a common course to take, and sometimes answers, sometimes not. The cynosure of vague creatures, with a sense of faculty without direction. What clouds of winged migratory people gathering in to Berlin, all through this Reign! Not since Noah's Ark a stranger menagerie of creatures, mostly wild. Of whom Voltaire alone is, in our time, worth mention.

"Collini gazed upon the Alpine chasms, and shaggy ice-palaces, with tender memory of the Adriatic; courageously steered his way through the inoffensive guttural populations; had got to Berlin, just in this time; been had to dinner daily by the hospitable Barberinas, young Cocceji always his fellow-guest, — 'Privately, my poor Signorina's Husband!' whispered old Mamma. Both the Barberinas were very kind to Collini; cheering him with good auguries, and offers of help. Collini does not date with any punctuality; but the German Books will do it for him. August 25th-27th was Carrousel; and Collini had arrived few days before."[1]

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[1] Hanway, ii. 190, 202, &c.

And now it is time we were at the Carrousel ourselves, — in a brief transient way.

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CHAPTER VI.

BERLIN CARROUSEL, AND VOLTAIRE VISIBLE THERE.

READERS have heard of the *Place du Carrousel* at Paris; and know probably that Louis XIV. held world-famous Carrousel there (A.D. 1662); and, in general, that Carrousel has something to do with Tourneying, or the Shadow of Tourneying. It is, in fact, a kind of superb be-tailored running at the ring, instead of be-blacksmithed running at one another. A Second milder Edition of those Tournament sports, and dangerous trials of strength and dexterity, which were so grand a business in the Old iron Ages. Of which, in the form of Carrousel or otherwise, down almost to the present day, there have been examples, among puissant Lords; — though now it is felt to have become extremely hollow; perhaps incapable of fully entertaining anybody, except children and their nurses on a high occasion.

A century ago, before the volcanic explosion of so many things which it has since become wearisome to think of in this earnest world, the Tournament, emblem of an Age of Chivalry, which was gone, but had not yet declared itself to be quite gone, and even to be turned topsy-turvy, had still substance as a mummery, — not enough, I should say, to spend much money upon. Not much real money: except, indeed, the money were offered you gratis, from other parties interested? Sir Jonas kindly informs us, by insinuation, that this was, to a good degree, Friedrich's case in the now Carrousel: "a thing got up by the private efforts of different great Lords and Princes of the blood;" each party tailoring, harnessing and furbishing himself and followers; Friedrich contributing little but the arena and general outfit. I know not whether even the 40,000 lamps (for it took place by night) were of his purchase, though that is likely; and know only that the Suppers and interior Palace Entertainments would be his. "Did not cost the King much money," says Sir Jonas; which is satisfactory to know. For of the Carrousel kind, or of the Royal-Mummery kind in general, there has been, for graceful arrangement, for magnificence regardless of expense,—inviting your amiable Lord Malton, and the idlers of all Countries, and awakening the rapture of Gazetteers,—nothing like it since Louis the Grand's time. Nothing,—except perhaps that Camp of Mühlberg or Radowitz, where we once were. Done, this one, not at the King's expense alone, but at other people's chiefly: that is an unexpected feature, welcome if true; and, except for Sir Jonas, would not have helped to explain the puzzle for us, as it did in the then Berlin circles. Mühlberg, in my humble judgment, was worth two of this as a Mummery;—but the meritorious feature of Friedrich's is, that it cost him very little.

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[1] Collini, *Mon Séjour auprès de Voltaire* (Paris, 1807), pp. 1-21.

It was, say all Gazetteers and idle eye-witnesses, a highly splendid spectacle. By much the most effulgent exhibition Friedrich ever made of himself in the Expensive-Mummery department: and I could give in extreme detail the phenomena of it; but, in mercy to poor readers, will not. Fancy the assiduous hammering and sawing on the Schloss-Platz, amid crowds of gay loungers, giving cheerful note of preparation, in those latter days of August, 1750. And, on *Wednesday Night, 25th August*, look and see,—for the due moments only, and vaguely enough (as in the following Excerpt):—

Palace-Esplanade of Berlin, 25th August, 1750 (dusk sinking into dark): "Under a windy nocturnal sky, a spacious Parallelogram, enclosed for jousting as at Aspramont or Trebisond. Wide enough arena in the centre; vast amphitheatre of wooden seats and passages, firm carpentry and fitted for its business, rising all round; Audience, select though multitudinous, sitting decorous and garrulous, say since half-past eight. There is royal box on the ground-tier; and the King in it, King, with Princess Amelia for the prizes: opposite to this is entrance for the Chevaliers, — four separate entrances, I think. Who come, — lo, at last! — with breathings and big swells of music, as Resuscitations from the buried Ages.

"They are in four 'Quadrilles,' so termed: Romans, Persians, Carthaginians, Greeks. Four Jousting Parties, headed each by a Prince of the Blood: — with such a splendor of equipment for jewels, silver helmets, sashings, housings, as eye never saw. Prancing on their glorious battle-steeds (sham-battle, steeds not sham, but champing their bits as real quadrupeds with fire in their interior): — how many in all, I forgot to count. Perhaps, on the average, sixty in each Quadrille, fifteen of them practical Ritters; the rest mythologic winged standard-bearers, blackamoors, lictors, trumpeters and shining melodious phantasms as escort, — of this latter kind say in round numbers Two Hundred altogether; and of actual Ritters threescore.[1] Who run at rings, at Turks' heads, and at other objects with death-doing lance; and prance and flash and career along: glorious to see and hear. Under proud flourishings of drums and trumpets, under bursts and breathings of wind-music; under the shine of Forty Thousand Lamps, for one item. All Berlin and the nocturnal firmament looking on, — night rather gusty, 'which blew out many of the lamps,' insinuates Hanway.

"About midnight, Beauty in the form of Princess Amelia distributes the prizes; Music filling the air; and human '*Euge's*,' and the surviving lamps, doing their best. After which the Principalities and Ritters withdraw to their Palace, to their Balls and their Supper of the gods; and all the world and his wife goes home again, amid various commentary from high and low. '*Jamais*, Never,' murmured one high Gentleman, of the Impromptu kind, at the Palace Supper-table: —

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[1] Blumenthal, *Life of De Ziethen* (Ziethen was in it, and gained a prize), i. 257-263 et seq.; Voltaire's *Letters* to Niece Denis (*Œuvres*, lxxiv. 174, 179, 198); — and two contemporary 4tos on the subject, with Drawings &c., which may well continue unknown to every reader.

> '*Jamais dans Athène et dans Rome*
> *On n'eut de plus beaux jours, ni de plus digne prix.*
> *J'ai vu le fils de Mars sous les traits de Pâris,*
> *Et Vénus qui donnait la pomme.*' "[1]

And Amphitheatre and Lamps lapse wholly into darkness, and the thing has finished, for the time being. August 27th, it was repeated by daylight: if possible, more charming than ever; but not to be spoken of farther, under penalties. To be mildly forgotten again, every jot and tittle of it, — except one small insignificant iota, which, by accident, still makes it remarkable. Namely, that Collini and the Barberinas were there; and that not only was Voltaire again there, among the Princes and Princesses; but that Collini saw Voltaire, and gives us transient sight of him, — thanks to Collini. Thursday, 27th August, 1750, was the Daylight version of the Carrousel; which Collini, if it were of any moment, takes to have *preceded* that of the 40,000 Lamps. Sure enough Collini was there, with eyes open: —

" Madame de Cocceji [so one may call her, though the known *alias* is Barberina] had engaged places; she invited me to come and see this Festivity. We went;" and very grand it was. "The Palace-Esplanade was changed" by carpentries and draperies "into a vast Amphitheatre; the slopes of it furnished with benches for the spectators, and at the four corners of it and at the bottom, magnificently decorated boxes for the Court." Vast oval Amphitheatre, the interior arena rectangular, with its Four Entrances, one for each of the Four Quadrilles. "The assemblage was numerous and brilliant: all the Court had come from Potsdam to Berlin.

"A little while before the King himself made appearance, there rose suddenly a murmur of admiration, and I heard all round me, from everybody, the name 'Voltaire! Voltaire!' Looking down, I saw Voltaire accordingly; among a group of great lords, who were walking over the Arena, towards one of the Court Boxes. He wore a modest countenance, but joy painted itself in his eyes: you cannot love glory, and not feel gratefully the prize attached to it," — attained as here. "I lost sight of him in few instants," as he approached his Box, "the place where I was not permitting farther view."[1]

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[1] "Never in Athens or Rome were there braver sights or a worthier prize: I have seen the son of Mars [King Friedrich] with Paris's features, and Venus [Amelia] crowning the victorious." *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xviii. 320.

This was Collini's first sight of that great man (*de ce grand homme*). With whom, thanks to Barberina, he had, in a day or two, the honor of an Interview (judgment favorable, he could hope); and before many months, Accident also favoring, the inexpressible honor of seeing himself the great man's Secretary, — how far beyond hope or aspiration, in these Carrousel days!

Voltaire had now been here some Seven Weeks, — arrived 10th July, as we often note; — after (on his own part) a great deal of haggling, hesitating and negotiating; which we spare our readers. The poor man having now become a Quasi-Widower; painfully rallying, with his whole strength, towards new arrangements, — now was the time for Friedrich to urge him: "Come to me! Away from all that dismal imbroglio; hither, I say!" To which Voltaire is not inattentive; though he hesitates; cannot, in any case, come without delay; — lingers in Paris, readjusting many things, the poor shipwrecked being, among kind D'Argentals and friends. Poor Ishmael, getting gray; and his tent in the desert suddenly carried off by a blast of wind!

To the legal Widower, M. le Marquis, he behaves in money matters like a Prince; takes that Paris Domicile, in the Rue Traversière, all to himself; institutes a new household there, — Niece Denis to be female president. Niece Denis, widow without encumbrances; whom in her married state, wife to some kind of Commissariat-Officer at Lille, we have seen transiently in that City, her Uncle lodging with her as he passed. A gadding, flaunting, unreasonable, would-be fashionable female — (a Du Châtelet without the grace or genius, and who never was in love with you!) — with whom poor

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[1] Collini, *Mon Séjour*, p. 21.

Uncle had a baddish life in time coming. All which settled, he still lingers. Widowed, grown old and less adventurous! That House in the Rue Traversière, once his and Another's, now his alone, — for the time being, it is probably more like a Mausoleum than a House to him. And Versailles, with its sulky Trajans, its Crébillon cabals, what charm is in Versailles? He thinks of going to Italy for a while; has never seen that fine Country: of going to Berlin for a while: of going to — In fact, Berlin is clearly the place where he will land; but he hesitates greatly about lifting anchor. Friedrich insists, in a bright, bantering, kindly way; "You were due to me a year ago; you said always, 'So soon as the lying-in is over, I am yours:' — and now, why don't you come?"

Friedrich, since they met last, has had some experiences of Voltaire, which he does not like. Their roads, truly — one adulating Trajan in Versailles, and growing great by "Farces of the Fair;" the other battling for his existence against men and devils, Trajan and Company included — have lain far apart. Their Correspondence perceptibly languishing, in consequence, and even rumors rising on the subject, Voltaire wrote once: "Give me a yard of ribbon, Sire [your *Order of Merit,* Sire], to silence those vile rumors!" Which Friedrich, on such free-and-easy terms, had silently declined. "A meddlesome, forward kind of fellow; always getting into scrapes and brabbles!" thinks Friedrich. But is really anxious, now that the chance offers again, to have such a Levite for his Priest, the evident pink of Human Intellect; and tries various incitements upon him; — hits at last (I know not whether by device or by accident) on one which, say the French Biographers, did raise Voltaire and set him under way.

A certain M. Baculard d'Arnaud, a conceited, foolish young fellow, much patronized by Voltaire, and given to write verses, which are unknown to me, has been, on Voltaire's recommending, "Literary Correspondent" to Friedrich (Paris Book-Agent and the like) for some time past; corresponding much with Potsdam, in a way found entertaining; and is now (April, 1750) actually going thither, to Friedrich's Court, or perhaps has gone. At any rate, Friedrich — by accident or by device — had answered some rhymes of this D'Arnaud, "Yes; welcome, young sunrise, since Voltaire is about to set!"[1] I hope it was by device; D'Arnaud is such a silly fellow; too absurd, to reckon as morning to anybody's sunset. Except for his involuntary service, for and against, in this Voltaire Journey, his name would not now be mentionable at all. "Sunset?" exclaimed Voltaire, springing out of bed (say the Biographers), and skipping about indignantly in his shirt: "I will show them I am not set yet!"[2] And instantly resolved on the Berlin Expedition. Went to Compiègne, where the Court then was; to bid his adieus; nay to ask formally the Royal leave, — for we are Historiographer and titular Gentleman of the Chamber, and King's servant in a sense. Leave was at once granted him, almost huffingly; we hope not with *too* much readiness? For this is a ticklish point: one is going to Prussia "on a Visit" merely (though it may be longish); one would not have the door of France slammed to behind one! The tone at Court did seem a little succinct, something almost of sneer in it. But from the Pompadour herself all was friendly; mere witty, cheery graciosities, and "My Compliments to his Majesty of Prussia," — Compliments how answered when they came to hand: "*Je ne la connais pas!*"

In short, M. de Voltaire made all his arrangements; got under way; piously visited Fontenoy and the Battle-fields in passing: and is here, since July 10th, — in very great splendor, as we see: — on his Fifth Visit to Friedrich. Fifth; which proved his Last, — and is still extremely celebrated in the world. Visit much misunderstood in France and England, down to this day. By no means sorted out into accuracy and intelligibility; but left as (what is saying a great deal!) probably the wastest chaos of all the Sections of Friedrich's History. And has, alone of them, gone over the whole world; being withal amusing to read, and therefore well and widely remembered, in that mendacious and semi-intelligible state. To lay these goblins, full of noise, ignorance and mendacity, and give some true outline of the matter, with what brevity is consistent with deciphering it at all, is now our sad task, — laborious, perhaps disgusting; not impossible, if readers will loyally assist.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. 95 (Verses "*A D'Arnaud*," of date December, 1749.)

[2] Duvernet (Second), p. 159.

Voltaire had taken every precaution that this Visit should succeed, or at least be no loss to one of the parties. In a preliminary Letter from Paris, — prose and verse, one of the cleverest diplomatic pieces ever penned; Letter really worth looking at, cunning as the song of Apollo, Voltaire symbolically intimates: "Well, Sire, your old Danae, poor malingering old wretch, is coming to her Jove. It is Jove she wants, not the Shower of Jove; nevertheless" — And Friedrich (thank Hanbury, in part, for that bit of knowledge) had remitted him in hard money £600 "to pay the tolls on his road."[1] As a high gentleman would; to have done with those base elements of the business.

Nay furthermore, precisely two days before those splendors of the Carrousel, Friedrich, — in answer to new cunning croakeries and contrivances ("Sire, this Letter from my Niece, who is inconsolable that I should think of staying here;" where, finding oneself so divinized, one is disposed to stay), — has answered him like a King: By Gold Key of Chamberlain, Cross of the Order of Merit, and Pension of 20,000 francs (£850) a year, — conveyed in as royal a Letter of Business as I have often read; melodious as Apollo, this too, though all in business prose, and, like Apollo, practical God of the *Sun* in this case.[2] Dated 23d August, 1750. This Letter of Friedrich's I fancy to be what Voltaire calls, "Your Majesty's gracious Agreement with me," and often appeals to, in subsequent troubles. Not quite a Notarial Piece, on Friedrich's part; but strictly observed by him as such.

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[1] Walpole, i. 451 ("Had it from Princess Amelia herself"); see Voltaire to Friedrich, "Paris, 9th June, 1750;" Friedrich to Voltaire, "Potsdam, 24th May" (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 158, 155).

[2] "Berlin, 23d August, 1750" (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 255); — Voltaire to Niece Denis, "24th August" (misprinted "14th"); to D'Argental, "28th August" (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 185, 196).

Four days after which, Collini sees Voltaire serenely shining among the Princes and Princesses of the world; Amphitheatre all whispering with bated breath, "Voltaire! Voltaire!" But let us hear Voltaire himself, from the interior of the Phenomenon, at this its culminating point: —

Voltaire to his D'Argentals, — to Niece Denis even, with whom, if with no other, he is quite without reserve, in showing the bad and the good, — continues radiantly eloquent in these first months: . . . "Carrousel, twice over; the like never seen for splendor, for [rather copious on this sublimity] — After which we played *Rome Sauvée* [my Anti-Crébillon masterpiece], in a pretty little Theatre, which I have got constructed in the Princess Amelia's Antechamber. I, who speak to you, I played *Cicero*." Yes; and was manager and general stage-king and contriver; being expert at this, if at anything. And these beautiful Theatricals had begun weeks ago, and still lasted many weeks;[1] — with such divine consultings, directings, even orderings of the brilliant Royalties concerned. — Duvernet (probably on D'Arget's authority) informs us that "once, in one of the inter-acts, finding the soldiers allowed him for Pretorian Guards not to understand their business here," not here, as they did at Hohenfriedberg and elsewhere, "Voltaire shrilled volcanically out to them [happily unintelligible): '*F*——, Devil take it, I asked for men; and they have sent me Germans (*J'ai demande des hommes, et l'on m'envoie des Allemands*)!' At which the Princesses were good-natured enough to burst into laughter."[2] Voltaire continues: "There is an English Ambassador here who knows Cicero's Orations *In Catilinam* by heart;" an excellent Etonian, surely. "It is not Milord Tyrconnell" (blusterous Irish Jacobite, *our* Ambassador, note him, fat Valori having been recalled); no, "it is the Envoy from England," Excellency Hanbury himself, who knows his Cicero by heart. "He has sent me some fine verses on *Rome Sauvée;* he says it is my best work. It is a Piece appropriate for Ministerial people; Madame la Chancelière," Cocceji's better half, "is well pleased with it.[1] And then," — But enough.

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[1] Rödenbeck, "August–October," 1750.

[2] Duvernet (Second), p. 162, — time probably 15th October.

In Princess Amelia's Antechamber, there or in other celestial places, in Palace after Palace, it goes on. Gayety succeeding gayety; mere Princesses and Princes doing parts; in *Rome Sauvée,* and in masterpieces of Voltaire's, Voltaire himself acting *Cicero* and elderly characters, *Lusignan* and the like. Excellent in acting, say the witnesses; superlative, for certain, as Preceptor of the art, — though impatient now and then. And wears such Jewel-ornaments (borrowed partly from a Hebrew, of whom anon), such magnificence of tasteful dress; — and walks his minuet among the Morning Stars. Not to mention the Suppers of the King: chosen circle, with the King for centre; a radiant Friedrich flashing out to right and left, till all kindles into coruscation round him; and it is such a blaze of spiritual sheet-lightnings, — wonderful to think of; Voltaire especially electric. Never, or seldom, were seen such suppers; such a life for a Supreme Man of Letters so fitted with the place due to him. Smelfungus says: —

"And so your Supreme of Literature has got into his due place at last, — at the top of the world, namely; though, alas, but for moments or for months. The King's own Friend; he whom the King delights to honor. The most shining thing in Berlin, at this moment. Virtually a kind of *Papa,* or Intellectual Father of Mankind," sneers Smelfungus; "Pope improvised for the nonce. The new Fridericus Magnus does as the old Pipinus, old Carolus Magnus did: recognizes his Pope, in despite of the base vulgar; elevates him aloft into worship, for the vulgar and for everybody! Carolus Magnus did that thrice-salutary feat [sublimely human, if you think of it, and for long centuries successful more or less]; Fridericus Magnus, under other omens, unconsciously does the like, — the best he can! Let the Opera Fiddlers, the Frérons, Travenols and Desfontaines-of-Sodom's Ghost look and consider!" —

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[1] *Œuvres,* lxxiv. (*Letters,* to the D'Argentals and Denis, "20th August-23d September, 1750"), pp. 187, 219, 231, &c. &c.

Madame Denis, an expensive gay Lady, still only in her thirties, improvable by rouge, carries on great work in the Rue Traversière; private theatricals, suppers, flirtations with Italian travelling Marquises; — finds Intendant Longchamp much in her way, with his rigorous account-books, and restriction to 100 louis per month; wishes even her Uncle were back, and cautions him, Not to believe in Friedrich's flattering unctions, or put his trust in Princes at all. Voltaire, with the due preliminaries, shows Friedrich her Letter, one of her Letters,[1] — with result as we saw above.

Formey says: "In the Carnival time, which Voltaire usually passed at Berlin, in the Palace, people paid their court to him as to a declared Favorite. Princes, Marshals, Ministers of State, Foreign Ambassadors, Lords of the highest rank, attended his audience; and were received," says Formey, nowhere free from spite on this subject, "in a sufficiently lofty style (*hauteur assez dédaigneuse*).[2] A great Prince had the complaisance to play chess with him; and to let him win the pistoles that were staked. Sometimes even the pistole disappeared *before* the end of the game," continues Formey, green with spite; — and reports that sad story of the candle-ends; bits of wax-candle, which should have remained as perquisite to the valets, but which were confiscated by Voltaire- and sent across to the wax-chandler's. So, doubtless, the spiteful rumor ran; probably little but spite and fable, Berlin being bitter in its gossip. Stupid Thiébault repeats that of the candle-ends, like a thing he had seen (twelve years *before* his arrival in those parts); and adds that Voltaire "put them in his pocket," — like one both stupid and sordid. Alas, the brighter your shine, the blacker is the shadow you cast.

Friedrich, with the knowledge he already had of his yoke-fellow, — one of the most skittish, explosive, unruly creatures in harness, — cannot be counted wise to have plunged so heartily into such an adventure with him. "An undoubted Courser of the Sun!" thought Friedrich; — and forgot too much the signs of bad going he had sometimes noticed in him on the common highways. There is no doubt he was perfectly sincere and simple in all this high treatment of Voltaire. "The foremost literary spirit of the world, a man to be honored by me, and by all men; the Trismegistus of Human Intellects, what a conquest to have made; how cheap is a little money, a little patience and guidance, for such solacement and ornament to one's barren Life!" He had rashly hoped that the dreams of his youth could hereby still be a little realized; and something of the old Reinsberg Program become a fruitful and blessed fact. Friedrich is loyally glad over his Voltaire; eager in all ways to content him, make him happy; and keep him here, as the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree and the Golden Water of intelligent mankind; the glory of one's own Court, and the envy of the world. "Will teach us the secret of the Muses, too; French Muses, and help us in our bits of Literature!" This latter, too, is a consideration with Friedrich, as why should it not, — though by no means the sole or chief one, as the French give it out to be.

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[1] Now lost, as most of them are; Voltaire's Answer to it, already cited, is "24th August, 1750" (misprinted "14th August," *Œuvres*, lxxiv. 185; see *ib.* lxxv. 135); King Friedrich's *practical* Answer (so munificent to Denis and Voltaire), "Your Majesty's gracious Agreement," bore date "August 23d."

[2] Formey, *Souvenirs*, i. 235, 236.

On his side, Voltaire is not disloyal either; but is nothing like so completely loyal. He has, and continued always to have, not unmixed with fear, a real admiration for Friedrich, that terrible practical Doer, with the cutting brilliances of mind and character, and the irrefragable common sense; nay he has even a kind of love to him, or something like it, — love made up of gratitude for past favors, and lively anticipation of future. Voltaire is, by nature, an attached or attachable creature; flinging out fond boughs to every kind of excellence, and especially holding firm by old ties he had made. One fancies in him a mixed set of emotions, direct and reflex, — the consciousness of safe shelter, were there nothing more; of glory to oneself, derived and still derivable from this high man: — in fine, a sum-total of actual desire to live with King Friedrich, which might, surely, have almost sufficed even for Voltaire, in a quieter element. But the element was not quiet, — far from it; nor was Voltaire easily sufficeable!

Perpetual President Maupertuis has a Visit from one König, out of Holland, concerning the Infinitely Little.

Whether Maupertuis, in red wig with yellow bottom, saw these high gauderies of the Carrousel, the Plays in Princess Amelia's Antechamber, and the rest of it, I do not know: but if so, he was not in the top place; nor did anybody take notice of him, as everybody did of Voltaire. Meanwhile, I have something to quote, as abridged and distilled from various sources, chiefly from Formey; which will be of much concernment farther on.

Some four weeks after those Carrousel effulgencies, Perpetual President Maupertuis had a visit (September 21st, just while the Sun was crossing the Line; thanks to Formey for the date, who keeps a Note-book, useful in these intricacies): visit from Professor König, an effective mathematical man from the Dutch parts. Whom readers have forgotten again; though they saw him once: in violent quarrel, about the Infinitely Little, with Madame du Châtelet, Voltaire witnessing with pain; — it was just as they quitted Cirey together, ten years ago, for these new courses of adventure. Do readers recall the circumstance? Maupertuis, referee in that quarrel, had, with a bluntness offensive to the female mind, declared König indisputably in the right; and there had followed a dryness between the divine Emilie and the Flattener of the Earth, scarcely to be healed by Voltaire's best efforts.

König has gone his road since then; become a fine solid fellow; Professor in a Dutch University; more latterly Librarian to the Dutch Stadtholder: still frank of speech, and with a rugged free-and-easy turn, but of manful manners; really a person of various culture, and as is still noticeable, of a solid geometric turn of mind. Having now, as Librarian at the Hague, more leisure and more money, he has made a run to Berlin, — chiefly or entirely to see his Maupertuis again, whom he still remembers gratefully as his first Patron in older times, and a man of sound parts, though rather blusterous now and then. A little bit of scientific business also he has with him. König is Member of the Berlin Academy, for some years back; and there is a thing he would speak with the Perpetual President upon. "Wants nothing else in Berlin," says Formey: "hearing by the road that Maupertuis was not there, he had actually turned homewards again: but got truer tidings, and came on." The more was the pity, as perhaps will appear! "He arrived September 20th [if you will be particular on cheese-parings]; called on me that day, being lodged in my neighborhood; and next day, found Maupertuis at home;"[1] — and flew into his arms again, like a good boy long absent.

Maupertuis, not many months ago, had, in Two successive Papers, I think Two, communicated to the Academy a Discovery of Metaphysico-Mathematical or altogether Metaphysical nature, on the Laws of Motion; — Discovery which he has, since that, brought to complete perfection, and sent forth to the Universe at large, in his sublime little Book of *Cosmology;*[2] — grateful Academy striving to admire, and believe, with its Perpetual President, that the Discovery was sublime to a degree; second only to the flattening of the Earth; and would probably stand thenceforth as a milestone in the Progress of Human Thought. "Which Discovery, then?" Be not too curious, reader; take only of it what shall concern you!

It is well known there have been, to the metaphysical head, difficulties almost insuperable as to How, in the System of Nature, Motion is? How, in the name of wonder, it can be; and even, Whether it is at all? Difficulties to the metaphysical head, sticking its nose into the gutter there; — not difficult to my readers and me, who can at all times walk across the room, and triumphantly get over them. But stick your nose into any gutter, entity, or object, this of Motion or another, with obstinacy, — you will easily drown, if that be your determination! — Suffice it for us to know in this matter, that Maupertuis, intensely watching Nature, has discovered, That the key of her enigma (or at least the ultimate central *door,* which hides all her Motional enigmas, the key to *which* cannot even be imagined as discoverable!) is, that "Nature is superlatively *thrifty* in this affair of motion;" that she employs, for every Motion done or do-able, "a *Minimum of Action;*" and that, if you well understand this, you will, at least, announce all her procedures in one proposition, and have found the *door* which leads to everything. Which will be a comfort to you; still looking vainly for the key, if there is still no key conceivable.

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[1] Formey, i. 176–179.

[2] In La Beaumelle, *Vie de Maupertuis* (Paris, 1856), pp. 105–130, confused account of this "Discovery," and of the gradual Publication of it to mankind, — very gradual; first of all in the old Paris times; in the Berlin *Academy* latterly; and in fine, to all the world, in this *Essai de Cosmologie* (Berlin, Summer of 1750).

Perpetual President Maupertuis, having surprised Nature in this manner, read Papers upon it to an Academy listening with upturned eyes; new Papers, perfected out of old, — for he has long been hatching these Phœnix-eggs; and has sent them out complete, quite lately, in a little Book called *Cosmologie,* where alone I have had the questionable benefit of reading them. Grandly brief, as if coming from Delphi, the utterance is; loftily solemn, elaborately modest, abstruse to the now human mind; but intelligible, had it only been worth understanding: — a painful little Book, that *Cosmologie,* as the Perpetual President's generally are. "Minimum of Action, *Loi d'Epargne,* Law of Thrift," he calls this sublime Discovery; — thinks it will be Sovereign in Natural Theology as well: "For how could Nature be a Save-all, without Designer present?" — and speaks, of course, among other technical points, about "*Vis Viva,* or Velocity multiplied by the Square of the Time:" which two points, "*Loi d'Epargne,*" and that "the *Vis Viva* is always a Minimum," the reader can take along with him; I will permit him to shake the others into Limbo again, as forgettable by human nature at this epoch and henceforth.

In La Beaumelle's *Vie de Maupertuis* (printed at last, Paris, 1856, after lying nearly a century in manuscript, an obtuse worthless leaden little Book), there is much loud droning and detailing, about this *Cosmologie*, this sublime "Discovery," and the other sublime Discoveries, Insights and Apocalyptic Utterances of Maupertuis; though in so confused a fashion, it is seldom you can have the poor pleasure of learning exactly when, or except by your own severe scrutiny, exactly what. For reasons that will appear, certain of those Apocalyptic Utterances by Perpetual President Maupertuis have since got a new interest, and one has actually a kind of wish to read the *ipsissima verba* of them, at this date! But in La Beaumelle (his modern Editor lying fast asleep throughout) there is no vestige of help. Nay Maupertuis's own Book,[1] luxurious cream-paper Quartos, or Octavos made four-square by margin, — which you buy for these and the cognate objects, — proves altogether worthless to you. The Maupertuis Quartos are not readable for their own sake (solemnly emphatic statement of what you already know; concentrated struggle to get on wing, and failure by so narrow a miss; struggle which gets only on tiptoe, and won't cease wriggling and flapping); and then (to your horror) they prove to be carefully *cleaned* of all the Maupertuis-*Voltaire* matter; — edition being *subsequent* to that world-famous explosion. *Caveat emptor.* — Our Excerpt proceeds: —

"Industrious König, like other mathematical people, has been listening to these Oracles on the 'Law of Minimum,' by the Perpetual President; and grieves to find, after study, That said Law does not quite hold; that in fact it is, like Descartes's old key or general door, worth little or nothing; as Leibnitz long ago seems to have transiently recognized. König has put his strictures on paper: but will not dream of publishing, till the Perpetual President have examined them and satisfied himself; and that is König's business at present, as he knocks on Maupertuis, while Sol is crossing the Line. Maupertuis has a House of the due style: Wife a daughter of Minister Borck's (high Borcks, 'old as the *Diuvel*'); no children; — his back courts always a good deal dirty with pelicans, bustards, perhaps snakes and other zoölogical wretches, which sometimes intrude into the drawing-rooms, otherwise very fine. A man of some whims, some habits; arbitrary by nature, but really honest, though rather sublimish in his interior, with red wig and yellow bottom.

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[1] *Œuvres de Maupertuis*, Lyon, 1756, 4 vols. 4to.

"König, all filial gladness, is received gladly; — though, by degrees, with some surprise, on the paternal part, to find König ripened out of son, client and pupil, into independent posture of a grown man. Frankly certain enough about himself, and about the axioms of mathematics. Standing, evidently, on his own legs; kindly as ever, but on these new terms, — in fact rather an outspoken free-and-easy fellow (I should guess), not thinking that offence can be taken among friends. Formey confesses, this was uncomfortable to Maupertuis; in fact, a shock which he could not recover from. They had various meetings, over dinner and otherwise, at the Perpetual President's, for perhaps two weeks at this time (dates all to be had in Formey's Note-book, if anybody would consult); in the whole course of which the shock to the Perpetual President increased, instead of diminishing. Republican freedom and equality is evidently König's method; König heeds not a whit the oracular talent or majestic position of Maupertuis; argues with the frankest logic, when he feels dissent; — drives a majestic Perpetual President, especially in the presence of third parties, much out of patience. Thus, one evening, replying to some argument of the Perpetual President's, he begins: 'My poor friend, *Mon pauvre ami,* don't you perceive, then' — Upon which Maupertuis sprang from his chair, violently stamping, and pirouetted round the room, 'Poor friend, poor friend? are you so rich, then!' frank König merely grinning till the paroxysm passed.[1] König went home again, *re infectâ,* about the end of the month."

Such a König — had better not have come! As to his strictures on the *Law of Thrift,* the arguings on them, alone together, or with friends by, merely set Maupertuis pirouetting: and as to the König Manuscripts on them "to be published in the Leipzig *Acta,* after your remarks and permission," Maupertuis absolutely refused to look at said Manuscripts: "Publish them there, here, everywhere, in the Devil and his Grandmother's name; and then there is an end, Monsieur!" König went his ways therefore, finding nothing else for it; published his strictures, in the Leipzig *Acta* in March next, — and never saw Maupertuis again, for one result, out of several that followed! I have no doubt he was out to Voltaire, more than once, in this fortnight; and eat "the King's roast" pleasantly with that eminent old friend. Voltaire always thought him a *bon garçon* (justly, by all the evidence I have); and finds his talk agreeable, and his Berlin news — especially that of Maupertuis and his explosive pirouettings. Adieu, Herr Professor; you know not, with your Leipzig *Acta* and Fragment of Leibnitz, what an explosion you are preparing!

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[1] Formey, i. 177.

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CHAPTER VII.

M. DE VOLTAIRE HAS A PAINFUL JEW-LAWSUIT.

Voltaire's Terrestrial Paradise at Berlin did not long continue perfect. Scarcely had that grand Carrousel vanished in the azure firmaments, when little clouds began rising in its stead; and before long, black thunder-storms of a very strange and even dangerous character.

It must have been a painful surprise to Friedrich to hear from his Voltaire, some few weeks after those munificences, That he, Voltaire, was in very considerable distress of mind, from the bad, not to call it the felonious and traitorous, conduct of M. D'Arnaud, — once Friedrich's shoeing-horn and "rising-sun" for Voltaire's behoof; now a vague flaunting creature, without significance to Friedrich or anybody! That D'Arnaud had done this and done that, of an Anti-Voltairian, treasonous nature; — and that, in short, life was impossible in the neighborhood of such a D'Arnaud! "D'Arnaud has corrupted my Clerk (Prince Henri hungering in vain for *La*

Pucelle, has got sight of it, in this way);[1] D'Arnaud has been gossiping to Fréron and the Paris Newspapers; D'Arnaud has"[2]— Has, in effect, been a flaunting young fool; of dissolute, esurient, slightly profligate turn; occasionally helping in the Theatricals, and much studious to make himself notable, and useful to the Princely kind. A D'Arnaud of nearly no significance, to Friedrich or to anybody. A D'Arnaud whose bits of fooleries and struttings about, in the peacock or jackdaw way, might surely have been below the notice of a Trismegistus!

Friedrich, painfully made sensible what a skinless explosive Trismegistus he has got on hand, answers, I suppose, in words little or nothing, — in Letters, I observe, answers absolutely nothing, to Voltaire repeating and re-repeating; — does simply dismiss D'Arnaud (a "*bon diable*," as Voltaire, to impartial people, calls him), or accept D'Arnaud's demission, and cut the poor fool adrift. Who sallies out into infinite space, to Paris latterly ("alive there in 1805"); and claims henceforth perpetual oblivion from us and mankind. And now there will be peace in our garden of the gods, and perpetual azure will return?

Alas, D'Arnaud is not well gone, when there has begun brewing in threefold secrecy a mass of galvanic matter, which, in few weeks more, filled the Heavens with miraculous foul gases and the blackness of darkness; — which, in short, exploded about New-year's time, as the world-famous *Voltaire-Hirsch Lawsuit*, still remembered, though only as a portent and mystery, by observant on-lookers. Of which it is now our sad duty to say something; though nowhere, in the Annals of Jurisprudence, is there a more despicable thing, or a deeper involved in lies and deliriums by current reporters of it, about which the sane mind can be called upon accidentally to speak a word. Beaten, riddled, shovelled, washed in many waters, by a patient though disgusted Predecessor in this field, there lies by me a copious but wearisome Narrative of this matter; — the more vivid portions of which, if rightly disengaged, and shown in sequence, may satisfy the curious.

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[1] Clerk was dismissed accordingly (one Tinois, an ingenious creature), — and *Collini* appointed in his stead.

[2] Voltaire to Friedrich (*Œuvres de Férdéric*, xxii. 257), undated, "November, 1750."

Duvernet (who, I can guess, had talked with D'Arget on the subject) has, alone of the French Biographers, some glimmer of knowledge about it; Duvernet admits that it was a thing of Illegal Stock-jobbing; that —

1°. "That M. de Voltaire had agreed with a Jew named Hirsch to go to Dresden and, illegally, *purchase* a good lot of *Steuer-Scheine* [Saxon Exchequer Bills, which are payable in gold to a *bonâ fide Prussian* holding them, but are much in discount otherwise, as readers may remember]; and given Hirsch a Draft on Paris, due after some weeks, for payment of the same; Hirsch leaving him a stock of jewels in pledge till the *Steuer-Scheine* themselves come to hand.

2°. "That Hirsch, having things of his own in view with the money, sent no *Steuer-Scheine* from Dresden, nothing but vague lying talk instead of *Steuer:* so that Voltaire's suspicions naturally kindling, he stopped payment of the Paris Draft, and ordered Hirsch to come home at once.

3°. "That Hirsch coming, a settlement was tried: 'Give me back my Draft on Paris, you objectionable blockhead of a Hirsch; there are your Diamonds, there is something even for your expenses (some fair moiety, I think); and let me never see your unpleasant face again!' To which Hirsch, examining the diamonds, answered [says Duvernet, not substantially incorrect hitherto, though stepping along in total darkness, and very partial on Voltaire's behalf], — Hirsch, examining the diamonds, answered, 'But you have changed some of them! I cannot take these!' — and drove Voltaire quite to despair, and into the Law-Courts; which imprisoned Hirsch, and made him do justice."[1]

In which last clause, still more in the conclusion, that it was "to the triumph of Voltaire," Duvernet does substantially mistake! And indeed, except as the best Parisian reflex of this matter, his Account is worth nothing: — though it may serve as Introduction to the following irrefragable Documents and more explicit featurings. We learn from him, and it is the one thing we learn of credible, That "Voltaire, when it came to Law Procedures, begged Maupertuis to speak for him to M. Jarriges," a Prussian Frenchman, "one of the Judges; and that Maupertuis answered, 'I cannot interfere in a bad business (*me mêler d'une mauvaise affaire*).'" The other French Biographies, definable as "*Ignor-amus* speaking in a loud voice to *Ignor-atis*," require to be altogether swept aside in this matter. Even "Clog." jumbling Voltaire's undated *Letters* into confusion thrice confounded, and droning out vituperatively in the dark, becomes a *minus* quantity in these Friedrich affairs. In regard to the Hirsch Process, our one irrefragable set of evidences is: The Prussian *Law-Report* by *Klein*, — especially the Documents produced in Court, and the Sentence given.[1] Other lights are to be gathered, with severe scrutiny and caution, from the circumambient contemporary rumor, — especially from the *Preface* to a "Comedy" so called of "*Tantale en Procès* (Tantalus," Voltaire, "at Law"); — which *Preface* is evidently Hirsch's own Story, put into language for him by some humane friend, and addressed to a "clear-seeing Public."[2] "And in fine," says my Manuscript, "by sweeping out the distinctly false, and well discriminating the indubitable from what is still in part dubitable, sufficient twilight [abridgable in a high degree, I hope!] rises over the Affair, to render it visible in all its main features."

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[1] Duvernet (T. J. D. V.), 170, 173, 175: — vague utterly; dateless (tries one date, and is mistaken even in the Year); wrong in nearly every detail; "the "*Staire* or *Steuer* was a *Bank,*" &c. &c.

The Voltaire-Hirsch Transaction: Part I. Origin of Lawsuit (10th November–25th December, 1750).

"Saxon *Steuer-Schein*, some readers know, is, in the rough, equivalent to Exchequer Bill. Payable at the Saxon Treasury; to Prussians, in gold; to all other men, in paper only, — which (thanks to Brühl and his unheard-of expenditures and financierings) is now at a discount say of 25, or even 30 per cent. By Article Eleventh of the Dresden *Treaty of Peace*, King Friedrich, if our readers have not forgotten, got stipulated, That all Prussian holders of these *Scheine* should be paid in gold; interest at the due days; and at the due days principal itself: — in gold they, whatever became of others. No farther specifications, as to proof, method, limits or conditions of any kind, occur in regard to this Eleventh Article; which is a just one, beyond doubt, but most carelessly drawn up. Apparently it trusts altogether to the personal honesty of all Prussian subjects: 'Prove yourself a Prussian subject, and we pay your Steuer-Schein in real money.' But now if a Saxon or other Non-Prussian, who can get no payment save in paper, were to have his Note smuggled or trafficked over into Prussia, and presented as a Prussian one? In our time, such traffic would start on the morrow morning; and in a week or two, all Notes whatsoever would be presented as Prussian, payable in gold! Not so in those days; — though a small contraband of that kind does by degrees threaten to establish itself, and Friedrich had to publish severe rescripts (one before this Hirsch-Voltaire business,[1] one still severer after), and menace it down again. The malpractice seems to have proved menaceable in that manner; nor was any new arrangement made upon it, — no change, till the Steuer-Scheine, by their gradual terms, were all paid either in real money or imaginary, and thus, in the course of years, the thing burnt to the socket, and went out."

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[1] Ernst Ferdinand Klein, *Annalen der Gesetzgebung und Rechtsgelehrsamkeit in den Preussischen Staaten* (Berlin und Stettin), 1790," v. 215–260.

[2] *Tantale en Procès* (ascribed to Friedrich himself, by some wonderful persons!) is in *Supplément aux Œuvres Posthumes de Frédéric II.* (Cologne, 1789), i. 319 et seq. Among the weakest of Comedies (might be by D'Arnaud, or some such hand); nothing in it worth reading except the Preface.

Voltaire's rash Adventure, dangerous Navigation and gradual Wreck, in this Forbidden Sea of Steuer-Scheine, — will become conceivable to readers, on study diligent enough of the following Documents and select Details: —

Document First (a small Missive, in Voltaire's hand).

"Je prie instamment monsieur hersch de venir demain mardi matin à potsdam pour affaire pressante, et d'aporter

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[1] 10th August, 1748 (Seyfarth, i. 62).

(*sic*) avec luy les diamants qui doivent servir pour la representation de la tragedie qui se jouera à cinq heures de soir chez S.A.R. Monseigneur le Prince henri

"Ce lundy à midy. VOLTAIRE."

Which being interpreted, rightly spelt, and dated (as by chance we can do) with distinctness, will run as follows in English: —

"POTSDAM, Monday, 9th November, 1750.

"I earnestly request Mr. Hirsch to come to-morrow Tuesday morning to Potsdam, on business that is urgent; and to bring with him the Diamonds needed for the Tragedy which is to be represented, at five in the evening, in His Royal Highness Prince Henry's Apartment." [1]

"On Tuesday the 10th," say the Old Newspapers, "was *Rome Sauvée;*" — with Voltaire, perceptible there as "*Cicéron*," [2] in due splendor of diamonds; Hirsch having no doubt been punctual. A glorious enough Cicero; — and such a piece of "urgent business" done with your Hirsch, just before emerging on the stage!

"Hirsch, in that *Narrative,* describes himself as a young innocent creature. Not very old, we will believe: but as to innocence! — For certain, he is named Abraham Hirsch, or Hirschel: a Berlin Jew of the Period; whom one inclines to figure as a florid oily man, of Semitic features, in the prime of life; who deals much in jewels, moneys, loans, exchanges, all kinds of Jew barter; whether absolutely in old clothes, we do not know, — certainly not unless there is a penny to be turned. The man is of oily Semitic type, not old in years, — there is a fraternal Hirsch, and also a paternal, who is head of the firm; — and this young one seems to be already old in Jew art. Speaks French and other dialects, in a Hebrew, partially intelligible manner; supplies Voltaire with diamonds for his stage-dresses, as we perceive. To all appearance, nearly destitute of human intellect, but with abundance of vulpine instead. Very cunning; stupid, seemingly, as a mule otherwise; — and, on the whole, resembling in various points of character a mule put into breeches, and made acquainted with the uses of money. He is come 'on pressing business,' — perhaps not of stage-diamonds alone? Here now is *Document Second;* nearly of the same date; may be of the very same; — more likely is a few days later, and betokens mysterious dialogue and consultation held on Tuesday 10th. It is in two hands: written on some scrap or *torn* bit of paper, to judge by the length of the lines.

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[1] Klein, v. 260.

[2] Rödenbeck, i. 209.

Document Second.

"In Voltaire's hand, this part: —

'*Savoir*
s'il est encore tems de
declarer les billets qu'on
a sur la steure.
si on en specifie le numero
dans la declaration.'

'If it is still time to declare [to announce in Saxony and demand payment for] Notes one holds on the Steuer? If one is to specify the No. in the declaration?'

"In Hirsch's hand, this part: —

'*l'on peut declarer des billets*
sur la steure, qu'on a en depost
en pays etranger, et dont on
ne pourra savoir le numero que
dans quinze jours ou trois
Semaines.'[1]

'One can declare Notes on the Steuer, which one holds in deposit in Foreign Countries; and of which one cannot state the No. till after a fortnight or three weeks.'

"Which of these Two was the Serpent, which the Eve, in this *Steuer-Schein* Tree of Knowledge, that grew in the middle of Paradise, remains entirely uncertain. Hirsch, of course, says it was Voltaire; Voltaire (not aware that *Document Second* remained in existence) had denied that his Hirsch business was in any way concerned with *Steuer;* — and must have been a good deal struck, when *Document Second* came to light; though what could he do but still deny! Hirsch asserts himself to have objected the 'illegality, the King's anger;' but that Voltaire answered in hints about his favor with the King; 'about his power to make one a Court-Jeweller,' if he liked; and so at last tempted the baby innocence of Hirsch; — for the rest, admits that the Steuer-Notes were expected to yield a Profit of 35 per cent: — and, in fact, a dramatic reader can imagine to himself dialogue enough, at different times, going on, partly by words, partly by hint, innuendo and dumb-show, between this Pair of Stage-Beauties. But for near a fortnight after *Document First*, there is nothing dated, or that can be clearly believed, — till,

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[1] Klein, 259.

"*Monday*, *23d November*, 1750. It is credibly certain the Jew Hirsch came again, this day, to the Royal Schloss of Potsdam, to Voltaire's apartment there [right overhead of King Friedrich's, it is !] — where, after such dialogue as can be guessed at, there was handed to Hirsch by Voltaire, in the form of Two negotiable Bills, a sum of about £2,250; with which the Jew is to make at once for Dresden, and buy Steuer-Scheine.[1] Steuer-Scheine without fail: 'but in talking or corresponding on the matter, we are always to call them *Furs* or *Diamonds*,' — mystery of mysteries being the rule for us. This considerable sum of £2,250 may it not otherwise, contrives Voltaire, be called a 'Loan' to Jeweller Hirsch, so obliging a Jeweller, to buy 'Furs' or 'Diamonds' with ? At a gain of 35 per 100 Pieces, there will be above £800 to me, after all expenses cleared: a very pretty stroke of business do-able in few days!" —

"Monday, 23d November:" The beautiful Wilhelmina, one remarks, is just making her packages; right sad to end such a Visit as this had been! Thursday night, from her first sleeping-place, there is a touching Farewell to her Brother; — tender, melodiously sorrowful, as the Song of the Swan.[2] To Voltaire she was always good; always liked Voltaire. Voltaire would be saying his Adieus, in state, among the others, to that high Being, — just in the hours while such a scandalous Hirsch-Concoction went on underground!

"As to the Two Bills and Voltaire's security for them, readers are to note as follows. Bill *First* is a Draft on Voltaire's Paris Banker for 40,000 livres (about £1,600), not payable for some weeks: 'This I lend you, Monsieur Hirsch; mind, *lend* you, — to buy Furs!' 'Yes, truly, what we call Furs; — and before the Bill falls payable, there will be effects for it in Monseigneur de Voltaire's hand; which is security enough for Monseigneur.' The *Second* Bill, again" — Truth is, there were in succession two Second Bills, an *Intended*-Second (of this same Monday 23d), which did not quite suit, and an *Actual*-Second (two days later), which did. *Intended*-Second Bill was one for 4,000 thalers (about £600), drawn by Voltaire on the Sieur Ephraim, — a very famous Jew of Berlin now and henceforth, with whom as money-changer, if not yet otherwise (which perhaps Ephraim thinks unlucky), Voltaire, it would seem, is in frequent communication. This Bill, Ephraim would not accept; told Hirsch he owed M. de Voltaire nothing; "turned me rudely away," says Hirsch (two of a trade, and no friends, he and I!) — so that there is nothing to be said of this Ephraim Bill; and, except as it elucidates some dark portions of the whirlpools, need not have been noticed at all. "Hirsch," continues my Authority, "got only Two available Bills; the first on Paris for £1,600, payable in some weeks; and, after a day or two, this other: The *Actual Bill Second;* which is a Draft for 4,430 thalers (about £650), by old Father Hirsch, head of the Firm, on Voltaire himself: — 'Furs too with that, Monsieur Hirsch, at the rate of 35 per piece, you understand?' 'Yea, truly, Monseigneur!' — Draft accepted by Voltaire, and the cash for it now handed to Hirsch Son: the only absolutely ready money he has yet got towards the affair.

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[1] Hirsch's Narrative, in Preface to *Tantale en Procès*, p. 340.

[2] Wilhelmina to Friedrich, "Brietzen, 26th November, *jour funeste pour moi*" (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 197).

"For these Two Bills, especially for this Second, I perceive, Voltaire holds borrowed jewels (borrowed in theatrical times, or partly bought, from the Hirsch Firm, and not paid for), which make him sure till he see the *Steuer* Papers themselves. — 'And now off, my good Sieur Hirsch; and know that if you please *me*, there are — things in my power which would suit a man in the Jeweller and Hebrew line!' Hirsch pushes home to Berlin; primed and loaded in this manner; Voltaire naturally anxious enough that the shot may hit. Alas, the shot will not even go off, for some time: an ill omen!

"*Sunday, 29th November*, Hirsch, we hear, is still in Berlin. Fancy the humor of Voltaire, after such a week as last! *Tuesday*, December 1st, Hirsch still is not off: 'Go, you son of Amalek!' urges Voltaire; and sends his Servant Picard, a very sharp fellow, for perhaps the third time, — who has orders now, as Hirsch discovers, to stay with him, not quit sight of him till he do go.[1] Hirsch's hour of departure for Dresden is not mentioned in the *Acts;* but I guess he could hardly get over Wednesday, with Picard dogging him on these terms; and must have taken the diligence on Wednesday night: to arrive in Dresden about December 4th. 'Well; at least, our shot is off; has not burst out, and lodged in our person here, — thanked be all the gods!'

"Off, sure enough: — and what should we say if the whole matter were already oozing out; if, on this same Sunday evening, November 29th, not quite a week's time yet, the matter (as we learn long afterwards) had been privately whispered to his Majesty: 'That Voltaire has sent off a Jew to buy Steuer-Scheine, and has promised to get him made Court-Jeweller!'[2] So; within a week, and before Hirsch is even gone! For men are very porous; weighty secrets oozing out of them, like quicksilver through clay jars. I could guess, Hirsch, by way of galling insolent Ephraim, had blabbed something: and in the course of five days, it has got to the very King, — this Kammerherr Voltaire being such a favorite and famous man as never was; the very bull's-eye of all kinds of Berlin gossip in these days. 'Hm, Steuer-Scheine, and the Jew Hirsch to be Court-Jeweller, you say?' thinks the King, that Sunday night; but locks the rumor in his Royal mind, he, for his part; or dismisses it as incredible: 'There ought to be impervious vessels too, among the porous!' Voltaire notices nothing particular, or nothing that he speaks of as particular. This must have been a horrid week to him, till Hirsch got away." Hirsch is away (December 2d); in Dresden, safe enough; but —

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[1] Hirsch's Narrative; see Voltaire's Letter to D'Arget (*Œuvres*, lxiv. 11).

[2] Voltaire, *Œuvres*, lxxiv. 314 ("Letter to Friedrich, February, 1751," — *after* Catastrophe).

"But the fortnight that follows is conceivable as still worse. Hirsch writing darkly, nothing to the purpose; Voltaire driving often into Berlin, hearing from Ephraim hints about, 'No connection with that House;' 'If Monseigneur have intrusted Hirsch with money, — may there be a good account of it!' and the like. Black Care devouring Monseigneur; but nothing definite; except the fact too evident, That Hirsch does not send or bring the smallest shadow of Steuer-Scheine, — 'Peltries,' or 'Diamonds,' we mean, — or any value whatever for that Paris Bill of ours, payable shortly, and which he has already got cashed in Dresden. Nothing but excuses, prevarications; stupid, incoherently deceptive jargon, as of a mule intent on playing fox with you. Vivid Correspondence is conceivable; but nothing of it definite to us, except this sample" (which we give translated): —

Document Third (torn fraction in Voltaire's hand: To Hirsch, doubtless; early in December). . . . "Not proper (*il ne fallait pas*) to negotiate Bills of Exchange, and never produce a single diamond" — bit of peltry, or ware of any kind, you son of Amalek! "Not proper to say: I have got money for your bills of exchange, and I bring you nothing back; and I will repay your money when you shall no longer be here [in Germany at all]. Not proper to promise at 35 louis, and then say 30. To say 30, and then next morning 25. You should at least have produced goods (*il fallait en donner*) at the price current; very easy to do when one was on the spot. All your procedures have been faults hitherto.[1]

"These are dreadful symptoms. Steuer-Notes, promised at 35 discount, are not to be had except at 30. Say 30 then, and get done with it, mule of a scoundrel! Next day the 30 sinks to 25; and not a Steuer-Note, on any terms, comes to hand. And the mule of a scoundrel has drawn money, in Dresden yonder, for my Bill on Paris, — excellent to him for trade of his own! What is to be done with such an Ass of Balaam? He has got the bit in his teeth, it would seem. Heavens, he too is capable of stopping short, careless of spur and cudgel; and miraculously speaking to a *new* Prophet [strange new

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[1] Klein, v. 259.

"Revealer of the Lord's Will," in modern dialect], in this enlightened Eighteenth Century itself! — One thing the new Prophet can do: protest his Paris Bill.

"*December* 12*th* [our next bit of certainty], Voltaire writes, haste, haste, to Paris, 'Don't pay;' and intimates to Hirsch, 'You will have to return your Dresden Banker his money for that Paris Bill. At Paris I have protested it, mark me; and there it never will be paid to him or you. And you must come home again instantly, job undone, lies not untold, you — !' Hirsch, with money in hand, appears not to have wanted for a briskish trade of his own in the Dresden marts. But this of cutting off his supplies brings him instantly back:" — and at Berlin, *December* 16*th*, new facts emerge again of a definite nature.

"*Wednesday*, 16*th December*, 1750. 'To-day the King with Court and Voltaire come to Berlin for the Carnival;'[1] to-day also Voltaire, not in Carnival humor, has appointed his Jew to meet him. In the Royal Palace itself, — we hope, well remote from Friedrich's Apartment! — this sordid conference, needing one's choicest diplomacy withal, and such exquisite handling of bit and spur, goes on. And probably at great length. Of which, as the *finale*, and one clear feature significant to the fancy, here is, — for record of what they call '*Complete Settlement*,' which it was far from turning out to be: —

Document Fourth (in Hirsch's hand, First Piece of it).

"'*Pour quittance generale promettant de rendre à Mr. de Voltaire tous billets, ordres et lettres de change à moy donnez jusqu'à ce jour*, 16 *Decembre*, 1750.	"'Account all settled; I promising to return M. de Voltaire all Letters, Orders and Bills of Exchange given me up to this day, 16th December, 1750.

[Hirsch signs. But you have forgotten something, Monsieur Hirsch! Whereupon]

et promets de donner à Mr. de Voltaire dans le jour de demain ou après demain au plustard deux	And promise to give M. de Voltaire, in the course of to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow at

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[1] Rödenbeck, i. 209.

cent quatre-vingt fréderics d'or au lieu de deux cent quatre-vingt louis d'or, que je lui ai payez, le tout pour quittance generale, ce 16 *Decembre*, 1750, *à berlin*	latest, 280 *frédérics d'or*, instead of 280 *louis d'or* [gold *frédérics* the preferable coin, say experts] which I have now paid him; whereby All will be settled.

[Hirsch again signs; but has again forgotten something, most important thing. And]

je lui remettrai surtout les 40,000 *livres de billets de change sur paris qu'il mavoit donnez et fiez'*	I will especially return him the Bill on Paris for 40,000 livres (£1,600), which he had given and trusted to me,' — but has since protested, as is too evident.

[and Hirsch signs for the last time]."[1] — Symptomatic, surely, of a haggly settlement, these *three* shots instead of one! — "Voltaire's return is: —

"'*Pour quittance generale de tout compte soldé entre nous, tout payé au sieur abraham hersch à berlin*, 16 *Decembre*, 1750. — *Voltaire'*	"'Account all settled between us, payment of the Sieur Abraham Hirsch in full: Berlin, 16th December, 1750.'

[which Second Piece, we perceive, is to lie in Hirsch's hand, to keep, if he find it valuable].

"This '*Complete Settlement*,' — little less than miraculous to Voltaire and us, — one finds, after sifting, to have been the fruit of Voltaire's exquisite skill in treating and tuning his Hirsch (no harshness of rebuke, rather some gleam of hope, of future bargains, help at Court): 'Your expenses; compensation for protesting of that Bill on Paris? Tush, cannot we make all that good! In the first place, I will *buy* of you these Jewels [this one discovers to have been the essence of the operation!], all or the best part of them, which I have here in pawn for Papa's Bill: £650 was it not? Well, suppose I on the instant take £450 worth, or so, of these Jewels (I want a great many jewels); and you to pay me down a 200 or so of gold *louis* as balance, — gold *louis*, no, we will say *frédérics* rather. There now, that is settled. Nothing more between us but settles itself, if we continue friends!' Upon which Hirsch walked home, thankful for the good job in Jewels; wondering only what the Allowance for Expenses and Compensation will be. And Voltaire steps out, new-burnished, into the Royal Carnival splendors, with a load rolled from his mind.

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[1] Klein, pp. 258, 260.

"This *Complete Settlement,* meanwhile, rests evidently on two legs, both of which are hollow. 'What will the handsome Compensation be, I wonder?' thinks Hirsch; — and is horror-struck to find shortly, that Voltaire considers 60 thalers (about £9) will be the fair sum! 'More than ten times that!' is Hirsch's privately fixed idea. On the other hand, Voltaire has been asking himself, 'My £450 worth of Jewels, were they justly valued, though?' Jew Ephraim (exaggerative and an enemy to this Hirsch House) answers, 'Justly? I would give from £300 to £250 for them!' — So that the legs both crumbling to powder, Complete Settlement crashes down into chaos: and there ensues" — But we must endeavor to be briefer!

There ensues, for about a week following, such an inextricable scramble between the Sieur Hirsch and M. de Voltaire as, — as no reader, not himself in the Jew-Bill line, or paid for understanding it, could consent to have explained to him. Voltaire, by way of mending the bad jewel-bargain, will buy of Hirsch £200 worth more jewels; gets the new £200 worth in hand, cannot quite settle what articles will suit: "This, think you? That, think you?" And intricately shuffles them about, to Hirsch and back. Hirsch, singular to notice, holds fast by that Protested Paris Bill; on frivolous pretexts, always forgets to bring that: "May have its uses, that, in a Court of Justice yet!" Meetings there are, almost daily, in the Voltaire Palace-Apartment; *December* 19*th* and *December* 24*th,* there are Two *Documents* (which we must spare the reader, though he will hear of them again, as highly notable, especially of one of them, as notable in the extreme!) — indicating the abstrusest jewel-bargainings, scramblings, re-bargainings.

"My Jewels are truly valued!" asseverates Hirsch always: "Ephraim is my enemy; ask Herr Reklam, chief Jeweller in

Berlin, an impartial man!" The meetings are occasionally of stormy character; Voltaire's patience nearly out: "But did n't I return you that Topaz Ring, value £75? And you have *not* deducted it; you—!" "One day, Picard and he pulled a Ring [doubtless this Topaz] off my finger," says the pathetic Hirsch, "and violently shoved me out of the room, slamming their door,"—and sent me home, along the corridors, in a very scurvy humor! Thus, under a skin of second settlement, there are two galvanic elements, getting ever more galvanic, which no skin of settlement can prevent exploding before long.

Explosion there accordingly was; most sad and dismal; which rang through all the Court circles of Berlin; and, like a sound of hooting and of weeping mixed, is audible over seas to this day. But let not the reader insist on tracing the course of it henceforth. Klein, though faithful and exact, is not a Pitaval; and we find in him errors of the press. The acutest Actuary might spend weeks over these distracted Money-accounts, and inconsistent Lists of Jewels bought and not bought; and would be unreadable if successful. Let us say, The business catches fire at this point; the Voltaire-Hirsch theatre is as if blown up into mere whirlwinds of igneous ruin and smoky darkness. Henceforth all plunges into Lawsuit, into chaos of conflicting lies,—undecipherable, not worth deciphering. Let us give what few glimpses of the thing are clearly discernible at their successive dates, and leave the rest to picture itself in the reader's fancy.

It appears, that Meeting of *December 24th*, above alluded to, was followed by another on Christmas-day, which proved the final one. Final total explosion took place at this new meeting;—which, we find farther, was at Chasot's Lodging (the *Chapeau* of Hanbury), who is now in Town, like all the world, for Carnival. Hirsch does not directly venture on naming Chasot: but by implication, by glimmers of evidence elsewhere, one sufficiently discovers that it is he: Lieutenant-Colonel, King's Friend, a man glorious, especially ever since Hohenfriedberg, and that haul of the "sixty-seven standards" all at once. In the way of Arbitration, Voltaire thinks Chasot might do something. In regard to those £450 worth of bought

Jewels, there is not such a judge in the world! Hirsch says: "Next morning [December 25th, morrow after that jumbly Account, with probable slamming of the door, and still worse!], Voltaire went to a Lieutenant-Colonel in the King's service; and ask him to send for me."[1] This is Chasot; who knows these jewels well. Duvernet, — who had talked a good deal with D'Arget, in latter years, and alone of Frenchmen sometimes yields a true particle of feature in things Prussian, — Duvernet tells us, these Jewels were once Chasot's own: given him by a fond Duchess of Mecklenburg, — musical old Duchess, verging towards sixty; *honi soit*, my friend! What Hirsch gave Chasot for these Jewels is not a doubtful quantity; and may throw conviction into Hirsch, hopes Voltaire.

December 25th, 1750. The interview at Chasot's was not lengthy, but it was decisive. Hirsch never brings that Paris Bill; privately fixed, on that point. Hirsch's claims, as we gradually unravel the intricate mule-mind of him, rise very high indeed. "And as to the value of those Jewels, and what I allowed *you* for them, Monsieur Chasot; that is no rule: trade-profits, you know" — Nay, the mule intimates, as a last shift, That perhaps they are not the same Jewels; that perhaps M. de Voltaire has changed some of them! Whereupon the matter catches fire, irretrievably explodes. M. de Voltaire's patience flies quite done; and, fire-eyed fury now guiding, he springs upon the throat of Hirsch like a cat-o'-mountain; clutches Hirsch by the windpipe; tumbles him about the room: "Infamous canaille, do you know whom you have got to do with? That it is in my power to stick you into a hole underground for the rest of your life? Sirrah, I will ruin and annihilate you!" — and "tossed me about the room with his fist on my throat," says Hirsch; "offering to have pity nevertheless, if I would take back the Jewels, and return all writings."[2] Eyes glancing like a rattlesnake's, as we perceive; and such a phenomenon as Hirsch had not expected, this Christmas! In short, the matter has here fairly exploded, and is blazing aloft, as a mass of intricate fuliginous ruin, not to be deciphered henceforth. Such a scene for Chasot on the Christmas-day at Berlin! And we have got to

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[1] Duvernet (Second), p. 172; Hirsch's Narrative (in *Tantale*, p. 344).

[2] Narrative (in *Tantale*).

Part II. The Lawsuit itself (30th December, 1750–18th and 26th February, 1751).

Hirsch slunk hurriedly home, uncertain whether dead or alive. Old Hirsch, hearing of such explosion, considered his house and family ruined; and, being old and feeble, took to bed upon it, threatening to break his heart. Voltaire writes to Niece Denis, on the morrow; not hinting at the Hirsch matter, far from that; but in uncommonly dreary humor: "My splendor here, my glory, never was the like of it; *mais, mais,*" *but,* and ever again *but,* at each new item, — in fact, the humor of a glorious Phœnix-Peacock suddenly douched and drenched in dirty water, and feeling frost at hand![1] Humor intelligible enough, when dates are compared.

Better than that, Voltaire is applying, on all points of the compass, to Legal and Influential Persons, for help in a Court of Law. To Chancellor Cocceji; to Jarriges (eminent Prussian Frenchman), President of Court; to Maupertuis, who knows Jarriges, but "will not meddle in a bad business;" — at last, even to dull reverend Formey, whom he had not called on hitherto. Cocceji seems to have answered, to the effect, "Most certainly: the Courts are wide open;" — but as to "help"! December 30th, the Suit, Voltaire *versus* Hirsch, "comes to Protocol," — that is, Cocceji, Jarriges, Löper, three eminent men, have been named to try it; and Herr Hofrath Bell, Advocate for Voltaire Plaintiff, hands in his First Statement that day. Berlin resounds, we may fancy how! Rumor, laughter and wonder are in all polite quarters; and continue, more or less vivid, for above two months coming. Here is one direct glimpse of Plaintiff, in this interim; which we will give, though the eyes are none of the best: "The first visit I," Formey, "had from Voltaire was in the afternoon of January 8th, 1751 [Suit begun ten days ago]. I had, at the time, a large party of friends. Voltaire walked across the Apartment, without looking at anybody; and, taking me by the hand, made me lead him to a cabinet adjoining. His Lawsuit with a Jew was the matter on hand. He talked to me at large about his Lawsuit, and with the greatest vehemence; he wound up by asking me to speak to Law-President M. de Jarriges (since Chancellor): I answered what was suitable;" — probably did speak to Jarriges, but might as well have held my tongue. "Voltaire then took his leave: stepping athwart the former Apartment with some precipitation, he noticed my eldest little girl, then in her fourth year, who was gazing at the diamonds on his Cross of the Order of Merit. 'Bagatelles, bagatelles, *mon enfant!*' said he, and disappeared."[1]

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[1] "To Madame Denis" (lxxiv. 279, "Berlin Palace, 26th December, 1750;" — and ib. 249, 257, &c. of other dates).

On New-Year's day, Friday, 1st January, 1751, Voltaire had legally applied to Herr Minister von Bismark, for Warrant to arrest Hirsch, as a person that will not give up Papers not belonging to him. Warrant was granted, and Hirsch lodged in Limbo. Which worsens the state of poor old Father Hirsch; threatening now really to die, of heart-break and other causes. Hirsch Son, from the interior of Limbo, appeals to Bismark, "Lord Chancellor Cocceji is seized of my Plea, your gracious Lordship!" — "All the same," answers Bismark; "produce *caution*, or you can't get out." Hirsch produces caution; and gets out, after a day or two; — and has been "brought to Protocol January 4th." No delay in this Court: both parties, through their Advocates, are now brought to book; the points they agree in will be sifted out, and laid on this side as truth; what they differ in, left lying on that side, as a mixture of lies to be operated on by farther processes and protocols.

We will not detail the Lawsuit; — what I chiefly admire in it is its brevity. Cocceji has not reformed in vain. Good Advocates, none other allowed; and no Advocate talks; he merely endeavors to think, see and discover; holds his tongue if he can discover nothing: that doubtless is one source of the brevity! — Many lies are stated by Hirsch, many by Voltaire: but the Judges, without difficulty, shovel these aside; and come step by step upon the truth. Hirsch says plainly, He was sent to buy *Steuer-Scheine* at 35 per cent discount; Voltaire entirely denies the Steuer-Notes; says, It was an affair of Peltries and Jewelries, originating in loans of money to this ungrateful Jew. Which necessitates much wriggling on the part of M. de Voltaire; — but he has himself written in a Lawyer's Office, in his young days, and knows how to twist a turn of expression. The Judges are not there to judge about Steuer-Notes; but they give you to understand that Voltaire's Peltry-and-Jewelry story is moonshine. Hirsch produces the Voltaire Scraps of Writing, already known to our readers; Voltaire says, "Mere extinct jottings; which Hirsch has furtively picked out of the grate," — or may be said to have picked; Papers annihilated by our Bargain of December 16th, and which should have been in the grate, if they were not; this felon never having kept his word in that respect. Peltries and Jewelries, I say: he will not give me back that Paris Bill which was protested; pays me the other 3,000 crowns (Draft of £650) in Jewels overvalued by half. — "Jewels furtively changed since Plaintiff had them of me!" answers Hirsch; — and the steady Judges keep their sieves going.

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[1] Formey, i. 232.

The only Documents produced by Voltaire are Two; of *19th December* and of *24th December;* — which the reader has not yet seen, but ought now to gain some notion of, if possible. They affect once more, as that of December 16th had done, to be "Final Settlements" (or Final Settlement of 19th, with *Codicil* of 24th); and turn on confused Lists of Jewels, bought, returned, re-bought (that "Topaz ring" torn from one's hand, a conspicuous item), which no reader would have patience to understand, except in the succinct form. Let all readers note them, however, — at least the first of them, that of December 19th; especially the words we mark in Italics, which have merited a sad place for *it* in the history of human sin and misery. Klein has given both Documents in engraved fac-simile; we must help ourselves by simpler methods. Berlin, December 19th, 1750; Voltaire writes, Hirsch signs; — and the Italics are believed to be words foisted in by M. de Voltaire, weeks after, while the Hirsch pleadings were getting stringent! Read, — a very sad memorial of M. de Voltaire, —

Document Fifth (in Voltaire's hand, written at *two* times; and the old writing *mended* in parts, to suit the new!). — "*For payment of* 3,000 *thalers by me due,* I have sold to M. de Voltaire, at the price costing by estimation and tax, with 2 per cent for my commission ["*or gratification,*" written above], the following Diamonds, taxed [blotted into "*taxable*"], as here adjoined; viz." — seven pieces of jewelry, pendeloques, &c., with price affixed, among which is the violated Topaz, — "the whole estimated by him ["him" crossed out, and "*me*" written over it], being 3,640 thalers. Whereupon, received from Monsieur de Voltaire [what is very strange; not intelligible without study!] the sum of 2,940 thalers, and he has given me back the Topaz, with 60 crowns for my trouble. — Berlin, 19th December, 1750." (Hitherto in Voltaire's hand; after which Hirsch writes:) "*Aprouvé,* A. Hirschel."[1] And between these two lines (". . . 1750" and "*Approved* . . ."), there is crushed in, as afterthought, "*valued by myself* [Hirsch's self], 2,940, *add* 60, *is* 3,000." And, in fine, below the Hirsch signature, on what may be called the bottom margin, there is, — I think, avowedly Voltaire's and subsequent, — this: "*N. b.* that Hirsch's valuing of all the jewels [present lot and former lot] is, by real estimation, between twice and thrice too high;" of which, it is hoped, your Lordships will take notice!

Was there ever seen such a Paper; one end of it contradicting the other? Payment *to* M. de Voltaire, and payment *by* M. de Voltaire; — with other blottings and foistings, which print and italics will not represent! Hirsch denies he ever signed this Paper. Is not that your writing, then: "*Aprouvé,* A. Hirschel"? — "No!" and they convict him of falsity in that respect: the signature *is* his, but the Paper has been altered since he signed it. That is what the poor dark mortal meant to express; and in his mulish way, he has expressed into a falsity what was in itself a truth. There is not, on candid examination of Klein's Fac-similes and the other evidence, the smallest doubt but Voltaire altered, added and intercalated, in his own privacy, those words which we have printed in italics; *taxés* changed into *taxables* ("estimated at" into "estimable at"), *him* for *me*, and so on; and above all, the now first line of the Paper, *For payment of* 3,000 *thalers by me due*, and in last line the words *valued by myself*, &c., are palpable interpolations, sheer falsifications, which Hirsch is made to continue signing after his back is turned!

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[1] Sic: that is always his *signature;* "Abraham Hirsch*el*," so given by Klein, while Klein and everybody *call* him Hirsch (*Stag*), as we have done, — if only to save a syllable on the bad bargain.

No fact is more certain; and few are sadder in the history of M. de Voltaire. To that length has he been driven by stress of Fortune. Nay, when the Judges, not hiding their surprise at the form of this Document, asked, Will you swear it is all genuine? Voltaire answered, "Yes, certainly!"—for what will a poor man not do in extreme stress of Fortune? Hirsch, as a Jew, is not permitted to make oath, where a Quasi-Christian will swear to the contrary, or he gladly would; and might justly. The Judges, willing to prevent chance of perjury, did not bring Voltaire to swearing, but contrived a way to justice without that.

February 18*th*, 1751, the Court arrives at a conclusion. Hirsch's Diamonds, whatever may have been written or forged, are not, nor were, worth more than their value, think the Judges. The Paris Bill is admitted to be Voltaire's, not Hirsch's, continue they;—and if Hirsch can prove that Voltaire has changed the Diamonds, not a likely fact, let him do so. The rest does not concern us. And to that effect, on the above day, runs their Sentence: "You, Hirsch, shall restore the Paris Bill; mutual Papers to be all restored, or legally annihilated. Jewels to be valued by sworn Experts, and paid for at that price. Hirsch, if he can prove that the Jewels were changed, has liberty to try it, in a new Action. Hirsch, for falsely denying his Signature, is fined ten thalers (thirty shillings), such lie being a contempt of court, whatever more."

"Ha, fined, you Jew Villain!" hysterically shrieks Voltaire: "in the wrong, *were n't* you, then; and fined thirty shillings?" hysterically trying to believe, and make others believe, that he has come off triumphant. "Beaten my Jew, have n't I?" says he to everybody, though inwardly well enough aware how it stands, and that he is a Phœnix douched, and has a tremor in the bones! Chancellor Cocceji was far from thinking it triumphant to him. Here is a small Note of Cocceji's, addressed to his two colleagues, Jarriges and Löper, which has been found among the Law Papers:

"*Berlin, 20th February,* 1751. The Herr President von Jarriges and Privy-Councillor Löper are hereby officially requested to bring the remainder of the Voltaire Sentence to its fulfilment: I am myself not well, and can employ my time much better. The Herr von Voltaire has given in a desperate Memorial (*ein desperates Memorial*) to this purport: 'I swear that what is charged to me [believed of me] in the Sentence is true; and now request to have the Jewels valued.' I have returned him this Paper, with notice that it must be signed by an Advocate. — COCCEJI."[1]

So wrote Chancellor Cocceji, on the Saturday, washing his hands of this sorry business. Voltaire is ready to make desperate oath, if needful. We said once, M. de Voltaire was not given to lying; far the reverse. But yet, see, if you drive him into a corner with a sword at his throat, — alas, yes, he will lie a little! Forgery lay still less in his habits; but he can do a stroke that way, too (one stroke, unique in his life, I do believe), if a wild boar, with frothy tusks, is upon him. Tell it not in Gath, — except for scientific purposes! And be judicial, arithmetical, in passing sentence on it; not shrieky, mobbish, and flying off into the Infinite!

Berlin, of course, is loud on these matters. "The man whom the King delighted to honor, *this* is he, then!" King Friedrich has quitted Town, some while ago; returned to Potsdam "January 30th." Glad enough, I suppose, to be out of all this unmusical blowing of catcalls and indecent exposure. To Voltaire he has taken no notice; silently leaves Voltaire, in his nook of the Berlin Schloss, till the foul business get done. "*Voltaire filoute les Juifs* (picks Jew pockets)," writes he once to Wilhelmina: "will get out of it by some *gambade*

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[1] Klein, 256.

(summerset)," writes he another time; "but"[1] — And takes the matter with boundless contempt, doubtless with some vexation, but with the minimum of noise, as a Royal gentleman might. Jew Hirsch is busy preparing for his new desperate Action; getting together proof that the Jewels have been changed. In proof Jew Hirsch will be weak; but in pleading, in public pamphlets, and keeping a winged Apollo fluttering disastrously in such a mud-bath, Jew Hirsch will be strong. Voltaire, "out of magnanimous pity to him," consents next week to an Agreement. Agreement is signed on Thursday, 26th February, 1751: — Papers all to be returned, Jewels nearly all, except one or two, paid at Hirsch's own price. Whereby, on the whole, as Klein computes, Voltaire lost about £150; — elsewhere I have seen it computed at £187: not the least matter which. Old Hirsch has died in the interim ("Of broken heart!" blubbers the Son); day not known.

And, on these terms, Voltaire gets out of the business; glad to close the intolerable rumor, at some cost of money. For all tongues were wagging; and, in defect of a *Times* Newspaper, it appears, there had Pamphlets come out; printed Satires, bound or in broadside; — sapid, exhilarative, for a season, and interesting to the idle mind. Of which, *Tantale en Procès* may still, for the sake of that *Preface* to it, be considered to have an obscure existence. And such, reduced to its authenticities, was the Adventure of the Steuer-Notes. A very bad Adventure indeed; unspeakably the worst that Voltaire ever tried, who had such talent in the finance line. On which poor History is really ashamed to have spent so much time; sorting it into clearness, in the disgust and sorrow of her soul. But perhaps it needed to be done. Let us hope, at least, it may not now need to be done again.[2]

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[1] "31st December, 1750" (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii, i. 198); "3d February, 1751" (ib. 201).

[2] Besides the *Klein*, the *Tantale en Procès* and the Voltaire *Letters* cited above, there is (in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxiv. pp. 61–106, as *Supplément* there), written off-hand, in the very thick of the Hirsch Affair, a considerable set of *Notes to D'Arget*, which might have been still more elucidative; but are, in their present dateless topsy-turvied condition, a very wonder of confusion to the studious reader!

This is the *First Act* of Voltaire's Tragic-Farce at the Court of Berlin: readers may conceive to what a bleared frost-bitten condition it has reduced the first Favonian efflorescence there. He considerably recovered in the *Second Act*, such the indelible charm of the Voltaire genius to Friedrich. But it is well known, the First Act rules all the others; and here, accordingly, the Third Act failed not to prove tragical. Out of First Act into Second the following *Extracts of Correspondence* will guide the reader, without commentary of ours.

Voltaire, left languishing at Berlin, has fallen sick, now that all is over; — no doubt, in part really sick, the unfortunate Phœnix-Peafowl, with such a tremor in his bones; — and would fain be near Friedrich and warmth again; fain persuade the outside world that all is sunshine with him. Voltaire's Letters to Friedrich, if he wrote any, in this Jew time, are lost; here are Friedrich's Answers to Two, — one lost, which had been written from Berlin *after* the Jew affair was out of Court; and to another (not lost) after the Jew affair was done.

1°. *King Friedrich to Voltaire at Berlin.*

"POTSDAM, 24th February, 1751.

"I was glad to receive you in my house; I esteemed your genius, your talents and acquirements; and I had reason to think that a man of your age, wearied with fencing against Authors, and exposing himself to the storm, came hither to take refuge as in a safe harbor.

"But, on arriving, you exacted of me, in a rather singular manner, Not to take Fréron to write me news from Paris; and I had the weakness, or the complaisance, to grant you this, though it is not for you to decide what persons I shall take into my service. D'Arnaud had faults towards you; a generous man would have pardoned them; a vindictive man hunts down those whom he takes to hating. In a word, though to me D'Arnaud had done nothing, it was on your account that he had to go. You were with the Russian Minister, speaking of things you had no concern with [Russian Excellency Gross, off home lately, in sudden dudgeon, like an angry sky-rocket, nobody can guess why![1]] — and it was thought I had given you Commission." "You have had the most villanous affair in the world with a Jew. It has made a frightful scandal all over Town. And that Steuer-Schein business is so well known in Saxony, that they have made grievous complaints of it to me.

"For my own share, I have preserved peace in my house till your arrival: and I warn you, that if you have the passion of intriguing and caballing, you have applied to the wrong hand. I like peaceable composed people; who do not put into their conduct the violent passions of Tragedy. In case you can resolve to live like a Philosopher, I shall be glad to see you; but if you abandon yourself to all the violences of your passions, and get into quarrels with all the world, you will do me no good by coming hither, and you may as well stay in Berlin."[2] — F.

To which Voltaire sighing pathetically in response, "Wrong, ah yes, your Majesty; — and sick to death" (see farther down), — here is Friedrich's Second in Answer: —

2°. *Friedrich to Voltaire again.*

"POTSDAM, 28th February, 1751.

"If you wish to come hither, you can do so. I hear nothing of Lawsuits, not even of yours. Since you have gained it, I congratulate you; and I am glad that this scurvy affair is done. I hope you will have no more quarrels, neither with the *Old* nor with the *New Testament.* Such worryings (*ces sortes de compromis*) leave their mark on a man; and with the talents of the finest genius in France, you will not cover the stains which this conduct would fasten on your reputation in the long-run. A Bookseller Gosse [read *Jore*, your Majesty? Nobody ever heard of Gosse as an extant quantity: Jore, of Rouen, you mean, and his celebrated Lawsuit, about printing the *Henriade*, or I know not what, long since[3]], a Bookseller

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[1] Adelung, vii. 133 (about 1st December, 1750).

[2] Preuss, xxii. 262 (*wanting* in the French Editions).

[3] Unbounded details on the Jore Case, and from 1731 to 1738 continual *Letters* on it, in *Œuvres de Voltaire;* — came to a head in 1736 (ib. lxix. 375); Jore penitent, 1738 (ib. i. 262), &c. &c.

Jore, an Opera Fiddler [poor Travenol, wrong dog pincered by the ear], and a Jeweller Jew, these are, of a surety, names which in no sort of business ought to appear by the side of yours. I write this Letter with the rough common-sense of a German, who speaks what he thinks, without employing equivocal terms, and loose assuagements which disfigure the truth: it is for you to profit by it. — F."[1]

So that Voltaire will have to languish: "Wrong, yes; — and sick, nigh dead, your Majesty! Ah, could not one get to some Country Lodge near you, 'the *Marquisat*,' for instance? Live silent there, and see your face sometimes?"[2] Languishing very much; — gives cosy little dinners, however. Here are two other Excerpts; and these will suffice: —

Voltaire to Formey ("Berlin Palace;" datable, first days of March): "Will you, Monsieur, come and eat the King's roast meat (*rôt du Roi*), to-day, Thursday, at two o'clock, in a philosophic, warm and comfortable manner (*philosophiquement et chaudement et doucement*). A couple of philosophers, without being courtiers, may dine in the Palace of a Philosopher-King: I should even take the liberty of sending one of his Majesty's Carriages for you, — at two precise. After dinner, you would be at hand for your Academy meeting."[3] — V. How cosy! — And King Friedrich has relented, too; grants me the Marquisat; can refuse me nothing!

Voltaire to D'Argental (Potsdam, 15th March, 1751). . . . "I could not accompany our Chamberlain [Von Ammon, gone as Envoy to Paris, on a small matter[4]], through the muds and the snows, — where I should have been buried; I was ill," and had to go to the *Marquisat.* "D'Arnaud and the pack of Scribblers would have been too glad. D'Arnaud, animated with the true love of glory, and not yet grown sufficiently illustrious by his own immortal Works, has done *one* of that kind," — by his behavior here. Has behaved to me — oh, like a miserable, envious, intriguing, lying little scoundrel; and made Berlin too hot for him: seduced Tinois my Clerk, stole bits of the *Pucelle* (brief *sight* of bits, for Prince Henri's sake) to ruin me.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 265.

[2] In *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xxii. 259–261, 263–266) are Four lamenting and repenting, wheedling and ultimately whining, *Letters* from Voltaire, none of them dated, which have much about "my dreadful state of health," my passion "for reposing in that *Marquisat*," &c.; — to one of which Four, or perhaps to the whole together, the above No. 2 of Friedrich seems to have been Answer. Of that indisputable "*Marquisat*" no Nicolai says a word; even careful Preuss passes "Gosse" and it with shut lips.

[3] Formey, i. 234.

[4] "Commercial Treaty;" which he got done. See *Longchamp*, if any one is curious otherwise about this Gentleman: "D'Hamon" they call him, and sometimes "*Damon*," — to whom Niece Denis wanted to be Phyllis, according to Longchamp.

"D'Arnaud sent his lies to Fréron for the Paris meridian [that is his real crime]; delightful news from canaille to canaille: 'How Voltaire had lost a great Lawsuit, respectable Jew Banker cheated by Voltaire; that Voltaire was disgraced by the King,' who of course loves Jews; 'that Voltaire was ruined; was ill; nay at last, that Voltaire was dead.'" To the joy of Fréron, and the scoundrels that are printing one's *Pucelle.*

"Voltaire is still in life, however, my angels; and the King has been so good to me in my sickness, I should be the ungratefulest of men if I did n't still pass some months with him. When he left Berlin [30th January, six weeks ago], and I was too ill to follow him, I was the sole animal of my species whom he lodged in his Palace there [what a beautiful bit of color to lay on!] — He left me equipages, cooks *et cetera;* and his mules and horses carted out my temporary furniture (*meubles de passade*) to a delicious House of his, close by Potsdam [*Marquisat* to wit, where I now stretch myself at ease; Niece Denis coming to live with me there, — talks of coming, if my angels knew it], — and he has reserved for me a charming apartment in his Palace of Potsdam, where I pass a part of the week.

"And, on close view, I still admire this Unique Genius; and he deigns to communicate himself to me; — and if I were not 300 leagues from you, and had a little health, I should be the happiest of men."[1] . . . Oh, my angels —

And, in short, better or worse, my *Second Act* is begun, as you perceive! — And certain readers will be apt to look in again, before all is over.

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[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire,* lxxiv. 320.

CHAPTER VIII.

OST-FRIESLAND AND THE SHIPPING INTERESTS.

Two Foreign Events, following on the heel of the Hirsch Lawsuit, were of interest to our Berlin friends, though not now of much to us or anybody. April 5th, 1751, the old King of Sweden, Landgraf of Hessen-Cassel, died; whereby not only our friend Wilhelm, the managing Landgraf, becomes Landgraf indeed (if he should ever turn up on us again), but Princess Ulrique is henceforth Queen of Sweden, her Husband the new King. No doubt a welcome event to Princess Ulrique, the high brave-minded Lady; but which proved intrinsically an empty one, not to say worse than empty, to herself and her friends, in times following. Friedrich's connection with Sweden, which he had been tightening lately by a Treaty of Alliance, came in the long-run to nothing for him, on the Swedish side; and on the Russian has already created umbrages, kindled abstruse suspicions, indignations, — Russian Excellency Gross, abruptly, at Berlin, demanding horses, not long since, and posting home without other leave-taking, to the surprise of mankind; — Russian Czarina evidently in the sullens against Friedrich, this long while; dull impenetrable clouds of anger lodging yonder, boding him no good. All which the Accession of Queen Ulrique will rather tend to aggravate than otherwise.[1]

The Second Foreign Event is English, about a week prior in date, and is of still less moment: March 31st, 1751, Prince Fred, the Royal Heir-Apparent, has suddenly died. Had been ill, more or less, for an eight days past; was now thought better, though "still coughing, and bringing up phlegm," — when, on "Wednesday night between nine and ten," in some lengthier fit of that kind, he clapt his hand on his breast; and the terrified valet heard him say, "*Je suis mort!*" — and before his poor Wife could run forward with a light, he lay verily dead.[1] The Rising Sun in England is vanished, then. Yes; and with him his *Moons*, and considerable moony workings, and slushings hither and thither, which they have occasioned, in the muddy tide-currents of that Constitutional Country. Without interest to us here; or indeed elsewhere, — except perhaps that our dear Wilhelmina would hear of it; and have her sad reflections and reminiscences awakened by it; sad and many-voiced, perhaps of an almost doleful nature, being on a sick-bed at this time, poor Lady. She quitted Berlin months ago, as we observed, — her farewell Letter to Friedrich, written from the first stage homewards, and melodious as the voice of sorrowful true hearts to us and him, dates "November 24th," just while Voltaire (whom she always likes, and in a beautiful way protects, "*Frère Voltaire*," as she calls him) was despatching Hirsch on that ill-omened Predatory *Steuer*-Mission. Her Brother is in real alarm for Wilhelmina, about this time; sending out Cothenius his chief Doctor, and the like: but our dear Princess re-emerges from her eclipse; and we shall see her again, several times, if we be lucky.

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[1] Adelung, vii. 205 (Accession of Adolf Friedrich); ib. 133 (Gross's sudden Departure).

And so poor Fred is ended; — and sulky people ask, in their cruel way, "Why not?" A poor dissolute flabby fellow-creature; with a sad destiny, and a sadly conspicuous too. Could write Madrigals; be set to make Opposition cabals. Read this sudden Epitaph in doggerel; an uncommonly successful Piece of its kind; which is now his main monument with posterity. The "Brother" (hero of Culloden), the "Sister" (Amelia, our Friedrich's first love, now growing gossipy and spiteful, poor Princess), are old friends: —

"Here lies Prince Fred,
Who was alive and is dead:
Had it been his Father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his Brother,
Sooner than any other;
Had it been his Sister,
There 's no one would have missed her;
Had it been his whole generation,
Best of all for the Nation:
But since it 's only Fred,
There 's no more to be said."[2]

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[1] Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 71.

[2] Walpole, i. 436.

Friedrich visits Ost-Friesland.

A thing of more importance to us, two months after that catastrophe in London, is Friedrich's first Visit to Ost-Friesland. May 31st, having done his Berlin-Potsdam Reviews and other current affairs, Friedrich sets out on this Excursion. With Ost-Friesland for goal, but much business by the way. Towards Magdeburg, and a short visit to the Brunswick Kindred, first of all. There is much reviewing in the Magdeburg quarter, and thereafter in the Wesel; and reviewing and visiting all along: through Minden, Bielfeld, Lingen: not till July 13th does he cross the Ost-Friesland Border, and enter Embden. His three Brothers, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, were with him.[1] On catching view of Ost-Friesland Border, see, on the Border-Line, what an Arch got on its feet: Triumphal Arch, of frondent ornaments, inscriptions and insignia; "of quite extraordinary magnificence;" Arch which "sets every one into the agreeablest admiration." Above a hundred such Arches spanned the road at different points; multitudinous enthusiasm reverently escorting, "more than 20,000" by count: till we enter Embden; where all is cannon-salvo, and three-times-three; the thunder-shots continuing, "above 2,000 of them from the walls, not to speak of response from the ships in harbor." Embden glad enough, as would appear, and Ost-Friesland glad enough, to see their new King. July 13th, 1751; after waiting above six years.

Next day, his Majesty gave audience to the new "Asiatic Shipping Company" (of which anon), to the Stäude, and Magisterial persons; — with many questions, I doubt not, about your new embankments, new improvements, prospects; there being much procedure that way, in all manner of kinds, since the new Dynasty came in, now six years ago. Embankments on your River, wide spaces changed from ooze to meadow; on the Dollart still more, which has lain 500 years hidden from the sun. Does any reader know the Dollart? Ost-Friesland has awakened to wonderful new industries within these six years; urged and guided by the new King, who has great things in view for it, besides what are in actual progress.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 506; Seyfarth, ii. 145; Rödenbeck, i. 216 (who gives a foolish German myth, of Voltaire's being passed off for the King's Baboon, &c.; Voltaire not being there at all).

That of dikes, sea-embankments, for example; to Ost-Friesland, as to Holland, they are the first condition of existence; and, in the past times, of extreme Parliamentary vitality, have been slipping a good deal out of repair. Ems River, in those flat rainy countries, has ploughed out for itself a very wide embouchure, as boundary between Gröningen and Ost-Friesland. Muddy Ems, bickering with the German Ocean, does not forget to act, if Parliamentary Commissioners do. These dikes, 120 miles of dike, mainly along both banks of this muddy Ems River, are now water-tight again, to the comfort of flax and clover: and this is but one item of the diking now on foot. Readers do not know the Dollart, that uppermost round gulf, not far from Embden itself, in the waste embouchure of Ems with its continents of mud and tide. Five hundred years ago, that ugly whirl of muddy surf, 100 square miles in area, was a fruitful field, "50 Villages upon it, one Town, several Monasteries and 50,000 souls:" till on Christmas midnight A.D. 1277, the winds and the storm-rains having got to their height, Ocean and Ems did, "about midnight," undermine the place, folded it over like a friable bedquilt or monstrous doomed griddle-cake, and swallowed it all away. Most of it, they say, that night, the whole of it within ten years coming;[1]—and there it has hung, like an unlovely *goître* at the throat of Embden, ever since. One little dot of an Island, with six houses on it, near the Embden shore, is all that is left. Where probably his Majesty landed (July 15th, being in a Yacht that day); but did not see, afar off, the "sunk steeple-top," which is fabled to be visible at low-water.

Upon this Dollart itself there is now to be diking tried; King's Domain-Kammer showing the example. Which Official Body did accordingly (without Blue-Books, but in good working case otherwise) break ground, few months hence; and victoriously achieved a *Polder*, or Diked Territory, "worth about £2,000 annually;" "which, in 1756, was sold to the

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[1] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 845, 846; Preuss, i. 308, 309.

Stände;" at twenty-five years purchase, let us say, or for £50,000. An example of a convincing nature; which many others, and ever others, have followed since; to gradual considerable diminution of the Dollart, and relief of Ost-Friesland on this side. Furtherance of these things is much a concern of Friedrich's. The second day after his arrival, those audiences and ceremonials done, Friedrich and suite got on board a Yacht, and sailed about all over this Dollart, twenty miles out to sea; dined on board; and would have, if the weather was bright (which I hope), a pleasantly edifying day. The harbor is much in need of dredging, the building docks considerably in disrepair; but shall be refitted if this King live and prosper. He has declared Embden a "Free-Haven," inviting trade to it from all peaceable Nations;—and readers do not know (though Sir Jonas Hanway and the jealous mercantile world well did) what magnificent Shipping Companies and Sea-Enterprises, of his devising, are afoot there. Of which, one word, and no second shall follow:

"September 1st, 1750, those Carrousel gayeties scarce done, 'The Asiatic Trading Company' stept formally into existence; Embden the Head-quarters of it;[1] chief Manager a Ritter De la Touche; one of the Directors our fantastic Bielfeld, thus turned to practical value. A Company patronized, in all ways, by the King; but, for the rest, founded, not on his money; founded on voluntary shares, which, to the regret of Hanway and others, have had much popularity in commercial circles. Will trade to China. A thing looked at with umbrage by the English, by the Dutch. A shame that English people should encourage such schemes, says Hanway. Which nevertheless many Dutch and many English private persons do,—among the latter, one English Lady (name unknown, but I always suspect 'Miss Barbara Wyndham, of the College, Salisbury'), concerning whom there will be honorable notice by and by.

"At the time of Friedrich's visit, the Asiatic Company is in full vogue; making ready its first ship for Canton. First ship, *König von Preussen* (tons burden not given), actually sailed 17th February next (1752); and was followed by a second, named *Town of Embden*, on the 19th of September following; both of which prosperously reached Canton, and prosperously returned with cargoes of satisfactory profit. The first of them, *König von Preussen*, had been boarded in the Downs by an English Captain Thomson and his Frigate, and detained some days, — till Thomson 'took Seven English seamen out of her.' 'Act of Parliament, express!' said his Grace of Newcastle. Which done, Thomson found that the English jealousies would have to hold their hand; no farther, whatever one's wishes may be.

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[1] Patent, or *Freyheits-Brief*, in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 457, 458.

"Nay within a year hence, January 24th, 1753, Friedrich founded another Company for India: '*Bengalische Handelsgesellschaft;*' which also sent out its pair of ships, perhaps oftener than once; and pointed, as the other was doing, to wide fields of enterprise, for some time. But luck was wanting. And, 'in part, mismanagement,' and, in whole, the Seven-Years War put an end to both Companies before long. Friedrich is full of these thoughts, among his other Industrialisms; and never quits them for discouragement, but tries again, when the obstacles cease to be insuperable. Ever since the acquisition of Ost-Friesland, the furtherance of Sea-Commerce had been one of Friedrich's chosen objects. 'Let us carry our own goods at least, Silesian linens, Memel timbers, stock-fish; what need of the Dutch to do it?' And in many branches his progress had been remarkable, — especially in this carrying trade, while the War lasted, and crippled all Anti-English belligerents. Upon which, indeed, and the conduct of the English Privateers to him, there is a Controversy going on with the English Court in those years (began in 1747), most distressful to his Grace of Newcastle; — which in part explains those stingy procedures of Captain Thomson ('Home, you seven English sailors!') when the first Canton ship put to sea. That Controversy is by no means ended after three years, but on the contrary, after two years more, comes to a crisis quite shocking to his Grace of Newcastle, and defying all solution on his Grace's side, — the other Party, after such delays, five years waiting, having settled it for himself!" Of which, were the crisis come, we will give some account.

On the third day of his Visit, Friedrich drove to Aurich, the seat of Government, and official little capital of Ost-Friesland; where triumphal arches, joyful reverences, concourses, demonstrations, sumptuous Dinner one item, awaited his Majesty: I know not if, in the way thither or back, he passed those "Three huge Oaks [or the rotted stems or roots of them] under which the Ancient Frisians, Lords of all between Weser and Rhine, were wont to assemble in Parliament" (*without* Fourth Estate, or any Eloquence except of the purely Business sort), — or what his thoughts on the late Ost-Friesland Bandbox Parliaments may have been! He returned to Embden that night; and on the morrow started homewards; we may fancy, tolerably pleased with what he had seen.

"King Friedrich's main Objects of Pursuit in this Period," says a certain Author, whom we often follow, "I define as being Three. 1°. Reform of the Law; 2°. Furtherance of Husbandry and Industry in all kinds, especially of Shipping from Embden; 3°. Improvement of his own Domesticities and Household Enjoyments," — renewal of the Reinsberg Program, in short.

"In the First of these objects," continues he, "King Friedrich's success was very considerable, and got him great fame in the world. In his Second head of efforts, that of improving the Industries and Husbandries among his People, his success, though less noised of in foreign parts, was to the near observer still more remarkable. A perennial business with him, this; which, even in the time of War, he never neglects; and which springs out like a stemmed flood, whenever Peace leaves him free for it. His labors by all methods to awaken new branches of industry, to cherish and further the old, are incessant, manifold, unwearied; and will surprise the uninstructed reader, when he comes to study them. An airy, poetizing, bantering, lightly brilliant King, supposed to be serious mainly in things of War, how is he moiling and toiling, like an ever-vigilant Land-Steward, like the most industrious City Merchant, hardest-working Merchant's Clerk, to increase his industrial Capital by any the smallest item!

"One day, these things will deserve to be studied to the bottom; and to be set forth, by writing hands that are competent, for the instruction and example of Workers, — that is to say, of all men, Kings most of all, when there are again Kings. At present, I can only say they astonish me, and put me to shame: the unresting diligence displayed in them, and the immense sum-total of them, — what man, in any the noblest pursuit, can say that he has stood to it, six-and-forty years long, in the style of this man? Nor did the harvest fail; slow sure harvest, which sufficed a patient Friedrich in his own day; harvest now, in our day, visible to everybody: in a Prussia all shooting into manufactures, into commerces, opulences, — I only hope, not *too* fast, and on more solid terms than are universal at present! Those things might be didactic, truly, in various points, to this Generation; and worth looking back upon, from its high *laissez-faire* altitudes, its triumphant Scrip-transactions and continents of gold-nuggets, — pleasing, it doubts not, to all the gods. To write well of what is called 'Political Economy' (meaning thereby increase of money's-worth) is reckoned meritorious, and our nearest approach to the rational sublime. But to accomplish said increase in a high and indisputable degree; and indisputably very much by your own endeavors wisely regulating those of others, does not that approach still nearer the sublime?

"To prevent disappointment, I ought to add that Friedrich is the reverse of orthodox in 'Political Economy;' that he had not faith in Free-Trade, but the reverse; — nor had ever heard of those ultimate Evangels, unlimited Competition, fair Start, and perfervid Race by all the world (towards '*Cheap-and-Nasty*,' as the likeliest winning-post for all the world), which have since been vouchsafed us. Probably in the world there was never less of a Free-Trader! Constraint, regulation, encouragement, discouragement, reward, punishment; these he never doubted were the method, and that government was good everywhere if wise, bad only if not wise. And sure enough these methods, where human justice and the earnest sense and insight of a Friedrich preside over them, have results which differ notably from opposite cases that can be imagined! The desperate notion of giving up government altogether, as a relief from human blockheadism in your governors, and their want even of a wish to be just or wise, had not entered into the thoughts of Friedrich; nor driven him upon trying to believe that such, in regard to any Human Interest whatever, was, or could be except for a little while in extremely developed cases, the true way of managing it. How disgusting, accordingly, is the Prussia of Friedrich to a Hanbury Williams; who has bad eyes and dirty spectacles, and hates Friedrich: how singular and lamentable to a Mirabeau Junior, who has good eyes, and loves him! No knave, no impertinent blockhead even, can follow his own beautiful devices here; but is instantly had up, or comes upon a turnpike strictly shut for him. 'Was the like ever heard of?' snarls Hanbury furiously (as an angry dog might, in a labyrinth it sees not the least use for): 'What unspeakable want of liberty!' — and reads to you as if he were lying outright; but generally is not, only exaggerating, tumbling upside down, to a furious degree; knocking against the labyrinth *he* sees not the least use for. Mirabeau's Gospel of Free-Trade, preached in 1788,[1] — a comparatively recent Performance, though now some seventy or eighty years the senior of an English (unconscious) Fac-simile, which we have all had the pleasure of knowing, — will fall to be noticed afterwards [not by this Editor, we hope!].

"Many of Friedrich's restrictive notions, — as that of watching with such anxiety that 'money' (gold or silver coin) be not carried out of the Country, — will be found mistakes, not in orthodox Dismal Science as now taught, but in the nature of things; and indeed the Dismal Science will generally excommunicate them in the lump, — too heedless that Fact has conspicuously vindicated the general sum-total of them, and declared it to be much truer than it seems to the Dismal Science. Dismal Science (if that were important to me) takes insufficient heed, and does not discriminate between times past and times present, times here and times there."

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[1] *Monarchie Prussienne* he calls it (*à Londres*, privately Paris, 1788), 8 vols. 8vo; which is a Dead-Sea of Statistics, compiled by industrious Major Mauvillon, with this fresh current of a "Gospel" shining through it, very fresh and brisk, of few yards breadth; — dedicated to Papa, the true *Protevangelist* of the thing.

Certain it is, King Friedrich's success in National Husbandry was very great. The details of the very many new Manufactures, new successful ever-spreading Enterprises, fostered into existence by Friedrich; his Canal-makings, Road-makings, Bog-drainings, Colonizings and unwearied endeavorings in that kind, will require a Technical Philosopher one day; and will well reward such study, and trouble of recording in a human manner; but must lie massed up in mere outline on the present occasion. Friedrich, as Land-Father, Shepherd of the People, was great on the Husbandry side also; and we are to conceive him as a man of excellent practical sense, doing unweariedly his best in that kind, all his life long. Alone among modern Kings; his late Father the one exception; and even his Father hardly surpassing him in that particular.

In regard to Embden and the Shipping interests, Ost-Friesland awakened very ardent speculations, which were a novelty in Prussian affairs; nothing of Foreign Trade, except into the limited Baltic, had been heard of there since the Great Elector's time. The Great Elector had ships, Forts on the Coast of Africa; and tried hard for Atlantic Trade, — out of this same Embden; where, being summoned to protect in the troubles, he had got some footing as Contingent Heir withal, and kept a "Prussian Battalion" a good while. And now, on much fairer terms, not less diligently turned to account, it is his Great-Grandson's turn. Friedrich's successes in this department, the rather as Embden and Ost-Friesland have in our time ceased to be Prussian, are not much worth speaking of; but they connect themselves with some points still slightly memorable to us. How, for example, his vigilances and endeavors on this score brought him into rubbings, not collisions, but jealousies and gratings, with the English and Dutch, the reader will see anon.

Law-reform is gloriously prosperous; Husbandry the like, and Shipping Interest itself as yet. But in the Third grand Head, that of realizing the Reinsberg Program, beautifying his Domesticities, and bringing his own Hearth and Household nearer the Ideal, Friedrich was nothing like so successful; in fact had no success at all. That flattering Reinsberg Program, it is singular how Friedrich cannot help trying it by every new chance, nor cast the notion out of him that there must be a kind of Muses'-Heaven realizable on Earth! That is the Biographic Phenomenon which has survived of those Years; and to that we will almost exclusively address ourselves, on behalf of ingenuous readers.

CHAPTER IX.

SECOND ACT OF THE VOLTAIRE VISIT.

Voltaire's Visit lasted, in all, about Thirty-two Months; and is divisible into Three Acts or Stages. The first we have seen: how it commenced in brightness as of the sun, and ended, by that Hirsch business, in whirlwinds of smoke and soot, —Voltaire retiring, on his passionate prayer, to that silent Country-house which he calls the Marquisat; there to lie in hospital, and wash himself a little, and let the skies wash themselves.

The Hirsch business having blown over, as all things do, Voltaire resumed his place among the Court-Planets, and did his revolutions; striving to forget that there ever was a Hirsch, or a soot-explosion of that nature. In words nobody reminded him of it, the King least of all: and by degrees matters were again tolerably glorious, and all might have gone well enough; though the primal perfect splendor, such fuliginous reminiscence being ineffaceable, never could be quite re-attained. The diamond Cross of Merit, the Chamberlain gold Key, hung bright upon the man; a man the admired of men. He had work to do: work of his own which he reckoned priceless (that immortal *Siècle de Louis Quatorze;* which he stood by, and honestly did, while here; the one fixed axis in those fooleries and whirlings of his);—

work for the King, "two hours, one hour, a day," which the King reckoned priceless in its sort. For Friedrich himself Voltaire has, with touches of real love coming out now and then, a very sincere admiration mixed with fear; and delights in shining to him, and being well with him, as the greatest pleasure now left in life. Besides the King, he had society enough, French in type, and brilliant enough: plenty of society; or, at his wish, what was still better, none at all. He was bedded, boarded, lodged, as if beneficent fairies had done it for him; and for all these things no price asked, you might say, but that he would not throw himself out of window! Had the man been wise — But he was not wise. He had, if no big gloomy devil in him among the bright angels that were there, a multitude of ravening tumultuary imps, or little devils very *ill-chained;* and was lodged, he and his restless little devils, in a skin far too thin for him and them! —

Reckoning up the matter, one cannot find that Voltaire ever could have been a blessing at Berlin, either for Friedrich or himself; and it is to be owned that Friedrich was not wise in so longing for him, or clasping him so frankly in his arms. As Friedrich, by this time, probably begins to discover; — though indeed to Friedrich the thing is of finite moment; by no means of infinite, as it was to Voltaire. "At worst, nothing but a little money thrown away!" thinks Friedrich: "Sure enough, this is a strange Trismegistus, this of mine: star fire-work shall we call him, or terrestrial smoke-and-soot work? But one can fence oneself against the blind vagaries of the man; and get a great deal of good by him, in the lucid intervals." To Voltaire himself the position is most agitating; but then its glories, were there nothing more! Besides he is always thinking to quit it shortly; which is a great sedative in troubles. What with intermittencies (safe hidings in one's *Marquisat,* or vacant interlunar cave), with alternations of offence and reconcilement; what with occasional actual flights to Paris (whitherward Voltaire is always busy to keep a postern open; and of which there is frequent talk, and almost continual thought, all along), flights to be called "visits," and privately intending to be final, but never proving so, — the

Voltaire-Friedrich relation, if left to itself, might perhaps long have staggered about, and not ended as it did.

But, alas, no relation can be left to itself in this world, — especially if you have a porous skin! There were other French here, as well as Voltaire, revolving in the Court-circle; and that, beyond all others, proved the fatal circumstance to him. "*Ne savez-vous pas,* Don't you know," said he to Chancellor Jarriges one day, "that when there are two Frenchmen in a Foreign Court or Country, one of them must die (*faut que l'un des deux périsse*)?"[1] Which shocked the mind of Jarriges; but had a kind of truth, too. Jew Hirsch, run into for low smuggling purposes, had been a Cape of Storms, difficult to weather; but the continual leeshore were those French, — with a heavy gale on, and one of the rashest pilots! He did strike the breakers there, at last; and it is well known, total shipwreck was the issue. Our Second Act, holding out dubiously, in continual perils, till Autumn, 1752, will have to pass then into a Third of darker complexion, and into a Catastrophe very dark indeed.

Catastrophe which, by farther ill accident, proved noisy in the extreme; producing world-wide shrieks from the one party, stone-silence from the other; which were answered by unlimited hooting, catcalling and haha-ing from all parts of the World-Theatre, upon both the shrieky and the silent party; catcalling not fallen quite dead to this day. To Friedrich the catcalling was not momentous (being used to such things); though to poor Voltaire it was unlimitedly so: — and to readers interested in this memorable Pair of Men, the rights and wrongs of the Affair ought to be rendered authentically conceivable, now at last. Were it humanly possible, — after so much catcalling at random! Smelfungus has a right to say, speaking of this matter: —

"Never was such a jumble of loud-roaring ignorances, delusions and confusions, as the current Records of it are. Editors, especially French Editors, treating of a Hyperborean, Cimmerian subject, like this, are easy-going creatures. And truly they have left it for us in a wonderful state. Dateless, much of it, by nature; and, by the lazy Editors, *mis*dated into very chaos; jumbling along there, in mad defiance of top and bottom; often the very Year given wrong: — full everywhere of lazy darkness, irradiated only by stupid rages, ill-directed mockeries: — and for issue, cheerfully malicious hootings from the general mob of mankind, with unbounded contempt of their betters; which is not pleasant to see. When mobs do get together, round any signal object; and editorial gentlemen, with talent for it, pour out from their respective barrel-heads, in a persuasive manner, instead of knowledge, ignorance set on fire, they are capable of carrying it far! — Will it be possible to pick out the small glimmerings of real light, from this mad dance of will-o'-wisps and fire-flies thrown into agitation?"

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[1] Seyfarth, ii. 191; &c. &c.

It will be very difficult, my friend; — why did not you yourself do it? Most true, "those actual Voltaire-Friedrich *Letters* of the time are a resource, and pretty much the sole one: Letters a good few, still extant; which all *had* their bit of meaning; and have it still, if well tortured till they give it out, or give some glimmer of it out:" — but you have not tortured them; you have left it to me, if I would! As I assuredly will not (never fear, reader!) — except in the thriftiest degree.

Detached Features (not fabulous) of Voltaire and his Berlin-Potsdam Environment in 1751–1752.

To the outside crowd of observers, and to himself in good moments, Voltaire represents his situation as the finest in the world: —

"Potsdam is Sparta and Athens joined in one; nothing but reviewing and poetry day by day. The Algarottis, the Maupertuises, are here; have each his work, serious for himself; then gay Supper with a King, who is a great man and the soul of good company." . . . Sparta and Athens, I tell you: "a Camp of Mars and the Garden of Epicurus; trumpets and violins, War and Philosophy. I have my time all to myself; am at Court and in freedom, — if I were not entirely free, neither an enormous Pension, nor a Gold Key tearing out one's pocket, nor a halter (*licou*), which they call *cordon* of an *Order*, nor even the Suppers with a Philosopher who has gained Five Battles, could yield me the least happiness."[1] Looked at by you, my outside friends, — ah, had I health and *you* here, what a situation!

But seen from within, it is far otherwise. Alongside of these warblings of a heart grateful to the first of Kings, there goes on a series of utterances to Niece Denis, remarkable for the misery driven into meanness, that can be read in them. Ill-health, discontent, vague terror, suspicion that dare not go to sleep; a strange vague terror, shapeless or taking all shapes: a body diseased and a mind diseased. Fear, quaking continually for nothing at all, is not to be borne in a handsome manner. And it passes, often enough (in these poor *Letters*), into transient malignity, into gusts of trembling hatred, with a tendency to relieve oneself by private scandal of the house we are in. Seldom was a miserabler wrong-side seen to a bit of royal tapestry. A man hunted by the little devils that dwell unchained within himself; like Pentheus by the Mænads, like Actæon by his own Dogs. Nay, without devils, with only those terrible bowels of mine, and scorbutic gums, it is bad enough: "Glorious promotions to me here," sneers he bitterly; "but one thing is indisputable, I have lost seven of my poor residue of teeth since I came!" In truth, we are in a sadly scorbutic state; and that, and the devils we lodge within ourselves, is the one real evil. Could not Suspicion — why cannot she! — take her natural rest; and all these terrors vanish? Oh, M. de Voltaire! — The practical purport, to Niece Denis, always is: Keep my retreat to Paris open; in the name of Heaven, no obstruction that way!

Miserable indeed; a man fatally unfit for his present element! But he has Two considerable Sedatives, all along; two, and no third visible to me. Sedative *First:* that, he can, at any time, quit this illustrious Tartarus-Elysium, the envy of mankind; — and indeed, practically, he is always as if on the slip; thinking to be off shortly, for a time, or in permanence; can be off at once, if things grow too bad. Sedative *Second* is far better: His own labor on *Louis Quatorze*, which is steadily going on, and must have been a potent quietus in those Court-whirlwinds inward and outward.

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[1] *Œuvres*, lxxiv. 325, 326, 333 (Letters, to D'Argental and others, "27th April-8th May, 1751").

From Berlin, already in Autumn, 1750, Voltaire writes to D'Argental: "I sha'n't go to Italy this Autumn [nor ever in my life], as I had projected. But I will come to see *you* in the course of November" (far from it, I got into *Steuer-Scheine* then!) — And again, after some weeks: "I have put off my journey to Italy for a year. Next Winter too, therefore, I shall see you," on the road thither. "To my Country, since you live in it, I will make frequent visits," very! "Italy and the King of Prussia are two old passions with me; but I cannot treat Frédéric-le-Grand as I can the Holy Father, with a mere look in passing."[1] Let this one, to which many might be added, serve as sample of Sedative First, or the power and intention to be off before long.

In regard to Sedative Second, again: . . . "The happiest circumstance is, 'I brought with me all my *Louis-Fourteenth* Papers and Excerpts. I get from Leipzig, if no nearer, whatever Books are needed;'" and labor faithfully at this immortal Production. Yes, day by day, to see growing, by the cunning of one's own right hand, such perennial Solomon's-Temple of a *Siècle de Louis Quatorze:* — which of your Kings, or truculent Tiglath-Pilesers, could do that? To poor me, even in the Potsdam tempests, it is possible: what ugliest day is not beautiful that sees a stone or two added there! — Daily Voltaire sees himself at work on his *Siècle*, on those fine terms; trowel in one hand, weapon of war in the other. And does actually accomplish it, in the course of this Year 1751, — with a great deal of punctuality and severe painstaking; which readers of our day, fallen careless of the subject, are little aware of, on Voltaire's behalf. Voltaire's reward was, that he did *not* go mad in that Berlin element, but had throughout a bower-anchor to ride by. "The King of France continues me as Gentleman of the Chamber, say you; but has taken away my Title of Historiographer? That latter, however, shall still be my function. 'My present independence has given weight to my verdicts on matters. Probably I never could have written this Book at Paris.' A consolation for one's exile, *mon enfant*."[1]

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[1] To D'Argental, "Berlin, 14th September, — Potsdam, 15th October, 1750" (*Œuvres*, lxxiv. 220, 237).

It is proper also to observe that, besides shining at the King's Suppers like no other, Voltaire applies himself honestly to do for his Majesty the small work required of him, — that of Verse-correcting now and then. Two Specimens exist; two Pieces criticised, *Ode aux Prussiens*, and *The Art of War:* portions of that Reprint now going on ("to the extent of Twelve Copies," — woe lies in one of them, most unexpected at this time!) "*au Donjon du Château;*" — under benefit of Voltaire's remarks. Which one reads curiously, not without some surprise.[2] Surprise, first at Voltaire's official fidelity; his frankness, rigorous strictness in this small duty: then at the kind of correcting, instructing and lessoning, that had been demanded of him by his Royal Pupil. Mere grammatical stylistic skin-deep work: nothing (or, at least, in these Specimens nothing) of attempt upon the interior structure, or the interior harmony even of utterance: solely the Parisian niceties, graces, laws of poetic language, the *fas* and the *nefas* in regard to all that: this is what his Majesty would fain be taught from the fountain-head; — one wonders his Majesty did not learn to spell, which might have been got from a lower source! — And all this Voltaire does teach with great strictness. For example, in the very first line, in the very first word, set before him: —

"*Prussiens, que la valeur conduisit à la gloire*," so Friedrich had written (*Ode aux Prussiens*, which is specimen First); and thus Voltaire criticises: "The Hero here makes his *Prussiens* of two syllables; and afterwards, in another strophe, he grants them three. A King is master of his favors. At the same time, one does require a little uniformity; and the *iens* are usually of two syllables, as *liens, Silésiens, Autrichiens;* excepting the monosyllables *bien, rien*" — Enough, enough! — A severe, punctual, painstaking Voltaire, sitting with the schoolmaster's bonnet on head; ferula visible, if not actually in hand. For which, as appears, his Majesty was very grateful to the Trismegistus of men.

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[1] To Niece Denis (*Œuvres*, lxxiv. 247, &c. &c.), "28th October, 1750," and subsequent dates.

[2] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. 276–303.

Voltaire's flatteries to Friedrich, in those scattered little Billets with their snatches of verse, are the prettiest in the world, — and approach very near to sincerity, though seldom quite attaining it. Something traceable of false, of suspicious, feline, nearly always, in those seductive warblings; which otherwise are the most melodious bits of idle ingenuity the human brain has ever spun from itself. For instance, this heading of a Note sent from one room to another, — perhaps with pieces of an *Ode aux Prussiens* accompanying: —

" *Vous qui daignez me départir*
Les fruits d'une Muse divine,
O roi! je ne puis consentir
Que, sans daigner m'en avertir,
Vous alliez prendre médecine.
Je suis votre malade-né,
Et sur la casse et le séné,
J'ai des notions non communes.
Nous sommes de même métier;
Faut-il de moi vous défier,
Et cacher vos bonnes fortunes?"

Was there ever such a turn given to taking physic! Still better is this other, the topic worse, — *hæmorrhoids* (a kind of annual or periodical affair with the Royal Patient, who used to feel improved after): —

. . . (Ten or twelve verses on another point; then suddenly —)

" *Que la veine hémorroïdale*
De votre personne royale
Cesse de troubler le repos!
Quand pourrai-je d'une style honnête
Dire: 'Le cul de mon héros
Va tout aussi bien que sa tête'?"[1]

A kittenish grace in these things, which is pleasant in so old a cat.

Smelfungus says: "He is a consummate Artist in Speech, our Voltaire: that, if you take the word *speech* in its widest sense, and consider the much that can be spoken, and the infinitely more that cannot and should not, is Voltaire's supreme excellency among his fellow-creatures; never rivalled (to my poor judgment) anywhere before or since, — nor worth rivalling, if we knew it well."

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[1] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 283, 267.

Another fine circumstance is, that Voltaire has frequent leave of absence; and in effect passes a great deal of his time altogether by himself, or in his own way otherwise. What with Friedrich's Review Journeys and Business Circuits, considerable separations do occur of themselves; and at any time, Voltaire has but to plead illness, which he often does, with ground and without, and get away for weeks, safe into the distance more or less remote. He is at the Marquisat (as we laboriously make out); at Berlin, in the empty Palace, perhaps in Lodgings of his own (though one would prefer the *gratis* method); nursing his maladies, which are many; writing his *Louis Quatorze;* "lonely altogether, your Majesty, and sad of humor," — yet giving his cosy little dinners, and running out, pretty often, if well invited, into the brilliancies and gayeties. No want of brilliant social life here, which can shine, more or less, and appreciate one's shining. The King's Supper-parties — Yes, and these, though the brightest, are not the only bright things in our Potsdam-Berlin world. Take with you, reader, one or two of the then and there Chief Figures; Voltaire's fellow-players; strutting and fretting their hour on that Stage of Life. They are mostly not quite strangers to you.

We know the sublime Perpetual President in his red wig, and sublime supremacy of Pure Science. A gloomy set figure; affecting the sententious, the emphatic and a composed impregnability, — like the Jove of Science. With immensities of gloomy vanity, not compressible at all times. Friedrich always strove to honor his Perpetual President, and duly adore the Pure Sciences in him; but inwardly could not quite manage it, though outwardly he failed in nothing. Impartial witnesses confess, the King had a great deal of trouble with his gloomings and him. "Who is this Voltaire?" gloomily thinks the Perpetual President to himself. "A fellow with a nimble tongue, that is all. Knows nothing whatever of Pure Sciences, except what fraction or tincture he has begged or stolen from myself. And here is the King of the world in raptures with him!"

Voltaire from of old had faithfully done his kowtows to this King of the Sciences; and, with a sort of terror, had suffered with incredible patience a great deal from him. But there comes an end to all things; Voltaire's patience not excepted. It lay in the fates that Maupertuis should steadily accumulate, day after day, and now more than ever heretofore, upon the sensitive Voltaire. Till, as will be seen, the sensitive Voltaire could endure it no longer; but had to explode upon this big Bully (accident lending a spark); to go off like a Vesuvius of crackers, fire-serpents and sky-rockets; envelop the red wig, and much else, in delirious conflagration; — and produce the catastrophe of this Berlin Drama.

D'Argens, poor dissolute creature, is the best of the French lot. He has married, after so many temporary marriages with Actresses, one Actress in permanence, Mamsell Cochois, a patient kind being; and settled now, at Potsdam here, into perfectly composed household life. Really loves Friedrich, they say; the only Frenchman of them that does. Has abundance of light sputtery wit, and Provençal fire and ingenuity; no ill-nature against any man. Never injures anybody, nor lies at all about anything. A great friend of fine weather; regrets, of his inheritances in Provence, chiefly one item, and this not overmuch, — the bright southern sun. Sits shivering in winter-time, wrapping himself in more and more flannel, two dressing-gowns, two nightcaps: — loyal to this King, in good times and in evil.

Was the King's friend for thirty years; helped several meritorious people to his Majesty's notice; and never did any man a mischief in that quarter. An erect, guileless figure; very tall; with vivid countenance, chaotically vivid mind: full of bright sallies, irregular ingenuities; had a hot temper too, which did not often run away with him, but sometimes did. He thrice made a visit to Provence, — in fact ran away from the King, feeling bantered and roasted to a merciless degree, — but thrice came back. "At the end of the first stage, he had always privately forgiven the King, and determined that the pretended visit should really be a visit only." "Reads the King's Letters," which are many to him, "always bareheaded, in spite of the draughts!"[1]

Algarotti is too prudent, politely egoistic and self-contained, to take the trouble of hurting anybody, or get himself into trouble for love or hatred. He fell into disfavor not long after that unsuccessful little mission in the first Silesian War, of which the reader has lost remembrance. Good for nothing in diplomacy, thought Friedrich, but agreeable as company. "Company in tents, in the seat of War, has its unpleasantness," thought Algarotti; — and began very privately sounding the waters at Dresden for an eligible situation; so that there has ensued a quarrel since; then humble apologies followed by profound silence, — till now there is reconcilement. It is admitted Friedrich had some real love for Algarotti; Algarotti, as we gather, none at all for him; but only for his greatness. They parted again (February, 1753) without quarrel, but for the last time;[2] — and I confess to a relief on the occasion.

Friedrich, readers know by this time, had a great appetite for conversation: he talked well, listened well; one of his chief enjoyments was, to give and receive from his fellow-creatures in that way. I hope, and indeed have evidence, that he required good sense as the staple; but in the form, he allowed great latitude. He by no means affected solemnity, rather the reverse; goes much upon the bantering vein; far too much, according to the complaining parties. Took pleasure (cruel mortal!) in stirring up his company by the whip, and even by the whip applied to *raws;* for we find he had "established," like the Dublin Hackney-Coachman, "raws for himself;" and habitually plied his implement there, when desirous to get into the gallop. In an inhuman manner, said the suffering Cattle; who used to rebel against it, and go off in the sulks from time to time. It is certain he could, especially in his younger years, put up with a great deal of zanyism, ingenious foolery and rough tumbling, if it had any basis to tumble on; though with years he became more saturnine.

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[1] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 11-75, &c. &c.

[2] Algarotti-Correspondence (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 86).

By far his chief Artist in this kind, indeed properly the only one, was La Mettrie, whom we once saw transiently as Army-Surgeon at Fontenoy: he is now out of all that (flung out, with the dogs at his heels); has been safe in Berlin for three years past. Friedrich not only tolerates the poor madcap, but takes some pleasure in him: madcap we say, though poor La Mettrie had remarkable gifts, exuberant laughter one of them, and was far from intending to be mad. Not Zanyism, but Wisdom of the highest nature, was what he drove at, — unluckily, with open mouth, and mind all in tumult. La Mettrie had left the Army, soon after that busy Fontenoy evening: Chivalrous Grammont, his patron and protector, who had saved him from many scrapes, lay shot on the field. La Mettrie, rushing on with mouth open and mind in tumult, had, from of old, been continually getting into scrapes. Unorthodox to a degree; the Sorbonne greedy for him long since; such his audacities in print, his heavy hits, boisterous, quizzical, logical. And now he had set to attacking the Medical Faculty, to quizzing Medicine in his wild way; Doctor Astruc, Doctor This and That, of the first celebrity, taking it very ill. So that La Mettrie had to demit; to get out of France rather in a hurry, lest worse befell.

He had studied at Leyden, under Boerhaave. He had in fact considerable medical and other talent, had he not been so tumultuous and open-mouthed. He fled to Leyden; and shot forth, in safety there, his fiery darts upon Sorbonne and Faculty, at his own discretion, — which was always a *minimum* quantity: — he had, before long, made Leyden also too hot for him. His Books gained a kind of celebrity in the world; awoke laughter and attention, among the adventurous of readers; astonishment at the blazing madcap (a *bon diable*, too, as one could see); and are still known to Catalogue-makers, — though, with one exception, *L'Homme Machine*, not otherwise, nor read at all. *L'Homme Machine* (Man a Machine) is the exceptional Book; smallest of Duodecimos to have so much wildfire in it. This *Man a Machine*, though tumultuous La

Mettrie meant nothing but open-mouthed Wisdom by it, gave scandal in abundance; so that even the Leyden Magistrates were scandalized; and had to burn the afflicting little Duodecimo by the common hangman, and order La Mettrie to disappear instantly from their City.

Which he had to do, — towards King Friedrich, usual refuge of the persecuted; seldom inexorable, where there was worth, even under bad forms, recognizable; and not a friend to burning poor men or their books, if it could be helped. La Mettrie got some post, like D'Arget's, or still more nominal; "readership;" some small pension to live upon; and shelter to shoot forth his wildfire, when he could hold it no longer: fire, not of a malignant incendiary kind, but pleasantly lambent, though maddish, as Friedrich perceived. Thus had La Mettrie found a Goshen; — and stood in considerable favor, at Court and in Berlin Society in the years now current. According to Nicolai, Friedrich never esteemed La Mettrie, which is easy to believe, but found him a jester and ingenious madcap, out of whom a great deal of merriment could be had, over wine or the like. To judge by Nicolai's authentic specimen, their Colloquies ran sometimes pretty deep into the cynical, under showers of wildfire playing about; and the high-jinks must have been highish.[1] When there had been enough of this, Friedrich would lend his La Mettrie to the French Excellency, Milord Tyrconnel, to oblige his Excellency, and get La Mettrie out of the way for a while. Milord is at Berlin; a Jacobite Irishman, of blusterous Irish qualities, though with plenty of sagacity and rough sense; likes La Mettrie; and is not much a favorite with Friedrich.

Tyrconnel had said, at first, — when Rothenburg, privately from Friedrich, came to consult him, "What are, in practical form, those 'assistances from the Most Christian Majesty,' should we *make* Alliance with him, as your Excellency proposes, and chance to be attacked?" — "*Morbleu*, assistance enough [enumerating several]: *mais morbleu, si vous nous trompez, vous serez écrasés* (if you deceive us, you will be squelched)!"[2] "He had been chosen for his rough tongue," says Valori; our French Court being piqued at Friedrich and his sarcasms. Tyrconnel gives splendid dinners: Voltaire often of them; does not love Potsdam, nor is loved by it. Nay, I sometimes think a certain *Demon Newswriter* (of whom by and by), but do not know, may be some hungry Attaché of Tyrconnel's. Hungry Attaché, shut out from the divine Suppers and upper planetary movements, and reduced to look on them from his cold hutch, in a dog-like angry and hungry manner? His flying allusions to Voltaire, "*son* (Friedrich's) *squelette d'Apollon*, skeleton of an Apollo," and the like, are barkings almost rabid.

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[1] *Anekdoten*, vi. 197-227.

[2] Valori, ii. 130, &c.

Of the military sort, about this time, Keith and Rothenburg appear most frequently as guests or companions. Rothenburg had a great deal of Friedrich's regard: Winterfeld is more a practical Counseller, and does not shine in learned circles, as Rothenburg may. A fiery soldier too, this Rothenburg, withal; — a man probably of many talents and qualities, though of distinctly decipherable there is next to no record of him or them. He had a Parisian Wife; who is sometimes on the point of coming with Niece Denis to Berlin, and of setting up their two French households there; but never did it, either of them, to make an Uncle or a Husband happy. Rothenburg was bred a Catholic: "he headed the subscription for the famous '*Katholische Kirche*,'" so delightful to the Pope and liberal Christians in those years; "but never gave a sixpence of money," says Voltaire once: Catholic *Kirk* was got completed with difficulty; stands there yet, like a large washbowl set, bottom uppermost, on the top of a narrowish tub; but none of Rothenburg's money is in it. In Voltaire's Correspondence there is frequent mention of him; not with any love, but with a certain secret respect, rather inclined to be disrespectful, if it durst or could: the eloquent vocal individual not quite at ease beside the more silent thinking and acting one. What we know is, Friedrich greatly loved the man. There is some straggle of *Correspondence* between Friedrich and him left; but it is worth nothing; gives no testimony of that, or of anything else noticeable: — and that is the one fact now almost alone significant of Rothenburg. Much loved and esteemed by the King; employed diplomatically, now and then; perhaps talked with on such subjects, which was the highest distinction. Poor man, he is in very bad health in these months; has never rightly recovered of his wounds; and dies in the last days of 1751,—to the bitter sorrow of the King, as is still on record. A highly respectable dim figure, far more important in Friedrich's History than he looks. As King's guest, he can in these months play no part.

Highly respectable too, and well worth talking to, though left very dim to us in the Books, is Marshal Keith; who has been growing gradually with the King, and with everybody, ever since he came to these parts in 1747. A man of Scotch type; the broad accent, with its sagacities, veracities, with its steadfastly fixed moderation, and its sly twinkles of defensive humor, is still audible to us through the foreign wrappages. Not given to talk, unless there is something to be said; but well capable of it then. Friedrich, the more he knows him, likes him the better. On all manner of subjects he can talk knowingly, and with insight of his own. On Russian matters Friedrich likes especially to hear him,—though they differ in regard to the worth of Russian troops. "Very considerable military qualities in those Russians," thinks Keith: "imperturbably obedient, patient; of a tough fibre, and are beautifully strict to your order, on the parade-ground or off." "Pooh, mere rubbish, *mon cher*," thinks Friedrich always. To which Keith, unwilling to argue too long, will answer: "Well, it is possible enough your Majesty may try them, some day; if I am wrong, it will be all the better for us!" Which Friedrich had occasion to remember by and by. Friedrich greatly respects this sagacious gentleman with the broad accent: his Brother, the Lord Marischal, is now in France: Ambassador at Paris, since September, 1751:[1] "Lord Marischal, a Jacobite, for Prussian Ambassador in Paris; Tyrconnel, a Jacobite, for French Ambassador in Berlin!" grumble the English.

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[1] "Left Potsdam 28th August" (Rödenbeck, i. 220).

Fractions of Events and Indications, from Voltaire himself, in this Time; more or less illuminative when reduced to Order.

Here, selected from more, are a few "fire-flies," — not dancing or distracted, but authentic all, and stuck each on its spit; shedding a feeble glimmer over the physiognomy of those Fifteen caliginous Months, to an imagination that is diligent. Fractional utterances of Voltaire to Friedrich and others (in abridged form, abridgment indicated): the exact dates are oftenest irretrievably gone; but the glimmer of light is indisputable, all the more as, on Voltaire's part, it is mostly involuntary. Grouping and sequence must be other than that of Time.

Potsdam, 5th June, 1751. — King is off on that Ost-Friesland jaunt; Voltaire at Potsdam, "at what they call the Marquisat," in complete solitude, — preparing to die before long, — sends his Majesty some poor trifles of Scribbling, proofs of my love, Sire: "since I live solitary, when you are not at Potsdam, it would seem I came for you only" (note that, your Majesty)! . . . "But in return for the rags here sent, I expect the Sixth Canto of your *Art* [*Art de la Guerre,* one of the Two pupil-and-schoolmaster "Specimens" mentioned above]; I expect the *Roof* to the Temple of Mars. It is for you, alone of men, to build that Temple; as it was for Ovid to sing of Love, and for Horace to give an *Art of Poetry.*" (Laying it on pretty thick!) . . .

Then again, later (after severe study, ferula in hand): "Sire, I return your Majesty your Six Cantos; I surrender at discretion (*lui laisse carte-blanche*) on that question of '*victoire.*' The whole Poem is worthy of you: if I had made this Journey only to see a thing so unique, I ought not to regret my Country." . . . And again (still no date): "*Grand Dieu!* is not all that [*History of the Great Elector,* by your Majesty, which I am devouring with such appetite] neat, elegant, precise, and, above all, philosophical!" — "Sire, you are adorable; I will pass my days at your feet. Oh, never make game of me (*des niches*)!" Has he been at that, say you! "If the Kings of Denmark, Portugal, Spain, &c. did it, I should not care a pin; they are only Kings. But you are the greatest man that perhaps ever reigned."[1]

Is on leave of absence, near by; wishes to be called again (No date). — "Sire, if you like free criticism, if you tolerate sincere praises, if you wish to perfect a Work [*Art de la Guerre*, or some other as sublime], which you alone in Europe are capable of doing, you have only to bid a Hermit come upstairs. At your orders for all his life."[2]

In Berlin Palace: please don't turn me out! (No date) —. . . "Next to you, I love work and retirement. Nobody whatever complains of me. I ask of your Majesty, in order to keep unaltered the happiness I owe to you, this favor, Not to turn me out of the Apartment you deigned to give me at Berlin, till I go for Paris [always talking of that]. If I were to leave it, they would put in the Gazettes that I" — Oh, what would n't they put in, of one that, belonging to King Friedrich, lives as it were in the Disc of the Sun, conspicuous to everybody! — "I will go out [of the Apartment] when some Prince, with a Suite needing it to lodge in, comes; and then the thing will be honorable. Chasot [gone to Paris] has been talking" — unguarded things of me! "I have not uttered the least complaint of Chasot: I never will of Chasot, nor of those who have set him on [Maupertuis belike]: I forgive everything, I!"[3]

Rothenburg is ill; Voltaire has been to see him ("Berlin, 14th," no month; year, too surely, 1751, as we shall find! Letter is *in Verse*). — "Lieberkühn was going to kill poor Rothenburg; to send him off to Pluto, — for liking his dish a little; — monster Lieberkühn! But Doctor Joyous," your reader, La Mettrie, — led by, need I say whom? — "has brought him back to us: — think of Lieberkühn's solemn stare! Pretty contrasts, those, of sublime Quacksalverism, with Sense under the mask of Folly. May the hæmorrhoidal vein" — follows *here*, note it, exquisite reader, that of "*cul de mon héros*," cited above!) — . . .

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[1] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 271, 273.
[2] Ib. 281.
[3] Ib. 270.

And then (a day or two after; King too hæmorrhoidal to come twenty miles, but anxious to know): "Sire, no doubt Doctor Joyous (*le médecin joyeux*) has informed your Majesty that when we arrived, the Patient was sleeping tranquil; and Cothenius assured us, in Latin, that there was no danger. I know not what has passed since, but I am persuaded your Majesty approves my journey" (of a street or two), — *must* you speak of it, then!

Goes to an Evening-Party now and then (To Niece Denis). — . . . "Madame Tyrconnel [French Excellency's Wife] has plenty of fine people at her house on an evening; perhaps too many" (one of the first houses in Berlin, this of my Lord Tyrconnel's, which we frequent a good deal). . . . "Madame got very well through her part of *Andromaque* [in those old play-acting times of ours]: never saw actresses with finer eyes," — how should you!

"As to Milord Tyrconnel, he is an Anglais of dignity," — Irish in reality, and a thought blusterous. "He has a condensed (*serré*) caustic way of talk; and I know not what of frank which one finds in the English, and does not usually find in persons of his trade. French Tragedies played at Berlin, I myself taking part; an Englishman Envoy of France there: strange circumstances these, are n't they?"[1] Yes, that latter especially; and Milord Marischal our Prussian Envoy with you! Which the English note, sulkily, as a weather-symptom.

At Potsdam, Big Devils of Grenadiers (No date). — . . . "But, Sire, one is n't always perched on the summit of Parnassus; one is a man. There are sicknesses about; I did not bring an athlete's health to these parts; and the scorbutic humor which is eating my life renders me truly, of all that are sick, the sickest. I am absolutely alone from morning till night. My one solace is the necessary pleasure of taking the air. I bethink me of walking, and clearing my head a little, in your Gardens at Potsdam. I fancy it is a permitted thing; I present myself, musing; — I find huge devils of Grenadiers, who clap bayonets in my belly, who cry *Furt, Sacrament,* and *Der König* [*Off, Sackerment, The King,* quite tolerably spelt]! And I take to my heels, as Austrians and Saxons would do before them. Have you ever read, that in Titus's or Marcus-Aurelius's Gardens, a poor devil of a Gaulish Poet" — In short, it shall be mended.[1]

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[1] To D'Argental this (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 289).

Have been laying it on too thick (No date; *in Verse*). — "Marcus Aurelius was wont to" — (Well, we know who that is: What of Marcus, then?) — "A certain lover of his glory [*still in verse*] spoke once, at Supper, of a magnanimity of Marcus's; — at which Marcus [flattery too thick] rather gloomed, and sat quite silent, — which was another fine saying of his [*ends verse, starts prose*]: —

"Pardon, Sire, some hearts that are full of you! To justify myself, I dare supplicate your Majesty to give one glance at this Letter (lines pencil-marked), which has just come from M. de Chauvelin, Nephew of the famous *Garde-des-Sceaux.* Your Majesty cannot gloom at him, writing these from the fulness of his heart; nor at me, who" — Pooh; no, then! Perhaps do you a *niche* again, — poor restless fellow![2]

Potsdam Palace (No date): *Sire, may I change my room?* . . . "I ascend to your antechambers, to find some one by whom I may ask permission to speak with you. I find nobody: I have to return:" and what I wanted was this, "your protection for my *Siècle de Louis Quatorze,* which I am about to print in Berlin." Surely, — but also this: —

"I am unwell, I am a sick man born. And withal I am obliged to work, almost as much as your Majesty. I pass the whole day alone. If you would permit that I might shift to the Apartment next the one I have, — to that where

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xxii. 273.

[2] Ib. 280.

General Bredow slept last winter, — I should work more commodiously. My Secretary (Collini) and I could work together there. I should have a little more sun, which is a great point for me. — Only the whim of a sick man, perhaps! Well, even so, your Majesty will have pity on it. You promised to make me happy."[1]

I suspect that I am suspected (No date). — "Sire, if I am not brief, forgive me. Yesterday the faithful D'Arget told me with sorrow that in Paris people were talking of your Poem." Horrible; but, O Sire, — me? — "I showed him the eighteen Letters that I received yesterday. They are from Cadiz," all about Finance, no blabbing there! "Permit me to send you now the last six from my Niece, numbered by her own hand [no forgery, no suppression]; deign to cast your eyes on the places I have underlined, where she speaks of your Majesty, of D'Argens, of Potsdam, of D'Ammon" (to whom she can't be Phyllis, innocent being)! — *Mon cher Voltaire*, must I again do some *niche* upon you, then? Tie some tin-canister to your too-sensitive tail? What an element you inhabit within that poor skin of yours![2]

Majesty invites us to a Literary Christening, Potsdam (No date. These "Six Twins" are the "*Art de la Guerre*," in Six Chants; part of that revised Edition which is getting printed "*Au Donjon du Château;*" time must be, well on in 1751). Friedrich writes to Voltaire: —

"I have just been brought to bed of Six Twins; which require to be baptized, in the name of Apollo, in the waters of Hippocrene. *La Henriade* is requested to become godmother: you will have the goodness to bring her, this evening at five, to the Father's Apartment. D'Arget *Lucina* will be there; and the Imagination of *Man-a-Machine* will hold the poor infants over the Font."[3]

Deign to say if I have offended. — . . . "As they write to me from Paris that I am in disgrace with you, I dare to beg very earnestly that you will deign to say if I have displeased in anything! May go wrong by ignorance or from over-zeal; but with my heart never! I live in the profoundest retreat; giving to study my whole" — "Your assurances once vouchsafed [famous Document of August 23d]. I write only to my Niece. I" (a page more of this) — have my sorrows and merits, and absolutely no silence at all![1] "In the gift of Speech he is the most brilliant of mankind," said Smelfungus; but in the gift of Silence what a deficiency! Friedrich will have to do that for Two, it would seem.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 277. [2] Ib. 269. [3] Ib. 266.

Berlin, 28*th December*, 1751: *Louis Quatorze; and Death of Rothenburg.* — "Our *Louis Quatorze* is out. But, Heavens, see, your Majesty: a Pirate Printer, at Frankfurt-on-Oder, has been going on parallel with us, all the while; and here is his foul blotch of an Edition on sale, too! Bielfeld," fantastic fellow, "had proof-sheets; Bielfeld sent them to a Professor there, though I don't blame Bielfeld: result too evident. Protect me, your Majesty; Order all wagons, especially wagons for Leipzig, to be stopped, to be searched, and the Books thrown out, — it costs you but a word!"

Quite a simple thing: "All Prussia to the rescue!" thinks an ardent Proprietor of these Proof-sheets. But then, next day, hears that Rothenburg is dead. That the silent Rothenburg lay dying, while the vocal Voltaire was writing these fooleries, to a King sunk in grief. "Repent, be sorry, be ashamed!" he says to himself; and does instantly try; — but with little success; Frankfurt-on-Oder, with its Bielfeld proof-sheets, still jangling along, contemptibly audible, for some time.[2] And afterwards, from Frankfurt-on-Mayn new sorrow rises on *Louis Quatorze*, as will be seen. — Friedrich's grief for Rothenburg was deep and severe; "he had visited him that last night," say the Books; "and quitted his bedside, silent, and all in tears." It is mainly what of Biography the silent Rothenburg now has.

From the current Narratives, as they are called, readers will recollect, out of this Voltaire Period, two small particles of Event amid such an ocean of noisy froth, — two and hardly more: that of the "Orange-Skin," and that of the "Dirty Linen." Let us put these two on their basis; and pass on: —

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 289.

[2] Ib. 285-287.

The Orange-Skin (Potsdam, 2d September, 1751, to Niece Denis) — Good Heavens, *mon enfant,* what is this I hear (through the great Dionysius'-Ear I maintain, at such expense to myself)! . . . "La Mettrie, a man of no consequence, who talks familiarly with the King after their reading; and with me too, now and then: La Mettrie swore to me, that, speaking to the King, one of those days, of my supposed favor, and the bit of jealousy it excites, the King answered him: 'I shall want him still about a year: — you squeeze the orange, you throw away the skin (*on en jette lécorce*)!'" Here is a pretty bit of babble (lie, most likely, and bit of mischievous fun) from Dr. Joyous. "It cannot be true, No! And yet — and yet — ?" Words cannot express the agonizing doubts, the questionings, occasionally the horror of Voltaire: poor sick soul, keeping a Dionysius'-Ear to boot! This blurt of La Mettrie's goes through him like a shot of electricity through an elderly sick Household-Cat; and he speaks of it again and ever again, — though we will not farther.

Dirty Linen (Potsdam, 24th July, 1752, To Niece Denis). — . . . "Maupertuis has discreetly set the rumor going, that I found the King's Works very bad; that I said to some one, on Verses from the King coming in, 'Will he never tire, then, of sending me his dirty linen to wash?' You obliging Maupertuis!"

Rumor says, it was General Mannstein, once Aide-de-Camp in Russia, who had come to have his *Work on Russia* revised (excellent Work, often quoted by us[1]), when the unfortunate Royal Verses came. Perhaps M. de Voltaire did say it: — why not, had it only been prudent? He really likes those Verses much more than I; but knows well enough, *sub rosâ,* what kind of Verses they are. This also is a horrible suspicion; that the King should hear of this, — as doubtless the King did, though without going delirious upon it at all.[1] Thank *you*, my Perpetual President, not the less! —

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[1] Did get out at last, — in England, through Lord Marischal and David Hume: see *Preface* to it (London, 1760).

Of Maupertuis, in successive Phases. — . . . "Maupertuis is not of very engaging ways; he takes my dimensions harshly with his quadrant: it is said there enters something of envy into his *data*. . . . A somewhat surly gentleman; not too sociable; and, truth to say, considerably sunk here [*assez baissé*, my D'Argental].

. . . "I endure Maupertuis, not having been able to soften him. In all countries there are insociable fellows, with whom you are obliged to live, though it is difficult. He has never forgiven me for" — omitting to cite him, &c. — At Paris he had got the Academy of Sciences into trouble, and himself into general dislike (*détester*); then came this Berlin offer. "Old Fleuri, when Maupertuis called to take leave, repeated that verse of Virgil, *Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dira cupido.* Fleuri might have whispered as much to himself: but he was a mild sovereign lord, and reigned in a gentle polite manner. I swear to you, Maupertuis does not, in his shop [the Academy here] — where, God be thanked, I never go.

"He has printed a little Pamphlet on Happiness (*Sur le Bonheur*); it is very dry and miserable. Reminds you of Advertisements for things lost, — so poor a chance of finding them again. Happiness is not what he gives to those who read him, to those who live with him; he is not himself happy, and would be sorry that others were [to Niece Denis this].

. . . "A very sweet life here, Madame [Madame d'Argental, an outside party]: it would have been more so, if Maupertuis had liked. The wish to please, is no part of his geometrical studies; the problem of being agreeable to live with, is not one he has solved."[2] — Add this Anecdote, which is probably D'Arget's, and worth credit: —

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[1] "To Niece Denis," dates as above (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 408, lxxv. 17).

[2] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 330, 504 (4th May, 1751, and 14th March, 1752), to the D'Argentals; to Niece Denis (6th November, 1750, and 24th August, 1751), lxxiv. 250, 385.

"Voltaire had dinner-party, Maupertuis one of them; party still in the drawing-room, dinner just coming up. 'President, your Book, *Sur le Bonheur*, has given me pleasure,' said Voltaire, politely [very politely, considering what we have just read]; given me pleasure, — a few obscurities excepted, of which we will talk together some evening.' 'Obscurities?' said Maupertuis, in a gloomy arbitrary tone: 'There may be such for you, Monsieur!' Voltaire laid his hand on the President's shoulder [yellow wig near by], looked at him in silence, with many-twinkling glance, gayety the topmost expression, but by no means the sole one: 'President, I esteem you, *Je vous estime, mon Président:* you are brave; you want war: we will have it. But, in the mean while, let us eat the King's roast meat.'"[1]

Friedrich's Answers to these Voltaire Letters, if he wrote any, are all gone. Probably he answered almost nothing; what we have of his relates always to specific business, receipt of *Louis Quatorze*, and the like; and is always in friendly tone. Handsomely keeping Silence for Two! Here is a snatch from him, on neutral figures and movements of the time: —

Friedrich to Wilhelmina (November 17th, 1751). — "I think the Margraf of Anspach will not have stayed long with you. He is not made to taste the sweets of society: his passion for hunting, and the tippling life he leads this long time, throw him out when he comes among reasonable persons.

. . . "I expect my Sister of Brunswick, with the Duke and their eldest Girl, the 4th of next month," — to Carnival here. "It is seven years since the Queen (our Mamma) has seen her. She holds a small Board of Wit at Brunswick; of which your Doctor [Doctor Superville, Dutch-French, whose perennial merit now is, That he did not burn Wilhelmina's *Memoirs*, but left them safe to posterity, for long centuries], — of which your Doctor is the director and oracle. You would burst outright into laughing when she speaks of those matters. Her natural vivacity and haste has not left her time to get to the bottom of anything; she skips continually from one subject to the other, and gives twenty decisions in a minute."[1]

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[1] Duvernet (*2d form* of him, always), p. 176.

About a month before Rothenburg's death, which was so tragical to Friedrich, there had fallen out, with a hideous dash of farce in it, the death of La Mettrie. Here are Two Accounts, by different hands, — which represent to us an immensity of babble in the then Voltaire circle.

La Mettrie dies. — Two Accounts: 1°. King Friedrich's: to Wilhelmina. "21st November, 1751. . . . We have lost poor La Mettrie. He died for a piece of fun: ate, out of banter, a whole pheasant-pie; had a horrible indigestion; took it into his head to have blood let, and convince the German Doctors that bleeding was good in indigestion. But it succeeded ill with him: he took a violent fever, which passed into putrid; and carried him off. He is regretted by all that knew him. He was gay; *bon diable*, good Doctor, and very bad Author: by avoiding to read his Books, one could manage to be well content with himself."[2]

2°. Voltaire's: to Niece Denis (*not* his first to her): Potsdam, 24th December, 1751. . . . "No end to my astonishment. Milord Tyrconnel," always ailing (died here himself), "sends to ask La Mettrie to come and see him, to cure him or amuse him. The King grudges to part with his Reader, who makes him laugh. La Mettrie sets out; arrives at his Patient's just when Madame Tyrconnel is sitting down to table: he eats and drinks, talks and laughs more than all the guests; when he has got crammed (*en a jusqu'au menton*), they bring him a pie, of eagle disguised as pheasant, which had arrived from the North, plenty of bad lard, pork-hash and ginger in it; my gentleman eats the whole pie, and dies next day at Lord Tyrconnel's, assisted by two Doctors," Cothenius and Lieberkühn, "whom he used to mock at. . . . How I should have liked to ask him, at the article of death, about that Orange-skin!"[3]

Add this trait too, from authentic Nicolai, to complete the matter: "An Irish Priest, Father Macmahon, Tyrconnel's Chaplain [more power to him], wanted to convert La Mettrie: he pushed into the sick-room; — encouraged by some who wished to make La Mettrie contemptible to Friedrich [the charitable souls]. La Mettrie would have nothing to do with this Priest and his talk; who, however, still sat and waited. La Mettrie, in a twinge of agony, cried out, '*Jésus Marie!*' '*Ah, vous voilà enfin retourné à ces noms consolateurs!*' exclaimed the Irishman. To which La Mettrie answered (in polite language, to the effect), 'Bother you!' and expired a few minutes after."[1]

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 202: — On Superville, see Preuss's Note, ib. 56.

[2] Ib. xxvii. i. 203.

[3] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxiv. 439, 450.

Enough of this poor madcap. Friedrich's *Eloge* of him, read to the Academy some time after, it was generally thought (and with great justice), might as well have been spared. The Piece has nothing noisy, nothing untrue; but what has it of importance? And surely the subject was questionable, or more. La Mettrie might have done without Eulogy from a King of men.

. . . "He had been used to put himself at once on the most familiar footing with the King [says Thiébault, *un*believable]. Entered the King's apartment as he would that of a friend; plunged down whenever he liked, which was often, and lay upon the sofas; if it was warm, took off his stock, unbuttoned his waistcoat, flung his periwig on the floor;"[2] — highly probable, thinks stupid Thiébault!

"The truth is," says Nicolai, "the King put no real value on La Mettrie. He considered him as a merry-andrew fellow, who might amuse you, when half seas-over (*entre deux vins*). De la Mettrie showed himself unworthy of any favor he had. Not only did he babble, and repeat about Town what he heard at the King's table; but he told everything in a false way, and with malicious twists and additions. This he especially did at Lord Tyrconnel, the then French Ambassador's table, where at last he died."[3] But could not take the *Orange-skin* along with him; alas, no! —

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[1] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 20 n.

[2] Thiébault, v. 405 (calls him "*La Métherie;*" knows, as usual, nothing).

[3] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, i. 20.

On the whole, be not too severe on poor Voltaire! He is very fidgety, noisy; something of a pickthank, of a wheedler; but, above all, he is scorbutic, dyspeptic; hag-ridden, as soul seldom was; and (in his oblique way) *appeals* to Friedrich and us, — not in vain. And, in short, we perceive, after the First Act of the Piece, beginning in preternatural radiances, ending in whirlwinds of flaming soot, he has been getting on with his Second Act better than could be expected. Gyrating again among the bright planets, circum-jovial moons, in the Court Firmament; is again in favor, and might — Alas, he had his *fellow*-moons, his Maupertuis above all! Incurable that Maupertuis misery; gets worse and worse, steadily from the first day. No smallest entity that intervenes, not even a wandering La Beaumelle with his Book of *Pensées*, but is capable of worsening it. Take this of Smelfungus; this Pair of Cabinet Sketches, — "hasty outlines; extant chiefly," he declares, "by Voltaire's blame:" —

La Beaumelle. — "Voltaire has a fatal talent of getting into quarrels with insignificant accidental people; and instead of silently, with cautious finger, disengaging any bramble that catches to him, and thankfully passing on, attacks it indignantly with potent steel implements, wood-axes, war-axes; brandishing and hewing; — till he has stirred up a whole wilderness of bramble-bush, and is himself bramble-chips all over. M. Angliviel de la Beaumelle, for example, was nothing but a bramble: some conceited Licentiate of Theology, who, finding the Presbytery of Geneva too narrow a field, had gone to Copenhagen, as Professor of Rhetoric or some such thing; and, finding that field also too narrow, and not to be widened by attempts at Literature, *Mes Pensées* and the like, in such barbarous Country, — had now [end of 1751] come to Berlin; and has Presentation copies of *Mes Pensées, ou le Qu'en dira-t-on,* flying right and left, in hopes of doing better there. Of these *Pensées* (Thoughts so called) I will give but one specimen" (another, that of "King Friedrich a common man," being carefully suppressed in the Berlin Copies, of La Beaumelle's distributing): —

"There have been greater Poets than Voltaire; there was never any so well recompensed: and why? Because Taste (*goût*, inclination) sets no limits to its recompenses. The King of Prussia overloads men of talent with his benefits for precisely the reasons which induce a little German Prince to overload with benefits a buffoon or a dwarf."[1] Could there be a phenomenon more indisputably of bramble nature?

"He had no success at Berlin, in spite of his merits; could not come near the King at all; but assiduously frequented Maupertuis, the flower of human thinkers in that era, — who was very humane to him in consequence. 'How is it, O flower of human thinkers, that I cannot get on with his Majesty, or make the least way?' '*Hélas, Monsieur,* you have enemies!' answered he of the red wig; and told La Beaumelle (hear it, ye Heavens), That M. de Voltaire had called his Majesty's attention to the *Pensée* given above, one evening at Supper Royal; 'heard it myself, Monsieur — husht!' Upon which —

"'Upon which, see, paltry La Beaumelle has become my enemy for life!' shrieks Voltaire many times afterwards: 'And it was false, I declare to Heaven, and again declare; it was not I, it was D'Argens quizzing me about it, that called his Majesty's attention to that *Pensée* of Blockhead La Beaumelle, — you treacherous Perpetual President, stirring up enemies against me, and betraying secrets of the King's table.' Sorrow on your red wig, and you! — It is certain La Beaumelle, soon after this, left Berlin: not in love with Voltaire. And there soon appeared, at Franfurt-on-Mayn, a Pirate Edition of our brand-new *Siècle de Louis Quatorze* (with Annotations scurrilous and flimsy); — La Beaumelle the professed Perpetrator; 'who received for the job £7 10*s.* net!'[2] asseverates the well-informed Voltaire. Oh, M. de Voltaire, and why not leave it to him, then? Poor devil, he got put into the Bastille too, by and by; Royal Persons being touched by some of his stupid foot-notes.

"La Beaumelle had a long course of it, up and down the world, in and out of the Bastille; writing much, with inconsiderable recompense, and always in a wooden manner, worthy of his First vocation in the Geneva time. 'A man of pleasing physiognomy,' says Formey, 'and expressed himself well. I received his visit 14th January, 1752,' — to which latter small circumstance (welcome as a fixed date to us here) La Beaumelle's Biography is now pretty much reduced for mankind.[1] He continued Maupertuis's adorer: and was not a bad creature, only a dull wooden one, with obstinate temper. A *Life of Maupertuis* of his writing was sent forth lately,[2] after lying hidden a hundred years: but it is dull, dead, painfully ligneous, like all the rest; and of new or of pleasant tells us nothing.

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[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xxvii. 220 n.

[2] Ib. xxvii. 219, 236.

"His enmity to M. de Voltaire did prove perpetual: — a bramble that might have been dealt with by fingers, or by fingers and scissors, but could not by axes, and their hewing and brandishing. 'This is the ninety-fifth anonymous calumny of La Beaumelle's, this that you have sent me!' says Voltaire once. The first stroke or two had torn the bramble quite on end: 'He says he will pursue you to Hell even,' writes one of the Voltaire kind friends from Frankfurt, on that £7 10*s*. business. '*A l'Enfer?*' answers M. de Voltaire, with a toss: 'Well, I should think so, he, and at a good rate of speed. But whether he will find *me* there, must be a question!' If you want to have an insignificant accidental fellow trouble you all your days, this is the way of handling him when he first catches hold."

Abbé de Prades. — "De Prades, 'Abbé de Prades, Reader to the King,' though happily not an enemy of Voltaire's, is in some sort La Beaumelle's counterpart, or brother with a difference; concerning whom also, one wants only to know the exact date of his arrival. As La Beaumelle felt too strait-tied in the Geneva vestures (where it had been good for him to adjust himself, and stay); so did De Prades in the Sorbonne ditto, — and burst out, on taking Orders, not into eloquent Preachings or edifying Devotional Exercises; but into loud blurts of mere heresy and heterodoxy. Blurts which were very loud, and I believe very stupid; which failed of being sublime even to the Philosophic world; and kindled the Sorbonne into burning his Book, and almost burning himself, had not he at once run for it.

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[1] Formey, ii. 221.

[2] *Vie de Maupertuis* (cited above), Paris, 1856.

"Ran to Holland, and there continued blurting more at large, — decidedly stupid for most part, thinks Voltaire, 'but with glorious Passages, worth your Majesty's attention;' — upon which, D'Alembert too helping, poor De Prades was invited to the Readership, vacant by La Mettrie's eagle-pie; and came gladly, and stayed. At what date? one occasionally asks: for there are Royal Letters, dateless, but written in his hand, that raise such question in the utter dimness otherwise. Date is 'September, 1752.'[1] Farther question one does not ask about De Prades. Rather an emphatic intrusive kind of fellow, I should guess; — wrote, he, not Friedrich, that *Abridgment of Fleury's Ecclesiastical History*, and other the like dreary Pieces, which used to be inflicted on mankind as Friedrich's.

"For the rest, having place and small pension, — not, like La Beaumelle, obliged to pirate and annotate for £7 10*s.* — he went on steadily, a good while; got a Canonry of Glogau [small Catholic benefice, bad if it was not better than its now occupant]; — and unluckily, in the Seven-Years-War time, fell into treasonous Correspondence with his countrymen; which it was feared might be fatal, when found out. But no, not fatal. Friedrich did lock him in Magdeburg for some months; then let him out: 'Home to Glogau, sirrah; stick to your Canonry henceforth, and let us hear no more of you at all!' Which shall be his fate in these pages also."

Good, my friend; no more of him, then! Only recollect "September, 1752," if dateless Royal Letters in De Prades's hand turn up.

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[1] Preuss, i. 368; ii. 115.

CHAPTER X.

DEMON NEWSWRITER, OF 1752.

It must be owned, the King's French Colony of Wits were a sorry set of people. They tempt one to ask, What is the good of wit, then, if this be it? Here are people sparkling with wit, and have not understanding enough to discern what lies under their nose. Cannot live wisely with anybody, least of all with one another.

In fact, it is tragic to think how ill this King succeeded in the matter of gathering friends. With the whole world to choose from, one fancies always he might have done better! But no, he could not; — and chiefly for this reason: His love of Wisdom was nothing like deep enough, reverent enough; and his love of *Esprit* (the mere Garment or Phantasm of Wisdom) was too deep. Friends do not drop into one's mouth. One must know how to choose friends; and that of *esprit*, though a pretty thing, is by no means the one requisite, if indeed it be a requisite at all. This present Wit Colony was the best that Friedrich ever had; and we may all see how good it was. He took, at last more and more, into bantering his Table-Companions (which I do not wonder at), as the chief good he could get of them. And had, as we said, especially in his later time, in the manner of Dublin Hackney-Coachmen, established upon each animal its *raw;* and makes it skip amazingly at touch of the whip. "Cruel mortal!" thought his cattle: — but, after all, how could he well help it, with such a set?

Native Literary Men, German or Swiss, there also were about Friedrich's Court: of them happily he did not require *esprit;* but put them into his Academy; or employed them in practical functions, where honesty and good sense were the qualities needed. Worthy men, several of these; but unmemorable nearly all. We will mention Sulzer alone, — and not for *Theories* and *Philosophies of the Fine Arts*[1] (which then had their multitudes of readers); but for a Speech of Friedrich's to him once, which has often been repeated. Sulzer has a fine rugged wholesome Swiss-German physiognomy, both of face and mind; and got his admirations, as the Berlin *Hugh Blair* that then was: a Sulzer whom Friedrich always rather liked.

Friedrich had made him School Inspector; loved to talk a little with him, about business, were it nothing else. "Well, Monsieur Sulzer, how are your Schools getting on?" asked the King one day, — long after this, but nobody will tell me exactly when, though the fact is certain enough: "How goes our Education business?" "Surely not ill, your Majesty; and much better in late years," answered Sulzer. — "In late years: why?" "Well, your Majesty, in former time, the notion being that mankind were naturally inclined to evil, a system of severity prevailed in schools: but now, when we recognize that the inborn inclination of men is rather to good than to evil, schoolmasters have adopted a more generous procedure." — "Inclination rather to good?" said Friedrich, shaking his old head, with a sad smile: "Alas, dear Sulzer, *Ach mein lieber Sulzer,* I see you don't know that damned race of creatures (*Er kennt nicht diese verdammte Race*) as I do!"[2] Here is a speech for you! "Pardon the King, who was himself so beneficent and excellent a King!" cry several Editors of the rose-pink type. This present Editor, for his share, will at once forgive; but how can he ever forget! —

"Perhaps I mistake," owns Voltaire, in his Pasquinade of a *Vie Privée,* "but it seems to me, at these Suppers there was a great deal of *esprit* (real wit and brilliancy) going. The King had it, and made others have; and, what is extraordinary, I never felt myself so free at any table." "Conversation most pleasant," testifies another, "most instructive, animated; not to be matched, I should guess, elsewhere in the world." [1] Very sprightly indeed: and a fund of good sense, a basis of practicality and fact, necessary to be in it withal; though otherwise it can foam over (if some La Mettrie be there, and a good deal of wine in him) to very great heights.

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[1] *Allgemeine Theorie der Schönen Künste,* 3 vols.; &c. &c.

[2] Nicolai, iii. 274; — the thing appears to have been said in French ("*Je vois bien, mon cher Sulzer, que vous ne connaissez pas, comme moi, cette race maudite à laquelle nous appartenons*"); but the German form is irresistibly attractive, and is now heard proverbially from time to time in certain mouths.

A Demon Newswriter gives an "Idea" of Friedrich; intelligible to the Knowing Classes in England and elsewhere.

Practically, I can add only, That these Suppers of the gods begin commonly at half-past eight ("Concert just over"); and last till towards midnight, — not later conveniently, as the King must be up at five (in Summer-time at four), and "needs between five and six hours of sleep." Or would the reader care to consult a Piece expressly treating on all these points; kind of *Manuscript Newspaper,* fallen into my hands, which seems to have had a widish circulation in its day.[2] I have met with Two Copies of it, in this Country: one of them, to appearance, once the property of George Selwyn. The other is among the Robinson Papers: doubtless very luculent to Robinson, who is now home in England, but remembers many a thing. Judging from various symptoms, I could guess this MS. to have been much about, in the English Aristocratic Circles of that time; and to have, in some measure, given said Circles their "Idea" (as they were pleased to reckon it) of that wonderful and questionable King: — highly distracted "Idea;" which, in diluted form, is still the staple English one.

By the label, *Demon Newswriter,* it is not meant that the Author of this poor Paper was an actual Devil, or infernal Spiritual Essence of miraculous spectral nature. By no means! Beyond doubt, he is some poor Frenchman, more or less definable as flesh-and-blood; gesturing about, visibly, at Berlin in 1752; in cocked-hat and bright shoe-buckles; grinning elaborate salutations to certain of his fellow-creatures there. Possibly some hungry *Attaché* of Milord Tyrconnel's Legation; fatally shut out from the beatitudes of this barbarous Court, and willing to seek solacement, and turn a dishonest penny, in the *per-contra* course? Who he is, we need not know or care: too evident, he has the sad quality of transmuting, in his dirty organs, heavenly Brilliancy, more or less, into infernal Darkness and Hatefulness; which I reckon to have been, at all times, the principal function of a Devil; — function still carried on extensively, under Firms of another title, in this world.

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[1] Bielfeld, *Letters;* Voltaire, *Vie Privée.*

[2] "*Idée de la Personne, de la Manière de Vivre, et de la Cour du Roi de Prusse:* juin, 1752." In the *Robinson Papers* (one Copy) now in the British Museum.

Some snatches we will give. For, though it does not much concern a Man or King, seriously busy, what the idle outer world may see good to talk of him, his Biographers, in time subsequent, are called to notice the matter, as part of his Life-element, and characteristic of the world he had round him. Friedrich's affairs were much a wonder to his contemporaries. Especially his Domesticities, an item naturally obscure to the outer world, were wonderful; sure to be commented upon, to all lengths; and by the unintelligent, first of all. Of contemporary mankind, as we have sometimes said, nobody was more lied of: — of which, let this of the Demon Newswriter be example, one instead of many. The Demon Newswriter, deriving only from outside gossip and eavesdropping, is wrong very often, — in fact, he is seldom right, except on points which have been Officially fixed, and are within reach of an inquisitive Clerk of Legation. Wrong often enough, even in regard to external particulars, how much more as to internal; — and will need checking, as we go along.

Demon speaks first of Friedrich's stature, 5ft. 6in. (as we know better than this Demon); "pretty well proportioned, not handsome, and even something of awkward (*gauche*), acquired by a constrained bearing [head slightly off the perpendicular, acquired by his flute, say the better-informed]. Is of the greatest politeness. Fine tone of voice, — fine even in swearing, which is as common with him as with a grenadier," adds this Demon; not worth attending to, on such points.

"Has never had a nightcap [sleeps bareheaded; in his later times, would sleep in his hat, which was always soft as duffel, kneaded to softness as its first duty, and did very well]: Never a nightcap, dressing-gown, or pair of slippers [*true*]; only a kind of cloth cloak [*not quite*], much worn and very dirty, for being powdered in. The whole year round he goes in the uniform of his First Battalion of Guards: — blue with red facings, button-hole trimmings in silver, frogs at the inner end; his coat buttons close to the shape; waistcoat is plain yellow [straw-color]; hat [three-cornered] has edging of Spanish lace, white plume [horizontal, resting on the lace all round]: boots on his legs all his life. He cannot walk with shoes [pooh, you — !].

"He rises daily at five:" — No, he does n't at all! In fact, we had better clap the lid on this Demon, ill-informed as to all these points; and, on such suggestion, give the real account of them, distilled from Preuss, and the abundant authentic sources.

Preuss says (if readers could but remember him): "An Almanac lies on the King's Table, marking for each day what specific duties the day will bring. From five to six hours of sleep: in summer he rises about three, seldom after four; in winter perhaps an hour later. In his older time, seven hours' sleep came to be the stipulated quantity; and he would sleep occasionally eight hours or even nine, in certain medical predicaments. Not so in his younger years: four A.M. and five, the set hours then. Summer and winter, fire is lighted for him a quarter of an hour before. King rises; gets into his clothes: 'stockings, breeches, boots, he did sitting on the bed' (for one loves to be particular); the rest in front of the fire, in standing posture. Washing followed; more compendious than his Father's used to be.

"Letters specifically to his address, a courier (leaving Berlin, 9 P.M.) had brought him in the dead of night: these, on the instant of the King's calling 'Here!' a valet in the antechamber brought in to him, to be read while his hair was being done. His uniform the King did not at once put on; but got into a *Casaquin* [loose article of the dressing-gown kind, only shorter than ours] of rich stuff, sometimes of velvet with precious silver embroideries. These Casaquins were commonly sky-blue (which color he liked), presents from his Sisters and Nieces. Letters being glanced over, and hair-club done, the Life-guard General-Adjutant hands in the Potsdam Report (all strangers that have entered Potsdam or left it, the principal item): this, with a Berlin Report, which had come with the Letters; and what of Army-Reports had arrived (Adjutant-General delivering these), — were now glanced over. And so, by five o'clock in the summer morning, by six in the winter, one sees, in the gross, what one's day's-work is to be; the miscellaneous *stones* of it are now mostly here, only mortar and walling of them to be thought of. General-Adjutant and his affairs are first settled: on each thing a word or two, which the General-Adjutant (always a highly confidential Officer, a Hacke, a Winterfeld, or the like) pointedly takes down.

"General-Adjutant gone, the King, in sky-blue casaquin [often in very faded condition] steps into his writing-room; walks about, reading his Letters more completely; drinking, first, several glasses of water; then coffee, perhaps three cups with or without milk [likes coffee, and very strong]. After coffee he takes his flute; steps about practising, fantasying: he has been heard to say, speaking of music and its effects on the soul, That during this fantasying he would get to considering all manner of things, with no thought of what he was playing; and that sometimes even the luckiest ideas about business-matters have occurred to him while dandling with the flute. Sauntering so, he is gradually breakfasting withal: will eat, intermittently, small chocolate cakes; and after his coffee, cherries, figs, grapes, fruits in their season [very fond of fruit, and has elaborate hot-houses]. So passes the early morning.

"Between nine and ten, most of one's plan-work being got through, the questions of the day are settled, or laid hold of for settling. Between nine and ten, King takes to reading the 'Excerpts' (I suppose, of the more intricate or lengthier things) of Yesterday, which his three Cabinet Raths [Clerk Eichel and the other Two] have prepared for him. King summons these Three, one after the other, according to their Department; hands them the Letters just read, the Excerpts now decided on, and signifies, in a minimum of words, what the answers are to be, — Clerk, always in full dress, listening with both his ears, and pencil in hand. May have, of Answers, *Cabinet-Orders* so called, perhaps a dozen, to be ready with before evening.[1]

"Eichel and Company dismissed, King flings off his casaquin, takes his regimental coat; has his hair touched off with pomade, with powder; and is buttoned and ready in about five minutes; — ready for Parade, which is at the stroke of eleven, instead of later, as it used to be in Papa's time. If eleven is not yet come, he will get on horseback; go sweeping about, oftenest with errands still, at all events in the free solitude of air, till Parade-time do come. The Parole [Sentry's-*word* of the Day] he has already given his Adjutant-General. Parole, which only the Adjutant and Commandant had known till now, is formally given out; and the troops go through their exercises, manœuvres, under a strictness of criticism which never abates." "Parade he by no chance ever misses," says our Demon friend.

"At the stroke of twelve," continues Preuss, "dinner is served. Dinner threefold; that is, a second table and a third. Only two courses, dishes only eight, even at the King's Table (eight also at the Marshal's or second Table); guests from seven to ten. Dinner plentiful and savory (for the King had his favorites among edibles), by no means caring to be splendid,— yearly expense of threefold Dinner (done accurately by contract) was £1,800." Linsenbarth we saw at the Third Table, and how he fared. "The dinner-service was of beautiful porcelain; not silver, still less gold, except on the grandest occasions. Every guest eats at discretion, — of course! — and drinks at discretion, Moselle or Pontac [kind of claret]; Champagne and Hungary are handed round on the King's signal. King himself drinks Bergerac, or other clarets, with water. Dinner lasts till two; — if the conversation be seductive, it has been known to stretch to four. The King's great passion is for talk of the right kind; he himself talks a great deal, tippling wine-and-water to the end, and keeps on a level with the rising tide.

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[1] "In a certain Copy or Final-Register Book [Herr Preuss's Windfall, of which *infrà*] entitled *Kabinetsordenkopialbuch*, of One of the three Clerks, years 1746–1752, there are, on the average, ten *Cabinet-Orders* daily, Sundays included" (Preuss, i. 352 n.).

"With a bow from Majesty, dinner ends; guests gently, with a little saunter of talk to some of them, all vanish; and the King is in his own Apartment again. Generally flute-playing for about half an hour; till Eichel and the others come with their day's work: tray-loads of Cabinet-Orders, I can fancy; which are to be 'executed,' that is, to be glanced through, and signed. Signature for most part is all; but there are Marginalia and Postscripts, too, in great number, often of a spicy biting character; which, in our time, are in request among the curious." Herr Preuss, who has right to speak, declares that the spice of mockery has been exaggerated; and that serious sense is always the aim both of Document and of Signer. Preuss had a windfall; 12,000 of these Pieces, or more, in a lump, in the way of gift; which fell on him like manna, — and led, it is said, to those Friedrich studies, extensive faithful quarryings in that vast wilderness of sliding shingle and chaotic boulders.

"Coffee follows this despatch of Eichel and Consorts; the day now one's own." Scandalous rumors, prose and verse, connect themselves with this particular epoch of the day; which appear to be wholly *lies*. Of which presently. "In this after-dinner period fall the literary labors," says Preuss: — a facile pen, this King's; only two hours of an afternoon allowed it, instead of all day and the top of the morning. "About six, or earlier even, came the Reader [La Mettrie or another], came artists, came learned talk. At seven is Concert, which lasts for an hour; half-past eight is Supper."[1]

Demon Newswriter says, of the Concert: "It is mostly of wind-instruments," King himself often taking part with his flute; "performers the best in Europe. He has three" — what shall we call them? of male gender, — "a counter-alt, and Mamsell Astrua, an Italian; they are unique voices. He cannot bear mediocrity. It is but seldom he has any singing here. To be admitted, needs the most intimate favor; now and then some young Lord, of distinction, if he meet with such." Concert, very well; — but let us now, suppressing any little abhorrences, hear him on another subject: —

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[1] Preuss, i. 344–347 (and, with intermittencies, pp. 356, 361, 363 &c. to 376), abridged.

"Dinner lasts one hour [says our Demon, no better informed]: upon which the King returns to his Apartment with bows. It pretty often happens that he takes with him one of his young fellows. These are all handsome, like a picture (*faits à peindre*), and of the beautifulest face," — adds he, still worse informed; poisonous malice mixing itself, this time, with the human darkness, and reducing it to diabolic. This Demon's Paper abounds with similar allusions; as do the more desperate sort of Voltaire utterances, — *Vie Privée* treating it as known fact; Letters to Denis in occasional paroxysms, as rumor of detestable nature, probably true of one who is so detestable, at least so formidable, to a guilty sinner his Guest. Others, not to be called diabolical, as Herr Dr. Büsching, for example, speak of it as a thing credible; as good as known to the well-informed. And, beyond the least question, there did a thrice-abominable rumor of that kind run, whispering audibly, over all the world; and gain belief from those who had appetite. A most melancholy business. Solacing to human envy; — explaining also, to the dark human intellect, why this King had commonly no Women at his Court. A most melancholy portion of my raw-material, this; concerning which, since one must speak af it, here is what little I have to say: —

1°. That proof of the *negative*, in this or in any such case, is by the nature of it impossible. That it is indisputable Friedrich did not now live with his Wife, nor seem to concern himself with the empire of women at all; having, except now and then his Sisters and some Foreign Princess on short visit, no women in his Court; and though a great judge of Female merits, graces and accomplishments, seems to worship women in that remote way alone, and not in any nearer. Which occasioned great astonishment in a world used so much to the contrary. And gave rise to many conjectures among the idle of mankind, "What, on Earth, or under Earth, can be the meaning of it?" — and among others, to the above scandalous rumor, as some solacement to human malice and impertinent curiosity.

2°. That an opposite rumor — which would indeed have been pretty fatal to this one, but perhaps still more disgraceful in the eyes of a Demon Newswriter — was equally current; and was much elaborated by the curious impertinent. Till Nicolai got hold of it, in Herr Dr. Zimmermann's responsible hands; and conclusively knocked it on the head.[1]

3°. That, for me, proof in the affirmative, or probable indication that way, has not anywhere turned up. Nowhere for me, in these extensive minings and siftings. Not the least of probable indication; but contrariwise, here and there, rather definite indications pointing directly the opposite way.[2] Friedrich, in his own utterances and occasional rhymes, is abundantly cynical; now and then rises to a kind of epic cynicism, on this very matter. But at no time can the painful critic call it cynicism as of *other* than an observer; always a kind of vinegar cleanness in it, *except* in theory. Cynicism of an impartial observer in a dirty element; observer epically sensible (when provoked to it) of the brutal contemptibilities which lie in Human Life, alongside of its big struttings and pretensions. In Friedrich's utterances there is that kind of cynicism undeniable; — and yet he had a modesty almost female in regard to his own person; "no servant having ever seen him in an exposed state."[3] Which had considerably strengthened rumor No. 2. O ye poor impious Long-eared, — Long-eared I will call you, instead of Two-horned and with only One hoof cloven! Among the tragical platitudes of Human Nature, nothing so fills a considering brother mortal with sorrow and despair, as this innate tendency of the common crowd in regard to its Great Men, whensoever, or almost whensoever, the Heavens do, at long intervals, vouchsafe us, as their all-including blessing, anything of such! Practical "*Blasphemy,*" is it not, if you reflect? Strangely possible that sin, even now. And ought to be religiously abhorred by every soul that has the least piety or nobleness. Act not the mutinous flunky, my friend; though there be great wages going in that line.

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[1] See Zimmermann's *Fragmente*, and Nicolai patiently pounding it to powder (whoever is curious on this disgusting subject).

[2] For example ("*Correspondence with Fredersdorf*"), *Œuvres*, xxvii. iii. 145.

[3] Preuss, i. 376.

4°. That in these circumstances, and taking into view the otherwise known qualities of this high Fellow-Creature, the present Editor does not, for his own share, value the rumor at a pin's fee. And leaves it, and recommends his readers to leave it, hanging by its own head, in the sad subterranean regions, — till (probably not for a long while yet) it drop to a far Deeper and dolefuler Region, out of our way altogether.

"Lamentable, yes," comments Diogenes; "and especially so, that the idle public has a hankering for such things! But are there no obscene details at all, then? grumbles the disappointed idle public to itself, something of reproach in its tone. A public idle-minded; much depraved in every way. Thus, too, you will observe of dogs: two dogs, at meeting, run, first of all, to the shameful parts of the constitution; institute a strict examination, more or less satisfactory, in that department. That once settled, their interest in ulterior matters seems pretty much to die away, and they are ready to part again, as from a problem done." — Enough, oh, enough!

Practically we are getting no good of our Demon; — and will dismiss him, after a taste or two more.

This Demon Newswriter has, evidently, never been to Potsdam; which he figures as the abode of horrid cruelty, a kind of Tartarus on Earth; — where there is a dreadful scarcity of women, for one item; lamentable to one's moral feelings. Scarcity nothing like so great, even among the soldier-classes, as the Demon Newswriter imagines to himself; nor productive of the results lamented. Prussian soldiers are not encouraged to marry, if it will hurt the service; nor do their wives march with the Regiment except in such proportions as there may be sewing, washing and the like women's work fairly wanted in their respective Companies: the Potsdam First Battalion, I understand, is hardly permitted to marry at all. And in regard to lamentable results, that of "*Liebsten-Scheine*, Sweetheart-*Tickets*," — or actual military legalizing of Temporary Marriages, with regular privileges attached, and fixed rules to be observed, — might perhaps be the notablest point, and the *semi*-lamentablest, to a man or demon in the habit of lamenting.[1] For the rest, a considerably dreadful place this Potsdam, to the flaccid, esurient and disorderly of mankind; — "and strict as Fate [Demon correct for once] in inexorably punishing military sins.

"This King," he says, "has a great deal of *esprit;* much less of real knowledge (*connaissances*) than is pretended. He excels only in the military part; really excellent there. Has a facile expeditious pen and head; understands what you say to him, at the first word. Not taking nor wishing advice; never suffering replies or remonstrances, not even from his Mother. Pretty well acquainted with Works of *Esprit*, whether in Prose or in Verse: burning [very hot indeed] to distinguish himself by performance of that kind; but unable to reach the Beautiful, unless held up by somebody (*étayé*). It is said that, in a splenetic moment, his Skeleton of an Apollo [*squelette d'Apollon*, M. de Voltaire, who is lean exceedingly] exclaimed once, some time ago, 'When is it, then, that he will have done sending me his dirty linen to wash?'

"The King is of a sharp mocking tongue withal; pricking into whoever displeases him; often careless of policy in that. Understands nothing of Finance, or still less of Trade; always looking direct towards more money, which he loves much; incapable of sowing [as some of *us* do!] for a distant harvest. Treats almost all the world as slaves. All his subjects are held in hard shackles. Rigorous for the least shortcoming, where his interest is hurt: — never pardons any fault which tends to inexactitude in the Military Service. Spandau very full," — though I did not myself count. "Keeps in his pay nobody but those useful to him, and capable of doing employments well [*true, always*]; and the instant he has no more need of them, dismissing them with nothing [*false, generally*]. The Subsidies imposed on his subjects are heavy; in constant proportion to their Feudal Properties, and their Leases of Domains (*Contrats et Baux*); and, what is dreadful, are exacted with the same rigor if your Property gets into debt," — no remission by the iron grip of this King in the name of the State! Sell, if you can find a Purchaser; or get confiscated altogether; that is your only remedy. Surely a tyrant of a King.

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[1] Preuss, i. 426.

"People who get nearest him will tell you that his Politeness is not natural, but a remnant of old habit, when he had need of everybody, against the persecutions of his Father. He respects his Mother; the only Female for whom he has a sort of attention. He esteems his Wife, and cannot endure her; has been married nineteen years, and has not yet addressed one word to her [how true!]. It was but a few days ago she handed him a Letter, petitioning some things of which she had the most pressing want. He took the Letter, with that smiling, polite and gracious air which he assumes at pleasure; and without breaking the seal, tore the Letter up before her face, made her a profound bow, and turned his back on her." Was there ever such a Pluto varnished into Literary Rose-pink? Very proper Majesty for the Tartarus that here is.

. . . "The Queen-Mother," continues our Small Devil, "is a good fat woman, who lives and moves in her own way (*rondement*). She has £16,000 a year for keeping up her House. It is said she hoards. Four days in the week she has Apartment [Royal Soirée]; to which you cannot go without express invitation. There is supper-table of twenty-four covers; only eight dishes, served in a shabby manner (*indécemment*) by six little scoundrels of Pages. Men and women of the Country [shivering Natives, cheering their dull abode] go and eat there. Steward Royal sends the invitations. At eleven, everybody has withdrawn. Other days, this Queen eats by herself. Stewardess Royal and three Maids of Honor have their separate table; two dishes the whole. She is shabbily lodged [in my opinion], when at the Palace. Her Monbijou, which is close to Berlin [now well within it], would be pretty enough, for a private person.

"The Queen Regnant is the best woman in the world. All the year [*not quite*] she dines alone. Has Apartment on Thursdays; everybody gone at nine o'clock. Her morsels are cut for her, her steps are counted, and her words are dictated; she is miserable, and does what she can to hide it" — according to our Small Devil. "She has scarcely the necessaries of life allowed her," — spends regularly two-thirds of her income in charitable objects; translates French-Calvinist Devotional Works, for benefit of the German mind; and complains to no Small Devil, of never so sympathizing nature. "At Court she is lodged on the second floor [scandalous]. Schönhausen her Country House, with the exception of the Garden which is pretty enough, — our Shopkeepers of the Rue St. Honoré would sniff at such a lodging.

"Princess Amelia is rather amiable [thank you for nothing, Small Devil]; often out of temper because — this is so shocking a place for Ladies, especially for maiden Ladies. Lives with her Mother; special income very small; — Coadjutress of Quedlinburg; will be actual Abbess" in a year or two.[1]

"Eldest Prince, Heir-Apparent," — do not speak of him, Small Devil, for you are misinformed in every feature and particular: — enough, "he is fac-simile of his Brother. He has only £18,000 a year, for self, Wife, Household and Children [two, both Boys]; — and is said [falsely] to hoard, and to follow Trade, extensive Trade with his Brother's Woods.

"Prince Henri, who is just going to be married," — thank you, Demon, for reminding us of that. Bride is Wilhelmina, Princess of Hessen-Cassel. Marriage, 25th June, 1752; — did not prove, in the end, very happy. A small contemporary event; which would concern Voltaire and others that concern us. Three months ago, April 14th, 1752, the Berlin Powder-

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[1] 11th April, 1756: Preuss, xxvii. p. xxxiv (of *Preface*).

Magazine flew aloft with horrible crash;[1]—and would be audible to Voltaire, in this his Second Act. Events, audible or not, never cease.

"Prince Henri," in Demon's opinion, "is the amiablest of the House. He is polite, generous, and loves good company. Has £12,000 a year left him by Papa." Not enough, as it proved. "If, on this Marriage, his Brother, who detests him [witness Reinsberg and other evidences, now and onward], gives him nothing, he won't be well off. They are furnishing a House for him, where he will lodge after wedding. Is reported to be—*Potzdamiste* [says the scandalous Small Devil, whom we are weary of contradicting],—Potsdamite, in certain respects. Poor Princess, what a destiny for you!

"Prince Ferdinand, little scraping of a creature (*petit chafouin*), crapulous to excess, niggardly in the extreme, whom everybody avoids,"—much more whose Portrait, by a Magic-lantern of this kind: which let us hastily shut, and fling into the cellar!—"Little Ferdinand, besides his £15,000 a year, Papa's bequest, gets considerable sums given him. Has lodging in the King's House; goes shifting and visiting about, wherever he can live gratis; and strives all he can to amass money. Has to be in boots and uniform every three days. Three months of the year practically with his regiment: but the shifts he has for avoiding expense are astonishing."...

What an illuminative "Idea" are the Walpole-Selwyn Circles picking up for their money!—

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CHAPTER XI.

THIRD ACT AND CATASTROPHE OF THE VOLTAIRE VISIT.

MEANTIME there has a fine Controversy risen, of mathematical, philosophical and at length of very miscellaneous nature, concerning that König-Maupertuis dissentience on the *Law of Thrift*. Wonderful Controversy, much occupying the so-called Philosophic or Scientific world; especially the idler population that inhabit there. Upon this item of the Infinitely Little, — which has in our time sunk into Nothing-at-all, and but for Voltaire, and the accident of his living near it, would be forgotten altogether, — we must not enter into details; but a few words to render Voltaire's share in it intelligible will be, in the highest degree, necessary. Here, in brief form, rough and ready, are the successive stages of the Business; the origin and first stage of which have been known to us for some time past: —

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[1] In *Helden-Geschichte* (iii. 531) the details.

"*September*, 1750, König, his well-meant visit to Berlin proving so futile, had left Maupertuis in the humor we saw; — pirouetting round his Apartment, in tempests of rage at such contradiction of sinners on his sublime Law of Thrift; and fulminating permission to König: 'No time to read your Paper of Contradictions; publish it in Leipzig, in Jericho; anywhere in the Earth, in Heaven, in the Other Place, where you have the opportunity!' König, returning on these terms, had nothing for it but to publish his Paper; and did publish it, in the Leipzig *Acta Eruditorum* for March, 1751. There it stands, legible to this day: and if any of the human species should again think of reading it, I believe it will be found a reasonable, solid and decisive Paper; of steadfast, openly articulate, by no means insolent, tone; considerably modifying Maupertuis's Law of Thrift, or Minimum of Action; — fatal to the claim of its being a 'Sublime Discovery,' or indeed, so far as *true*, any discovery at all.[1] By way of finis to the Paper, there is given, what proves extremely important to us, an Excerpt from an old *Letter of Leibnitz's;* which perhaps it will be better to present here *in corpore*, as so much turned on it afterwards. König thus winds up: —

"I add only a word, in finishing; and that is, that it appears Mr. Leibnitz had a theory of Action, perhaps much more extensive than one would suspect at present. There is a Letter written by him to Mr. Hermann [an ancient mathematical sage at Basel], where he uses these expressions: 'Action is not what you think; the consideration of Time enters into it; Action is as the product of the mass by the space and the velocity, or as the time by the *vis viva.* I have remarked that in the modifications of motion, the action becomes usually a maximum or a minimum: — and from this there might several propositions of great consequence be deduced. It might serve to determine the curves described by bodies under attraction to one or more centres. I had meant to treat of these things in the Second Part of my *Dynamique;* which I suppressed, the reception of the First, by prejudice in many quarters, having disgusted me.'"[1] Your Minimum of Action, it would appear, then, is in some cases a Maximum; nothing can be said but that, in every case it is *either* a Maximum or Minimum. What a stroke for our *Law of Thrift,* the "at last conclusive Proof" of an Intelligent Creator, as the Perpetual President had fancied it! "So-ho, what is this! My Discovery an Error? And Leibnitz discovered it, so far as true?" —

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[1] In *Acta Eruditorum* (Lipsiæ, 1751): "*De universali Principio Æquilibrii et Motûs.*" By no means uncivil to Maupertuis; though obliged to controvert him. For example: "*Quæ itaque de Minimâ Actionis in modificationibus modum obtinente in genere proferuntur vehementer laudo;*" "*continent nempe fæcundum longeque pulcherrimum Dynamices sublimioris principium, cujus vim in difficillimis quæstionibus sæpe expertus fui.*"

"*May 28th–8th October,* 1751. Maupertuis, compressing himself what he can, writes to König: 'Very good, Monsieur. But please inform me where is that Letter of Leibnitz's; I have never seen or heard of it before, — and I want to make use of it myself.' To which König answers: 'Henzi gave it me, in Copy [unfortunate Conspirator Henzi, who lost his head three years ago, by sentence of the Oligarch Government at Berne]:[2] — he, poor fellow, had no end of Papers and

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[1] *Maupertuisiana,* No. ii. 22 (from *Acta Eruditorum,* ubi suprà). In *Maupertuisiana,* No. iv. 166, is the whole Letter, "Hanover, 16th October, 1707;" no *address* left, judged to be to Hermann. *Maupertuisiana* (Hamburg, 1753) is a mere Bookseller's or even Bookbinder's Farrago, with printed *Title-page* and *List,* of the chief Pamphlets which had appeared on this Business (sixteen by count, various type, all 8vo size, in my copy). Of which only No. ii. (König's *Appel au Public*) and No. iv. (2d edition of said *Appel,* with *Appendix of Correspondence*) are illuminative to read.

[2] Government by "The Two Hundred;" of Select-Vestry nature, very stiff, arbitrary and become rife in abuses; against whom had risen angry

Excerpts; had, as we know, above a hundred volumes of the latter kind; this, and some other Letters of Leibnitz's, among them, — I send you the whole Letter, copied faithfully from his Copy.'[1] To that effect, still in perfect good-humor, was König's reply to his Maupertuis.

"'Hm, Copy? By Henzi?' grumbles Maupertuis to himself: — 'Search in Berne, then; it must be there, if anywhere!' To König Maupertuis answers nothing: but sulkily resolves on having Search made; — and, to give solemnity to the matter, requests his Excellency Marquis de Paulmy, the French Ambassador at Berne, to ask the Government there, — Government having seized all Henzi's Papers, on beheading him. Excellency Paulmy does, accordingly, make inquiry in the highest quarter; some inquiries up and down. Not the least account of this, or of any Leibnitz Letter, to be had from among Henzi's Papers, — the 'hundred volumes,' seemingly, exist no longer; — Original of this Leibnitz Piece is nowhere. For eight months the highest Authorities have been looking about (with one knows not what vivacity or skill in searching), and have found nothing whatever." Stage second of the Business finishes in this manner.

How lucky for the Perpetual President, had he stopped here! To König and the common contradiction of sinners he could have opposed, as it was apparently his purpose to do, an Olympian silence, "Pshaw!" Whereby the small matter, interesting to few, would have dropped gently into dubiety, into oblivion, and been got well rid of. But this of the great Leibnitz, touching on one's *Law of Thrift;* and not only "discovering" it, half a century beforehand, but discovering that it was not true: to Leibnitz one must speak; — and the abstruse

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mutterings more than once, and in 1749 a Select Plot (not select *enough*, for they discovered it in time). Poor Ex-Captain Henzi, "Clerk of the Salt-Office," most frugal, studious and quiet of men; a very miracle, it would appear, of genius, solid learning, philosophy and piety, — not the chief or first of the conspirators, but by far the most distinguished, — was laid hold of, July 2d, 1749, and beheaded, with another of them, a day or two after. Much bewailed in a private way, even by the better kinds of people. (Copious account of him in *Adelung*, vii. 86-91.)

[1] "The Hague, 26th June," in *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 130.

question is, What is one to say? "Find me the original; let us be certain, first:" that you can say; that is one clear point; and pretty much the only one. The rest, at this time, as I conjecture, may have been not a little abstruse to the Perpetual President!

And now, had the Perpetual President but stopped here, there might still have rested a saving shadow of suspicion on König's Excerpt, That it was not exact, that it might be wrong in some vital point: — "You never showed me the Original, Monsieur!" Unluckily, the Perpetual President did not stop. One cannot well fancy him believing, now or ever, that König had forged the Excerpt. Most likely he had the fatal persuasion that these were Leibnitz's words; and the question, What was to be said or done, if the Original *should* turn up? might justly be alarming to a Son of the Pure Sciences. But at this point a new door of escape disclosed itself: "Where is the Original, I say!" — and he rushed, full speed, into that; galloping triumphantly, feeling all safe.

"*October 7th* (1751), Maupertuis summons his Academy: 'Messieurs, permit me to submit a case perhaps requiring your attention. One of our number dissents from your President's Discovery of the Law of Thrift; which surely he is free to do: but furthermore he gives an Excerpt purporting to be from Leibnitz; whereby it would appear that your President's Discovery, sanctioned in your Acts as new, is not new, but Leibnitz's (so far as it is good for anything), — possibly stolen, therefore; and, at any rate, fifty-four years old. In self-defence, I have demanded to see the Original of said Excerpt; and the Honorable Member in question does not produce it. What say you?' 'Shame to him!' say they all [there seem to be but few Scientific Members, and most of them, it is insinuated, have Pensions from the King through their Perpetual President]; — and determine to make a Star-chamber matter of it!

"Accordingly, next day, *October 8th*, Secretary Formey writes officially to König, 'Produce that Letter within one month,' — and has got his Majesty to order, That our Prussian Minister at the Hague shall take charge of delivering such message, and shall mark on what day. Thing serious, you see! — Prussian Minister at the Hague delivers, and dockets accordingly. To König's astonishment; who is in a scene of deep trouble at this time; Royal Highness the Stadtholder suddenly dead, or dying: 'died October 22d; leaving a very young Heir, and a very sorrowful Widow and Country.' Much to think of, that lies apart from the Maupertuis matter! Which latter, however, is so very serious too, his Prussian Majesty's Minister at Berne is now charged to make new perquisition for the Leibnitz Original there: In short, within one month that Document is peremptorily wanted at Berlin."

High proceedings these; — and calculated to have one result, if no other. Namely, that, at this point, as readers can fancy, the idler Public, seeing a street-quarrel in progress, began to take interest in the Question of *Minimum;* and quasi-scientific gentlemen to gather round, and express, with cheery capable look, their opinions, — still legible in the vanished *Jugemens Libres* (of Hamburg), *Gazette de Savans* (Leipzig), and other poor Shadows of *Journals,* if you daringly evoke them from the other side of Styx. Which, the whole matter being now so indisputably extinct, shadowy, Stygian, we will not here be guilty of doing; but hasten to the catastrophes, that have still a memorability.

"König, having in fact nothing more to say about the Leibnitz Excerpt, was in no breathless haste to obey his summons; he sat almost two months before answering anything. Did then write, however, in a friendly strain to Maupertuis (December 10th, 1751).[1] Almost on which same day, as it chanced, the *Académie,* after *two* months' dignified waiting, had in brief terms repeated its order on König.[2] To which König makes no special answer (having as good as answered the day before); — but does silently send off to Switzerland to make inquiries; and does write once or twice more, when there is occasion for explaining; — always in a clear, sonorous, manfully firm and respectful tone: 'That he himself had, or has, no kind of reason to doubt the authenticity of the Leibnitz Letter; that to himself (and, so far as he can judge, to Maupertuis) the question of its authenticity is without special interest; — he, König, having thrown it in as a mere marginal illustration, which decides nothing, either for or against the Law of Thrift. That he has, in obedience to the Academy, caused search to be made in Switzerland, especially at Basel, where he judged the chance might lie; but that of this particular Letter nothing has come to light; that he has two other Leibnitz Letters, of indifferent tenor, in the late Henzi's hand, if these will serve in aught,[1] — but what farther can he do?' In short, König speaks always in a clear business-like manful tone; the one person that makes a really respectful and respectable figure in this Controversy of the Infinitely Little. A man whom, viewed from this quiet distance, it seems almost inconceivably absurd to have suspected of forging for so small an object. Oh, my President, that *dira regnandi cupido!* —

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[1] *Maupertuisiana,* No. iv. 132.

[2] December 11th, 1751 (Ib. 137).

"Question is, however, What the Academy will do? One Member, 'the best Geometer among them' [whose name is not given, but which the Berlin Academy should write in big letters across this sad Page of their Annals, by way of erasure to the same], dissented from the high line of procedure; asserting König's innocence in this matter; nay, hinting agreement with König's opinion. But was met by such a storm, that he withdrew from the deliberations; which henceforth went their own bad course, unanimous though slow. And so the matter pendulates all through Winter, 1751–52, and was much the theme of idle men."

Voltaire heard of it vaguely all along; but not with distinctness till the end of July following. As Spring advanced, Maupertuis had fallen ill of lungs, — threatened with spitting of blood ("owing to excess of brandy," hints the malicious Voltaire, "which is fashionable at St. Malo," birthplace of Maupertuis), — and could not farther direct the Academy in this affair. The Academy needs no direction farther. Here, very soon, for a sick President's consolation, is what the Academy decides on, by way of catastrophe: —

Thursday Evening, 13th April, 1752, The Academy met; Curator Monsieur de Keith, presiding; about a score of acting

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[1] *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 155; and ib. 172–192, the two Letters themselves.

Members present. To whom Curator de Keith, as the first thing, reads a magnanimous brief Letter from our Perpetual President: "That, for two reasons, he cannot attend on this important occasion: First, because he is too ill, which would itself be conclusive; but secondly, and *à fortiori*, because he is in some sense a party to the cause, and ought not if he could." Whereupon, Secretary Formey having done his Documentary flourishings, Curator Euler — (great in Algebra, apparently not very great in common sense and the rules of good temper) — reads considerable "Report;"[1] reciting, not in a dishonest, but in a dim wearisome way, the various steps of the Affair, as readers already know them; and concludes with this extraordinary practical result: "Things being so (*les choses étant telles*): the Fragment being of itself suspect [what could Leibnitz know of Maxima and Minima? They were not developed till one Euler did it, quite in late years!],[2] of itself suspect; and Monsieur König having failed to" &c. &c., — "it is assuredly manifest that his cause is one of the worst (*des plus mauvaises*), and that this Fragment has been forged." Singular to think! "And the Academy, all things duly considered, will not hesitate to declare it false (*supposé*), and thereby deprive it publicly of all authority which may have been ascribed to it" (*Hear, Hear!* from all parts).

Curator de Keith then collects the votes, — twenty-three in all; some sixteen are of working Members; two are from accidental Strangers ("travelling students," say the enemy); the rest from Curators of Quality: — Vote is unanimous, "Adopt the Report. Fragment evidently forged, and cannot have the least shadow of authority (*aucune ombre d'authorité*). Forged by whom, we do not now ask; nor what the Academy could, on plain grounds, now do to Monsieur König [*not* nail his ears to the pump, oh no!]; enough, it *is* forged, and so remains." Signed, "Curator de Keith," and Six other Office-bearers; "Formey, Perpetual Secretary," closing the list.

At the name Keith, a slight shadow (very slight, for how could Keith help himself?) crosses the mind: "Is this, by ill luck, the Feldmarschall Keith?" No, reader; this is Lieutenant-Colonel Keith; he of Wesel, with "Effigy nailed to the Gallows" long since; whom none of us cares for. Sulzer, I notice too, is of this long-eared Sanhedrim. *Ach, mein lieber Sulzer*, you don't know (do you, then?) *diese verdammte Race*, to what heights and depths of stupid malice, and malignant length of ear, they are capable of going. "Thursday, 13th April," this is Forger König's doom: — and, what is observable, next morning, with a crash audible through Nature, the Powder-Magazine flew aloft, killing several persons![1] Had no hand, he, I hope, in that latter atrocity?

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[1] Is No. i. of *Maupertuisiana*.

[2] *Maupertuisiana*, No. i. 22.

On authentic sight of this Sentence (for which König had at once, on hearing of it, applied to Formey, and which comes to him, without help of Formey, through the Public Newspapers) König, in a brief, proud enough, but perfectly quiet, mild and manful manner, resigns his Membership. "Ceases, from this day (June 18th, 1752), to have the honor of belonging to your Academy; 'an honor I had been the prouder of, as it came to me unasked;' — and will wish, you, from the outside henceforth, successful campaigns in the field of Science."[2] And sets about preparing his Pamphlet to instruct mankind on the subject. Maupertuis, it appears, did write, and made others write to König's Sovereign Lady, the Dowager Princess of Orange, "How extremely handsome it would be, could her Most Serene Highness, a friend to Pure Science, be pleased to induce Monsieur König not to continue this painful Controversy, but to sit quiet with what he had got."[3] Which her Most Serene Highness by no mean thought the suitable course. Still less did König himself; whose *Appeal to the Public*, with *Defence of Appeal*, — reasonably well done, as usual, and followed and accompanied by the multitude of Commentators, — appeared in due course.[4] Till, before long, the Public was thoroughly instructed; and nobody, hardly the signing Curators, or thin Euler himself, not to speak of Perpetual Formey, who had never been strong in the matter, could well believe in "forgery" or care to speak farther on such a subject. Subject gone wholly to the Stygian Fens, long since; "forgery" not now imaginable by anybody!

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[1] Suprà, p. 203.

[2] *Maupertuisiana*, No. iv. 129.

[3] Voltaire (infrà).

[4] "September, 1752, König's *Appel*" (Preuss, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 60 n.).

The rumor of these things rose high and wide; and the quantity of publishing upon them, quasi-scientifically and otherwise, in the serious vein and the jocose, was greater than we should fancy.[1] Voltaire, for above a month past, had been fully aware of the case (24th July, 1752, writing to Niece, "heard yesterday"); not without commentary to oneself and others. Voltaire, with a kind of love to König, and a very real hatred to Maupertuis and to oppression generally, took pen himself, among the others (König's *Appeal* just out), — could not help doing it, though he had better not! The following small Piece is perhaps the one, if there be one, still worth resuscitating from the Inane Kingdoms. Appeared in the *Bibliothèque Raisonnée* (mild-shining Quarterly Review of those days), *July–September* Number.

"*Answer from* [*very privately Voltaire, calling himself*] *a Berlin Academician to a Paris One.*

"*Berlin*, 18*th September*, 1752. This is the exact truth, in reply to your inquiry. M. Moreau de Maupertuis in a Pamphlet entitled *Essai de Cosmologie*, pretended that the only proof of the Existence of God is the circumstance that $AR + nRB$ is a Minimum. [*Only* proof: *voilà !*] He asserts that in all possible cases, 'Action is a Minimum,' what has been demonstrated false; and he says, 'He discovered this Law of Minimum,' what is not less false.

"M. König, as well as other Mathematicians, wrote against this strange assertion; and, among other things, M. König cited some sentences of a Letter by Leibnitz, in which that great man says, He has observed 'that, in the modifications of motion, the Action usually becomes either a Maximum or else a Minimum.'

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[1] "Letter from a Marquis;" "Letter from Mr. T—— to M. S——" (Mr. T. lives in London; — "*je traverse le* Queen's Square, *et je rencontre notre ami D——: 'Avez-vous lu* l'Appel au Public?' *dit-il*" —); "Letter by Euler in the Berlin Gazette," &c. &c. (in *Maupertuisiana*).

"M. Moreau de Maupertuis imagined that, by producing this Fragment, it had been intended to snatch from him the glory of his pretended discovery, — though Leibnitz says precisely the contrary of what he advances. He forced some pensioned members of the Academy, who are dependent on him, to summon M. König" — As we know too well; and cannot bear to have repeated to us, even in the briefest and spiciest form! "Sentence (*Jugement*) on M. König, which declares him guilty of having assaulted the glory of the Sieur Moreau Maupertuis by *forging* a Leibnitz Letter. — Wrote then, and made write, to her Serene Highness the Princess of Orange, who was indignant at so insolent" —. . . and in fine,

"Thus the Sieur Moreau Maupertuis has been convicted, in the face of Scientific Europe, not only of plagiarism and blunder, but of having abused his place to suppress free discussion, and to persecute an honest man who had no crime but that of not being of his opinion. Several members of our Academy have protested against so crying a procedure; and would leave the Academy, were it not for fear of displeasing the King, who is protector of it."[1]

King Friedrich's position, in the middle of all this, was becoming uncomfortable. Of the controversy he understood, or cared to understand, nothing; had to believe steadily that his Academy must be right; that König was some loose bird, envious of an eagle Maupertuis, sitting aloft on his high Academic perch: this Friedrich took for the truth of the matter; — and could not let himself imagine that his sublime Perpetual President, who was usually very prudent and Jove-like, had been led, by his truculent vanity (which Friedrich knew to be immense in the man, though kept well out of sight), into such playing of fantastic tricks before high Heaven and other onlookers. This view of the matter had hitherto been Friedrich's; nor do I know that he ever inwardly departed from it; — as outwardly he, for certain, never did; standing, King-like, clear always for his Perpetual President, till this hurricane of Pamphlets blew by. Voltaire's little Piece, therefore, was the unwelcomest possible.

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[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxiii. 227 (in *Maupertuisiana*, No. xvi).

This new bolt of electric fire, launched upon the storm-tost President from Berlin itself, and even from the King's House itself, — by whom, too clearly recognizable, — what an irritating thing! Unseemly, in fact, on Voltaire's part; but could not be helped by a Voltaire charged with electricity. Friedrich evidently in considerable indignation, finding that public measures would but worsen the uproar, took pen in hand; wrote rapidly the indignant *Letter from an Academician of Berlin to an Academician of Paris:*[1] which Piece, of some length, we cannot give here; but will briefly describe as manifesting no real knowledge of the *Law-of-Thrift* Controversy; but as taking the above loose view of it, and as directed principally against "the pretended Member of our Academy" (mischievous Voltaire, to wit), whom it characterizes as "such a manifest retailer of lies," a "concocter of stupid libels:" "have you ever seen an action more malicious, more dastardly, more infamous?" — and other hard terms, the hardest he can find. This is the privilege of anonymity, on both sides of it.

But imagine now a King and his Voltaire doing witty discourse over their Supper of the gods (as, on the set days, is duly the case); with such a consciousness, burning like Bude light, though close veiled, on the part of Host and Guest! The Friedrich-Voltaire relation is evidently under sore stress of weather, in those winter-autumn months of 1752, — brown leaves, splashy rains and winds moaning outwardly withal. And, alas, the irrepressibly electric Voltaire, still far from having ended, still only just beginning his Anti-Maupertuis discharges, has, in the interim, privately got his *Doctor Akakia* ready. Compared to which, the former missile is as a popgun to a park of artillery shotted with old nails and broken glass! — Such a constraint, at the Royal dinner-table, amid wine and wit, could not continue. The credible account is, it soon cracked asunder; and, after the conceivable sputterings, sparklings and flashings of various complexion, issued in lambent airs of "tacit mutual understanding; and in reading of *Akakia* together, — with peals of laughter from the King," as the common French Biographers assert.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xv. 59-64 (not dated; datable "October, 1752").

"Readers know *Akakia*,"[1] says Smelfungus: "it is one of the famous feats of Satirical Pyrotechny; only too pleasant to the corrupt Race of Adam! There is not much, or indeed anything, of true poetic humor in it: but there is a gayety of malice, a dexterity, felicity, inexhaustibility of laughing mockery and light banter, capable of driving a Perpetual President delirious. What an Explosion of glass-crackers, fire-balls, flaming-serpents; — generally, of sleeping gunpowder, in its most artistic forms, — flaming out sky-high over all the Parish, on a sudden! The almost-sublime of Maupertuis, which exists in large quantities, here is a new artist who knows how to treat it. The engineer of the Sublime (always painfully engineering thitherward without effect), — an engineer of the Comic steps in on him, blows him up with his own petards in a most unexampled manner. Not an owlery has that poor Maupertuis, in the struggle to be sublime (often nearly successful, but never once quite), happened to drop from him, but Voltaire picks it up; manipulates it, reduces it to the sublimely ridiculous; lodges it, in the form of burning dust, about the head of *mon Président.* Needless to say of the Comic engineer that he is unfair, perversely exaggerative, reiterative, on the owleries of poor Maupertuis; — it is his function to *be* all that. Clever, but wrong, do you say? Well, yes: — and yet the ridiculous does require ridicule; wise Nature has silently so ordered. And if ever truculent President in red wig, with his absurd truculences, tyrannies and perpetual struggles after the sublime, did deserve to be exploded in laughter, it could not have been more consummately done; — though perversely always, as must be owned.

"'The hole bored through the Earth,' for instance: really, one sometimes reflects on such a thing; How you would see daylight, and the antipodal gentleman (if he bent a little over) foot to foot; how a little stone flung into it would exactly (but for air and friction) *reach* the other side of the world; would then, in a computable few moments, come back quiescent to your hand, and so continue forevermore; — with other the like uncriminal fancies.

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[1] *Diatribe du Docteur Akakia* (in Voltaire, *Œuvres*, lxi. 19–62).

"'The Latin Town,' again: truly, if learning the Ancient Languages be human Education, it might, with a Greek Ditto, supersede the Universities, and prove excellently serviceable in our struggle Heavenward by that particular route. I can assure M. de Voltaire, it was once practically proposed to this King's Great-grandfather, the Grosse Kurfürst; — who looked into it, with face puckered to the intensest, in his great care for furtherance of the Terrestrial Sciences and Wisdoms; but forbore for that time.[1] Then as to 'Dissecting the Brains of Patagonians;' what harm, if you can get them gross enough? And as to that of 'exalting your mind to predict the future,' does not, in fact, man look *before* and *after;* are not Memory and (in a small degree) Prophecy the Two Faculties he has?

"These things — which are mostly to be found in the '*Lettres de Maupertuis*' (Dresden, 1752, then a brand-new Book), but are now clipt out from the Maupertuis Treatises — we can fancy to be almost sublimities. Almost, unfortunately not altogether. And then there is such a Sisyphus-effort visible in dragging them aloft so far: and the nimble wicked Voltaire so seizes his moment, trips poor Sisyphus; and sends him down, heels-over-head, in a torrent of roaring débris! 'From gradual transpiration of our vital force comes Death; which perhaps, by precautions, might be indefinitely retarded,' says Maupertuis. 'Yes, truly,' answers the other: 'if we got ourselves japanned, coated with resinous varnish (*induits de poix résineux*); who knows!' Not a sublime owlery can you drop, but it is manipulated, ground down, put in rifled cannon, comes back on you as tempests of burning dust." Enough to send Maupertuis pirouetting through the world, with red wig unquenchably on fire!

Peals of laughter (once you are allowed to be non-official) could not fail, as an ovation, from the King; — so report the French Biographers. But there was, besides, strict promise that the Piece should be suppressed: "Never do to send our President pirouetting through the world in this manner, with his wig on fire; promise me, on your honor!" Voltaire promised. But, alas, how could Voltaire perform! Once more the Rhadamanthine fact is: Voltaire, as King's Chamberlain, was bound, without any promise, to forbear, and rigidly suppress such an *Akakia* against the King's Perpetual President. But withal let candid readers consider how difficult it was to do. The absurd blusterous Turkey-cock, who has, every now and then, been tyrannizing over you for twenty years, here you have him filled with gunpowder, so to speak, and the train laid. There wants but one spark, — (edition printed in Holland, edition done in Berlin, plenty of editions made or makable by a little surreptitious legerdemain, — and I never knew whether it was *Akakia* in print, or *Akakia* in manuscript, that King and King's Chamberlain were now reading together, nor does it matter much): — your Turkey surreptitiously stuffed with gunpowder, I say; train ready waiting; one flint-spark will shoot him aloft, scatter him as flaming ruin on all the winds: and you are, once and always, to withhold said spark. Perhaps, had *Akakia* not yet been written — But all lies ready there; one spark will do it, at any moment; — and there are unguarded moments, and the Tempter must prevail! —

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[1] Minute details about it in Stenzel, ii. 234-238; who quotes "Erman" (a poor old friend of ours) "*Sur le Projet d'une Ville Savante dans le Brandebourg* (Berlin, 1792):" date of the Project was 1667.

On what day *Akakia* blazed out at Berlin, surreptitiously forwarded from Holland or otherwise, I could never yet learn (so stupid these reporters). But "on November 2d" the King makes a Visit to sick Maupertuis, which is published in all the Newspapers;[1] — and one might guess the *Akakia* conflagration, and cruel haha-ings of mankind, to have been tacitly the cause. Then or later, sure enough, *Akakia* does blaze aloft about that time; and all Berlin, and all the world, is in conversation over Maupertuis and it, — 30,000 copies sold in Paris: — and Friedrich naturally was in a towering passion at his Chamberlain. Nothing for the Chamberlain but to fly his presence; to shriek, piteously, "Accident, your Majesty! Fatal treachery and accident; after such precautions too!" — and fall sick to death (which is always a resource one has); and get into private lodgings in the *Tauben-Strasse,*[1] till one either die, or grow fit to be seen again: "Ah, Sire" — let us give the Voltaire shriek of *Not-guilty,* with the Friedrich Answer; both dateless unluckily: —

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[1] Rödenbeck, *in die; Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 531, "2d November, 1752, 5 P.M."

Voltaire. "*Ah, mon Dieu,* Sire, in the state I am in! I swear to you again, on my life, which I could renounce without pain, that it is a frightful calumny. I conjure you to summon all my people, and confront them. What? You will judge me without hearing me! I demand justice or death."

Friedrich. "Your effrontery astonishes me. After what you have done, and what is clear as day, you persist, instead of owning yourself culpable. Do not imagine you will make people believe that black is white; when one [*on,* meaning *I*] does not see, the reason is, one does not want to see everything. But if you drive the affair to extremity, — all shall be made public; and it will be seen whether, if your Works deserve statues, your conduct does not deserve chains."[2]

Most dark element (not in date only), with terrific thunder-and-lightning. Nothing for it but to keep one's room, mostly one's bed, — "Ah, Sire, sick to death!"

December 24th, 1752, there is one thing dismally distinct, Voltaire himself looking on (they say), from his windows in Dove Street: the Public Burning of *Akakia,* near there, by the common Hangman. Figure it; and Voltaire's reflections on it: — haggardly clear that Act Third is culminating; and that the final catastrophe is inevitable and nigh. We must be brief. On the eighth day after this dread spectacle (New-year's-day 1753), Voltaire sends, in a Packet to the Palace, his Gold Key and Cross of Merit. On the interior wrappage is an Inscription in verse: "I received them with loving emotion,

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[1] At a "Hofrath Francheville's" (kind of subaltern Literary Character, see Denina, ii. 57), "*Tauben-Strasse* (Dove Street), No. 20:" stayed there till "March, 1753" (Note by Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xxii. 306 n.).

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xxii. 302, 301.

I return them with grief; as a broken-hearted Lover returns the Portrait of his Mistress: —

> *Je les reçus avec tendresse,*
> *Je vous les rends avec douleur;*
> *C'est ainsi qu'un amant, dans son extrême ardeur,*
> *Rend le portrait de sa maîtresse.*"

And — in a Letter enclosed, tender as the Song of Swans — has one wish: Permission for the waters of Plombières, some alleviations amid kind nursing friends there; and to die craving blessings on your Majesty.[1]

Friedrich, though in hot wrath, has not quite come that length. Friedrich, the same day, towards evening, sends Fredersdorf to him, with Decorations back. And a long dialogue ensues between Fredersdorf and Voltaire; in which Collini, not eavesdropping, "heard the voice of M. de Voltaire at times very loud." Precise result unknown. After which, for three months more, follows waiting and hesitation and negotiation, also quite obscure. Confused hithering and thithering about permission for Plombières, about repentance, sorrow, amendment, blame; in the end, reconciliation, or what is to pass for such. Recorded for us in that whirl of misdated Letter-clippings; in those Narratives, ignorant, and pretending to know: perhaps the darkest Section in History, Sacred or Profane, — were it of moment to us, here or elsewhere!

Voltaire has got permission to return to Potsdam; Apartment in the Palace ready again: but he still lingers in Dove Street; too ill, in real truth, for Potsdam society on those new terms. Does not quit Francheville's "till March 5th;" and then only for another Lodging, called "the Belvedere," of suburban or rural kind. His case is intricate to a degree. He is sick of body; spectre-haunted withal, more than ever; — often thinks Friedrich, provoked, will refuse him leave. And, alas, he would so fain *not* go, as well as go! Leave for Plombières, — leave in the angrily contemptuous shape, "Go, then, forever and a day!" — Voltaire can at once have: but to get it in the friendly shape, and as if for a time only? His prospects at Paris, at Versailles, are none of the best; to return as if dismissed will never do! Would fain not go, withal; — and has to diplomatize at Potsdam, by D'Argens, De Prades, and at Paris simultaneously, by Richelieu, D'Argenson and friends. He is greatly to be pitied; — even Friedrich pities him, the martyr of bodily ailments and of spiritual; and sends him "extract of quinquina" at one time.[1] Three miserable months; which only an Œdipus could read, and an Œdipus who had nothing else to do! The issue is well known. Of precise or indisputable, on the road thither, here are fractions that will suffice: —

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[1] Collini, p. 48; *Letter*, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 305.

Voltaire to one Bagieu his Doctor at Paris ("Berlin, 19th December," 1752, week *before* his *Akakia* was burnt). . . . "Wish I could set out on the instant, and put myself into your hands and into the arms of my family! I brought to Berlin about a score of teeth, there remain to me something like six; I brought two eyes, I have nearly lost one of them; I brought no erysipelas, and I have got one, which I take a great deal of care of. . . . Meanwhile I have buried almost all my Doctors; even La Mettrie. Remains only that I bury Codénius [Cothenius], who looks too stiff, however," — and, at any rate, return to *you* in Spring, when roads and weather improve.[2]

Friedrich to Voltaire (Potsdam, uncertain date). "There was no need of that pretext about the waters of Plombières, in demanding your leave (*congé*). You can quit my service when you like: but, before going, be so good as return me the Contract of your Engagement, the Key [Chamberlain's], the Cross [of Merit], and the Volume of Verses which I confided to you.

"I wish my Works, and only they, had been what you and König attacked. Them I sacrifice, with a great deal of willingness, to persons who think of increasing their own reputation by lessening that of others. I have not the folly nor vanity of certain Authors. The cabals of literary people seem to me the disgrace of Literature. I do not the less esteem honorable cultivators of Literature; it is only the caballers and their leaders that are degraded in my eyes. On this, I pray God to have you in his holy and worthy keeping. — FRIEDRICH." [1]

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[1] Letter of Voltaire's.

[2] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 141.

Voltaire spectrally given (Collini *loquitur*). "One evening walking in the garden [at rural Belvedere, — after March 5th], talking of our situation, he asked me, 'Could you drive a coach-and-two?' I stared at him a moment; but knowing that there must be no direct contradiction of his ideas, I said 'Yes.' — 'Well, then, listen; I have thought of a method for getting away. You could buy two horses; a chariot after that. So soon as we have horses, it will not appear strange that we lay in a little hay.' — 'Yes, Monsieur; and what should we do with that?' said I. '*Le voici* (this is it). We will fill the chariot with hay. In the middle of the hay we will put all our baggage. I will place myself, disguised, on the top of the hay; and give myself out for a Calvinist Curate going to see one of his Daughters married in the next Town. You shall drive: we take the shortest road for the Saxon Border; safe there, we sell chariot, horses, hay; then straight to Leipzig, by post.' At which point, or soon after, he burst into laughing." [2]

Voltaire to Friedrich ("Berlin, Belvedere," rural lodging,[3] "12th March," 1753). "Sire, I have had a Letter from König, quite open, as my heart is. I think it my duty to send your Majesty a duplicate of my Answer. . . . Will submit to you every step of my conduct; of my whole life, in whatever place I end it. I am König's friend; but assuredly I am much more attached to your Majesty; and if he were capable the least in the world of failing in respect [as is rumored], I would" — Enough!

Friedrich relents (To Voltaire; De Prades writing, Friedrich covertly dictating: no date). "The King has held his Consistory; and it has there been discussed, Whether your case was a mortal sin or a venial? In truth, all the Doctors owned that it was mortal, and even exceedingly confirmed as such by repeated lapses and relapses. Nevertheless, by the plenitude of the grace of Beelzebub, which rests in the said King, he thinks he can absolve you, if not in whole, yet in part. This would be, of course, in virtue of some act of contrition and penitence imposed on you: but as, in the Empire of Satan, there is a great respect had of genius, I think, on the whole, that, for the sake of your talents, one might pardon a good many things which do discredit to your heart. These are the Sovereign Pontiff's words; which I have carefully taken down. They are a Prophecy rather."[1]

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[1] In De Prades's hand; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 308, 309: Friedrich's own Minute to De Prades has, instead of these last three lines: "That I have not the folly and vanity of authors, and that the cabals of literary people seem to me the depth of degradation," &c.

[2] Collini, p. 53.

[3] "In the *Stralauer Vorstadt* (*hodie*, Woodmarket Street):" Preuss's Note to this Letter, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 306 n.

Voltaire to De Prades ("Belvedere, 15th March," 1753). "Dear Abbé, — Your style has not appeared to me soft. You are a frank Secretary of State: — nevertheless I give you warning, it is to be a settled point that I embrace you before going. I shall not be able to kiss you; my lips are too choppy from my devil of a disorder [*scurvy,* I hear]. You will easily dispense with my kisses; but don't dispense, I pray you, with my warm and true friendship.

"I own I am in despair at quitting you, and quitting the King; but it is a thing indispensable. Consider with our dear Marquis [D'Argens], with Fredersdorf, —*parbleu,* with the King himself, How you can manage that I have the consolation of seeing him before I go. I absolutely will have it; I will embrace with my two arms the Abbé and the Marquis. The Marquis sha'n't be kissed, any more than you; nor the King either. But I shall perhaps fall blubbering; I am weak, I am a drenched hen. I shall make a foolish figure: never mind; I must, once more, have sight of you two. If I cannot throw myself at the King's feet, the Plombières waters will kill me. I await your answer, to quit this Country as a happy or as a miserable man. Depend on me for life. — V."[2] — This is the last of these obscure Documents.

Three days after which, "evening of March 18th,"[3] Voltaire, Collini with him and all his packages, sets out for Potsdam;

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xxii. 307. [2] Ib. 308. [3] Collini, pp. 55, 56.

King's guest once more. Sees the King in person "after dinner, next day;" stays with him almost a week, "quite gay together," "some private quizzing even of Maupertuis" (if we could believe Collini or his master on that point); means "to return in October, when quite refitted," — does at least (note it, reader), on that ground, retain his Cross and Key, and his Gift of the *Œuvre de Poésies:* which he had much better have left! And finally, morning of March 25th, 1753,[1] drives off, — towards Dresden, where there are Printing Affairs to settle, and which is the nearest safe City; — and Friedrich and he, intending so or not, have seen one another for the last time. Not quite intending that extremity, either of them, I should think; but both aware that living together was a thing to be avoided henceforth.

"Take care of your health, above all; and don't forget that I expect to see you again after the Waters!" such was Friedrich's adieu, say the French Biographers,[2] "who is himself just going off to the Silesian Reviews," add they; — who does, in reality, drive to Berlin that day; but not to the Silesian Reviews till May following. As Voltaire himself will experience, to his cost!

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CHAPTER XII.

OF THE AFTERPIECE, WHICH PROVED STILL MORE TRAGICAL.

VOLTAIRE, once safe on Saxon ground, was in no extreme haste for Plombières. He deliberately settled his Printing Affairs at Dresden; then at Leipzig; — and scattered through Newspapers, or what port-holes he had, various fiery darts against Maupertuis; aggravating the humors in Berlin, and provoking Maupertuis to write him an express Letter. Letter which is too curious, especially the Answer it gets, to be quite omitted: —

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[1] Collini, p. 56; see Rödenbeck, i. 252.

[2] Collini, p. 57; Duvernet, p. 186; *Œuvres de Voltaire,* lxxv. 187 ("will return in October").

Maupertuis to Voltaire (at Leipzig).

"*Berlin, 3d April,* 1753. If it is true that you design to attack me again [with your *La-Beaumelle* doggeries and scurrilous discussions], I declare to you that I have still health enough to find you wherever you are, and to take the most signal vengeance on you (*vengeance la plus éclatante*). Thank the respect and the obedience which have hitherto restrained my arm, and saved you from the worst adventure you have ever yet had. MAUPERTUIS."

Voltaire's Answer (from Leipzig, a few days after).

"M. LE PRÉSIDENT, — I have had the honor to receive your Letter. You inform me that you are well; that your strength is entirely returned; and that, if I publish La Beaumelle's Letter [private Letter of his, lent me by a Friend, which proves that *you* set him against me], you will come and assassinate me. What ingratitude to your poor medical man Akakia! . . . If you exalt your soul so as to discern futurity, you will see that if you come on that errand to Leipzig, where you are no better liked than in other places, and where your Letter is in safe Legal hands, you run some risk of being hanged. Poor me, indeed, you will find in bed; and I shall have nothing for you but my syringe and vessel of dishonor: but so soon as I have gained a little strength, I will have my pistols charged *cum pulvere pyrio;* and multiplying the mass by the square of the velocity, so as to reduce the action and you to zero, I will put some lead in your head; — it appears to have need of it. *Adieu, mon Président.* AKAKIA."[1]

Here, in the history of Duelling, or challengings to mortal combat, is a unique article! At which the whole world haha'd again; perhaps King Friedrich himself; though he was dreadfully provoked at it, too: "No mending of that fellow!" — and took a resolution in consequence, as will be seen.

Dresden and Leipzig done with, Voltaire accepted an invitation to the Court of Sachsen-Gotha (most polite Serene

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[1] Duvernet, pp. 186, 187; *Œuvres de Voltaire,* lxi. 55–60.

Highnesses there, and especially a charming Duchess, — who set him upon doing the *Annales de l'Empire*, decidedly his worst Book). "About April 21st" Voltaire arrived, stayed till the last days of May;[1] and had, for five weeks, a beautiful time at Gotha; — Wilhelmina's Daughter there (young Duchess of Würtemberg, on visit, as it chanced),[2] and all manner of graces, melodies and beneficences; a little working, too, at the *Annales*, in the big Library, between whiles. Five decidedly melodious weeks. Beautiful interlude, or half-hour of orchestral fiddling in this Voltaire Drama; half-hour which could not last! On the heel of which there unhappily followed an Afterpiece or codicil to the Berlin Visit; which, so to speak, set the whole theatre on fire, and finished by explosion worse than *Akakia* itself. A thing still famous to mankind; — of which some intelligible notion must be left with readers.

The essence of the story is briefly this. Voltaire, by his fine deportment in parting with Friedrich, had been allowed to retain his Decorations, his Letter of Agreement, his Royal *Book of Poesies* (one of those "Twelve Copies," printed *au Donjon du Château*, in happier times!) — and, in short, to go his ways as a friend, not as a runaway or one dismissed. But now, by his late procedures at Leipzig, and "firings out of port-holes" in that manner, he had awakened Friedrich's indignation again, — Friedrich's regret at allowing him to take those articles with him; and produced a resolution in Friedrich to have them back. They are not generally articles of much moment; but as marks of friendship, they are now all falsities. One of the articles might be of frightful importance: that Book of Poesies; thrice-private *Œuvre de Poésies*, in which are satirical spurts affecting more than one crowned head: one shudders to think what fires a spiteful Voltaire might cause by publishing these! This was Friedrich's idea; — and by no means a chimerical one, as the Fact proved; said *Œuvre* being actually reprinted upon him, at Paris afterwards

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[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 182 n. (Clogenson's Note).

[2] Wilhelmina-Friedrich Correspondence (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. iii. 258, 249).

(not by Voltaire), in the crisis of the Seven-Years War, to put him out with his Uncle of England, whom it quizzed in passages.[1] "We will have those articles back," thinks Friedrich; "that *Œuvre* most especially! No difficulty: wait for him at Frankfurt, as he passes home; demand them of him there." And has (directly on those new "firings through port-holes" at Leipzig) bidden Fredersdorf take measures accordingly.[2]

Fredersdorf did so; early in April and onward had his Official Person waiting at Frankfurt (one Freytag, our Prussian Resident there, very celebrated ever since), vigilant in the extreme for Voltaire's arrival, — and who did not miss that event. Voltaire, arriving at last (May 31st), did, with Freytag's hand laid gently on his sleeve, at once give up what of the articles he had about him; — the *Œuvre*, unluckily, not one of them; and agreed to be under mild arrest ("*Parole d'honneur;* in the *Lion-d'Or* Hôtel here!") till said *Œuvre* should come up. Under Fredersdorf's guidance, all this, and what follows; King Friedrich, after the general Order given, had nothing more to do with it, and was gone upon his Reviews.

In the course of two weeks or more the *Œuvre de Poésie* did come. Voltaire was impatient to go. And he might perhaps have at once gone, had Freytag been clearly instructed, so as to know the essential from the unessential here. But he was not; — poor subaltern Freytag had to say, on Voltaire's urgencies: "I will at once report to Berlin; if the answer be (as we hope), 'All right,' you are that moment at liberty!" This was a thing unexpected, astonishing to Voltaire; a thing demanding patience, silence: in three days more, with silence, as turns out, it would have been all beautifully over, — but he was not strong in those qualities!

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[1] Title of it is, *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci* (Paris, pretending to be "Potsdam," 1760), 1 vol. 12mo: at Paris, "in January" this; whereupon, at Berlin, with despatch, "April 9th," "the real edition" (properly castrated) was sent forth, under title, *Poésies Diverses*, 1 vol. big 8vo (Preuss, in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. Preface, p. x. See Formey, ii. 255, under date misprinted "1763").

[2] "Friedrich to Wilhelmina, 12th April, 1753" (*Œuvres*, xxvii. iii. 227).

Voltaire's arrest hitherto had been merely on his word of honor, "I promise, on my honor, not to go beyond the Garden of this Inn." But he now, without warning anybody, privately revoked said word of honor; and Collini and he, next morning, whisked shiftily into a hackney-coach, and were on the edge of being clear off. To Freytag's terror and horror; who, however, caught them in time: and was rigorous enough now, and loud enough; — street-mob gathering round the transaction; Voltaire very loud, and Freytag too, — the matter taking fire here; and scenes occurring, which Voltaire has painted in a highly flagrant manner!

On the third day, Answer from Berlin had come, as expected; answer (as to the old score): "All right; let him go!" But to punctual Freytag's mind, here is now a new considerable item of sundries: insult to his Majesty, to wit; breaking his Majesty's arrest, in such insolent loud manner: — and Freytag finds that he must write anew. Post is very slow; and, though Fredersdorf answers constantly, from Berlin, "Let him go, let him go," there have to be writings and re-writings; and it is not till July 7th (after a detention, not of nearly three weeks, as it might and would have been, but of five and a day) that Voltaire gets off, and then too at full gallop, and in a very unseemly way.

This is authentically the world-famous Frankfurt Affair; — done by Fredersdorf, as we say; Friedrich, absent in Silesia, or in Preussen even, having no hand in it, except the original Order left with Fredersdorf. Voltaire has used his flamingest colors on this occasion, being indeed dreadfully provoked and chagrined; painting the thing in a very flagrant manner, — known to all readers. Voltaire's flagrant Narrative had the round of the world to itself, for a hundred years; and did its share of execution against Friedrich. Till at length, recently, a precise impartial hand, the Herr Varnhagen, thought of looking into the Archives; and has, in a distinct, minute and entertaining way, explained the truth of it to everybody; — leaving the Voltaire Narrative in rather sad condition.[1] We have little room; but must give, compressed, from Varnhagen and the other evidences, a few of the characteristic points. The story falls into two Parts.

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[1] Varnhagen von Ense, *Voltaire in Frankfurt am Mayn*, 1753 (separate, as here, 12mo, pp. 92; or in *Berliner Kalender* for 1846).

Part I. Fredersdorf sends Instructions; the "Œuvre de Poésie" is got; but —

April 11th, 1753 (few days after that of Maupertuis's Cartel, Voltaire having set to firing through port-holes again, and the King being swift in his resolution on it), Factotum Fredersdorf, who has a free-flowing yet a steady and compact pen, directs Herr Freytag, our Resident at Frankfurt-on-Mayn, To procure from the Authorities there, on Majesty's request, the necessary powers; then vigilantly to look out for Voltaire's arrival; to detain the said Voltaire, and, if necessary, arrest him, till he deliver certain articles belonging to his Majesty: Cross of Merit, Gold Key, printed *Œuvre de Poésies* and Writings (*Skripturen*) of his Majesty's; in short, various articles, — the specification of which is somewhat indistinct. In Fredersdorf's writing, all this; not so mathematically luminous and indisputable as in Eichel's it would have been. Freytag put questions, and there passed several Letters between Fredersdorf and him; but it was always uncomfortably hazy to Freytag, and he never understood or guessed that the *Œuvre de Poésies* was the vital item, and the rest formal in comparison. Which is justly considered to have been an unlucky circumstance, as matters turned. For help to himself, Freytag is to take counsel with one Hofrath Schmidt; a substantial experienced Burgher of Frankfurt, whose rathship is Prussian.

April 21st, Freytag answers, That Schmidt and he received his Majesty's All-gracious Orders the day before yesterday (Post takes eight days, it would seem); that they have procured the necessary powers; and are now, and will be, diligently watchful to execute the same. Which, one must say, they in right earnest are; patrolling about, with lips strictly closed, eyes vividly open; and have a man or two privately on watch at the likely stations, on the possible highways; — and so continue, Voltaire doing his *Annals of the Empire*, and enjoying himself at Gotha, for weeks after,[1] — much unconscious of their patrolling.

Freytag is in no respect a shining Diplomatist; — probably some *Emeritus* Lieutenant, doing his function for £30 a year: but does it in a practical solid manner. Writes with stiff brevity, stiff but distinct; with perfect observance of grammar both in French and German; with good practical sense, and faithful effort to do aright what his order is: no trace of "Mon*sir*," of "Œuvre de Poés*h*ie," to be found in Freytag; and most, or all, of the ridiculous burs stuck on him by Voltaire, are to be pulled off again as — as fibs, or fictions, solacing to the afflicted Wit. Freytag is not of quick or bright intellect: and unluckily, just at the crisis of Voltaire's actual arrival, both Schmidt and Fredersdorf are off to Embden, where there is "Grand Meeting of the Embden Shipping Company" (with comfortable dividends, let us hope), — and have left Freytag to his own resources, in case of emergency.

Thursday, May 31*st,* "about eight in the evening," Voltaire does arrive, — most prosperous journey hitherto, by Cassel, Marburg, Warburg, and other places famous then or since; Landgraf of Hessen (wise Wilhelm, whom we knew) honorably lodging him; innkeepers calling him "Your Excellency," or "M. le Comte;" — and puts up at the Golden Lion at Frankfurt, where rooms have been ordered; Freytag well aware, though he says nothing.

Friday morning, June 1*st,* "his Excellency and Suite" (Voltaire and Collini) have their horses harnessed, carriage out, and are about taking the road again, — when Freytag, escorted by a Dr. Rücker, "Frankfurt Magistrate *de mauvaise mine*,"[2] and a Prussian recruiting Lieutenant, presents himself in Voltaire's apartment! Readers know Voltaire's account and Mon*sir* Collini's; and may now hear Freytag's own, which is painted from fact: —

"Introductory civilities done (*nach gemachten Politessen*), I made him acquainted with the will of your most All-gracious Majesty. He was much astonished (*bestürzt*," no wonder);

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[1] "Left Gotha 25th May" (Clog. in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xxv. 192 n.).

[2] Collini, p. 77

"he shut his eyes, and flung himself back in his chair."[1] Calls in his friend Collini, whom, at first, I had requested to withdraw. Two coffers are produced, and opened, by Collini; visitation, punctual, long and painful, lasted from nine A.M. till five P.M. Packets are made, — a great many Papers, "and one Poem which he was unwilling to quit" (perilous *La Pucelle*); — inventories are drawn, duly signed. Packets are signeted, mutually sealed, Rücker claps on the Town-seal first, Freytag and Voltaire following with theirs. "He made thousand protestations of his fidelity to your Majesty; became pretty weak [like fainting, think you, Herr Resident ?], and indeed he looks like a skeleton. — We then made demand of the Book, *Œuvre de Poésies*: That, he said, was in the Big Case; and he knew not whether at Leipzig or Hamburg" (knew very well where it was); and finding nothing else would do, wrote for it, showing Freytag the Letter; and engaged, on his word of honor, not to stir hence till it arrived.

Upon which, — what is farther to be noted, though all seems now settled, — Freytag, at Voltaire's earnest entreaty, "for behoof of Madame Denis, a beloved Niece, Monsieur, who is waiting for me hourly at Strasburg, whom such fright might be the death of!" — puts on paper a few words (the few which Voltaire has twisted into "Mon*sir*," "Poés*h*ies" and so forth), to the effect, "That whenever the *Œuvre* comes, Voltaire shall actually have leave to go." And so, after eight hours' labor (nine A.M. to five P.M.), everything is hushed again. Voltaire, much shocked and astonished, poor soul, "sits quietly down to his *Annales*" (says Collini), — to working, more or less; a resource he often flies to, in such cases. Madame Denis, on receiving his bad news at Strasburg, sets off towards him: arrives some days before the *Œuvre* and its Big Case. King Friedrich had gone, May 1st, for some weeks, to his Silesian Reviews; June 1st (very day of this great sorting in the Lion d'Or), he is off again, to utmost Prussia this time; — and knows, hitherto and till quite the end, nothing, except that Voltaire has not turned up anywhere.

. . . Voltaire cannot have done much at his *Annals*, in this interim at the Golden Lion, "where he has liberty to walk in the Garden." He has been, and is, secretly corresponding, complaining and applying, all round, at a great rate: to Count Stadion the Imperial Excellency at Mainz, to French friends, to Princess Wilhelmina, ultimately to Friedrich himself.[1] He has been receiving visits, from Serene Highnesses, "Duke of Meiningen" and the like, who happen to be in Town. Visit from iniquitous Dutch Bookseller, Van Duren (Printer of the *Anti-Machiavel*); with whom we had such controversy once. Iniquitous, now opulent and prosperous, Van Duren, happening to be here, will have the pleasure of calling on an old distinguished friend: distinguished friend, at sight of him entering the Garden, steps hastily up, gives him a box on the ear, without words but an interjection or two; and vanishes within doors. That is something! "Monsieur," said Collini, striving to weep, but unable, "you have had a blow from the greatest man in the world."[2] In short, Voltaire has been exciting great sensation in Frankfurt; and keeping Freytag in perpetual fear and trouble.

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[1] Varnhagen, p. 16.

Monday, 18th June, the Big Case, lumbering along, does arrive. It is carried straight to Freytag's; and at eleven in the morning, Collini eagerly attends to have it opened. Freytag, — to whom Schmidt has returned from Embden, but no Answer from Potsdam, or the least light about those *Skripturen*, — is in the depths of embarrassment; cannot open, till he know completely what items and *Skripturen* he is to make sure of on opening: "I cannot, till the King's answer come!" — "But your written promise to Voltaire?" "Tush, that was my own private promise, Monsieur; my own private prediction of what would happen; a thing *pro formâ*, and to save Madame Denis's life. Patience; perhaps it will arrive this very day. Come again to me at three P.M.; — there is Berlin post to-day; then again in three days: — I surely expect the Order will come by this post or next; God grant it may be by this!" Collini attends at three; there is Note from Fredersdorf: King's Majesty absent in Preussen all this while; expected now in two days. Freytag's face visibly brightens: "Wait till next post; three days more, only wait!"[1] And in fact, by next post, as we find, the *Open-Sesame* did punctually come. Voltaire, and all this big cawing rookery of miseries and rages, would have at once taken wing again, into the serene blue, could Voltaire but have had patience three days more! But that was difficult for him, too Difficult.

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[1] In *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 207–214, &c., Letters to Stadion (of strange enough tenor: see Varnhagen, pp. 30, &c.). In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxii. 303, and in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxv. 185, is the Letter to Friedrich (dateless, totally misplaced, and rendered unintelligible, in both Works): Letter *sent* through Wilhelmina (see her fine remarks in forwarding it, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. iii. 234).

[2] Collini, p. 182.

Part II. Voltaire, in spite of his efforts, does get away (June 20th–July 7th).

Wednesday, June 20th, Voltaire and Collini ("word of honor" fallen dubious to them, dubious or more), — having laid their plan, striving to think it fair in the circumstances, — walk out from the Lion d'Or, "Voltaire in black-velvet coat,"[2] with their valuablest effects (*La Pucelle* and money-box included); leaving Madame Denis to wait the disimprisonment of *Œuvre de Poésie,* and wind up the general business. Walk out, very gingerly, — duck into a hackney-coach; and attempt to escape by the Mainz Gate! Freytag's spy runs breathless with the news; never was a Freytag in such taking. Terrified Freytag has to "throw on his coat;" order out three men to gallop by various routes; jump into some Excellency's coach (kind Excellency lent it), which is luckily standing yoked near by; and shoot with the velocity of life and death towards Mainz Gate. Voltaire, whom the well-affected Porter, suspecting something, has rather been retarding, is still there: "Arrested, in the King's name!" — and there is such a scene! For Freytag, too, is now raging, ignited by such percussion of the terrors; and speaks, not like what they call "a learned sergeant," but like a drilled sergeant in heat of battle: Voltaire's tongue, also, and Collini's, — "Your Excellenz never heard such brazen-faced lies thrown on a man; that I had offered, for 1,000 thalers, to let them go; that I had" — In short, the thing has caught fire; broken into flaming chaos come again.

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[1] Varnhagen, pp. 39–41.

[2] Ib. p. 46.

"Freytag [to give one snatch from Collini's side] got into the carriage along with us, and led us, in this way, across the mob of people to Schmidt's [to see what was to be done with us]. Sentries were put at the gate to keep out the mob; we are led into a kind of counting-room; clerk, maid- and man-servants are about; Madam Schmidt passes before Voltaire with a disdainful air, to listen to Freytag, recounting," in the tone not of a *learned* sergeant, what the matter is. They seize our effects; under violent protest, worse than vain. "Voltaire demands to have at least his snuffbox, cannot do without snuff; they answer, 'It is usual to take everything.'

"His," Voltaire's, "eyes were sparkling with fury; from time to time he lifted them on mine, as if to interrogate me. All on a sudden, noticing a door half open, he dashes through it, and is out. Madam Schmidt forms her squad, shopmen and three maid-servants; and, at their head, rushes after. 'What?' cries he, 'cannot I be allowed to — to vomit, then?'" They form circle round him, till he do it; call out Collini, who finds him "bent down, with his fingers in his throat, attempting to vomit; and is terrified; '*Mon Dieu,* are you ill, then?' He answered in a low voice, tears in his eyes, '*Fingo, fingo* (I pretend,'" and Collini leads him back, *re infectâ.* "The Author of the *Henriade* and *Mérope;* what a spectacle![1] . . . Not for two hours had they done with their writings and arrangings. Our portfolios and *cassette* (money-box) were thrown into an empty trunk [what else could they be thrown into?] — which was locked with a padlock, and sealed with a paper, Voltaire's arms on the one end, and Schmidt's cipher on the other. Dorn, Freytag's Clerk, was bidden lead us away. Sign of the *Bouc*" (or *Billy-Goat;* there henceforth; *Lion d'Or* refusing to be concerned with us farther); twelve soldiers; Madame Denis with curtains of bayonets, — and other well-known flagrancies. . . . The 7th of July, Voltaire did actually go; and then in an extreme hurry, — by his own blame, again.

These final passages we touch only in the lump; Voltaire's own Narrative of these being so copious, flamingly impressive, and still known to everybody. How much better for Voltaire and us, had nobody ever known it; had it never been written; had the poor hubbub, no better than a chance street-riot all of it, after amusing old Frankfurt for a while, been left to drop into the gutters forever! To Voltaire and various others (me and my poor readers included), that was the desirable thing.

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[1] Collini, pp. 81, 86.

Had there but been, among one's resources, a little patience and practical candor, instead of all that vituperative eloquence and power of tragi-comic description! Nay, in that case, this wretched street-riot hubbub need not have been at all. Truly M. de Voltaire had a talent for speech, but lamentably wanted that of silence! — We have now only the sad duty of pointing out the principal mendacities contained in M. de Voltaire's world-famous Account (for the other side has been heard since that); and so of quitting a painful business. The principal mendacities — deducting all that about "*Poéshie*" and the like, which we will define as poetic fiction — are: —

1°. That of the considerable files of soldiers (almost a Company of Musketeers, one would think) stuck up round M. de Voltaire and Party, in *The Billy-Goat;* Madame Denis's bed-curtains being a screen of bayonets, and the like. The exact number of soldiers I cannot learn: "a *Schildwache* of the Town-guard [means one; surely does not mean Four?] for each prisoner," reports the arithmetical Freytag; which, in the extreme case, would have been twelve in whole (as Collini gives it); and "next day we reduced them to two," says Freytag.

2°. That of the otherwise frightful night Madame Denis had; "the fellow Dorn [Freytag's Clerk, a poor, hard-worked frugal creature, with frugal wife and family not far off] insisting to sit in the Lady's bedroom; there emptying bottle after bottle; nay at last [as Voltaire bethinks him, after a few days] threatening to" — Plainly to *excel* all belief! A thing not to be spoken of publicly: indeed, what Lady could speak of it at all, except in hints to an Uncle of advanced years? — Proved fact being, that Madame Denis, all in a flutter, that first night at *The Billy-Goat,* had engaged Dorn, "for a louis-d'or," to sit in her bedroom; and did actually pay him a louis-d'or for doing so! This is very bad mendacity; clearly conscious on M. de Voltaire's part, and even constructed by degrees.

3°. Very bad also is that of the moneys stolen from him by those Official people. M. de Voltaire knows well enough how he failed to get his moneys, and quitted Frankfurt in a hurry! Here, inexorably certain from the Documents, and testimonies on both parts, is that final Passage of the long Fire-work: last crackle of the rocket before it dropped perpendicular: —

July 6th, complete *Open-Sesame* having come, Freytag and Schmidt duly invited Voltaire to be present at the opening of seals (his and theirs), and to have his moneys and effects returned from that "old trunk" he speaks of. But Voltaire had by this time taken a higher flight. July 6th, Voltaire was protesting before Notaries, about the unheard-of violence done him, the signal reparations due; and disdained, for the moment, to concern himself with moneys or opening of seals: "Seals, moneys? Ye atrocious Highwaymen!"

Upon which, they sent poor Dorn with the sealed trunk *in corpore*, to have it opened by Voltaire himself. Collini, in *The Billy-Goat*, next morning (July 7th), says, he (Collini) had just loaded two journey-pistols, part of the usual carriage-furniture, and they lay on the table. At sight of poor Dorn darkening his chamber-door, Voltaire, the prey of various flurries and high-flown vehemences, snatched one of the pistols ("pistol without powder, without flint, without lock," says Voltaire; "efficient pistol just loaded," testifies Collini); — snatched said pistol; and clicking it to the cock, plunged Dornward, with furious exclamations: not quite unlikely to have shot Dorn (in the fleshy parts), — had not Collini hurriedly struck up his hand, "*Mon Dieu, Monsieur!*" and Dorn, with trunk, instantly vanished. Dorn, naturally, ran to a Lawyer. Voltaire, dreading Trial for intended Homicide, instantly gathered himself; and shot away, self and *Pucelle* with Collini, clear off; — leaving Niece Denis, leaving moneys and other things, to wait till to-morrow, and settle as they could.

After due lapse of days, in the due legal manner, the Trunk was opened; "the £19 of expenses" (£19 and odd shillings, not £100 or more, as Voltaire variously gives it) was accurately taken from it by Schmidt and Freytag, to be paid where due, — (in exact liquidation, "Landlord of *The Billy-Goat*" so much, "Hackney-Coachmen, Riding Constables sent in chase," so much, as per bill); — and the rest, £76 10*s.* was punctually locked up again, till Voltaire should apply for it. "Send it after him," Friedrich answered, when inquired of; "send it after him; but not [reflects he] unless there is somebody to take his Receipt for it," — our gentleman being the man he is. Which case, or any application from Voltaire, never turned up. "Robbed by those highwaymen of Prussian Agents!" exclaimed Voltaire everywhere, instead of applying. Never applied; nor ever forgot. Would fain have engaged Collini to apply, — especially when the French Armies had got into Frankfurt, — but Collini did not see his way.[1]

So that, except as consolatory scolding-stock for the rest of his life, Voltaire got nothing of his £76 10*s.*, "with jewels and snuffbox," always lying ready in the Trunk for him. And it had, I suppose, at the long last, to go by *Right of Windfall* to somebody or other: — unless, perhaps, it still lie, overwhelmed under dust and lumber, in the garrets of the old Rathhaus yonder, waiting for a legal owner? What became of it, no man knows; but that no doit of it ever went Freytag's or King Friedrich's way, is abundantly evident. On the whole, what an entertaining Narrative is that of Voltaire's; but what a pity he had ever written it!

This was the finishing Catastrophe, tragical exceedingly; which went loud-sounding through the world, and still goes, — the more is the pity. Catastrophe due throughout to three causes: *First,* That Fredersdorf, not Eichel, wrote the Order; and introduced the indefinite phrase *Skripturen,* instead of sticking by the *Œuvre de Poésies,* the one essential point. *Second,* That Freytag was of heavy pipe-clay nature. *Third,* That Voltaire was of impatient explosive nature; and, in calamities, was wont, not to be silent and consider, but to lift up his voice (having such a voice), and with passionate melody appeal to the Universe, and do worse, by way of helping himself! —

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[1] Three Letters to Collini on the subject (January-May, 1759), *Collini,* pp. 208-211.

"The poor Voltaire, after all!" ejaculates Smelfungus. "Lean, of no health, but melodious extremely (in a shallow sense); and truly very lonely, old and weak, in this world. What an end to Visit Fifth; began in Olympus, terminates in the Lock-up! His conduct, except in the Jew Case, has nothing of bad, at least of unprovokedly bad. 'Lost my teeth,' said he, when things were at zenith. 'Thought I should never weep again,' — now when they are at nadir. A sore blow to one's Vanity, in presence of assembled mankind; and made still more poignant by noises of one's own adding. France forbidden to him [by expressive signallings]; miraculous Goshen of Prussia shut: 'these old eyes, which I thought would continue dry till they closed forever, were streaming in tears;'"[1] — but soon brightened up again: Courage!

How Voltaire now wanders about for several years, doing his *Annales*, and other Works; now visiting Lyon City (which is all in *gaudeamus* round him, though Cardinal Tencin does decline him as dinner-guest); now lodging with Dom Calmet in the Abbey of Senones (ultimately in one's own first-floor, in Colmar near by), digging, in Calmet's Benedictine Libraries, stuff for his *Annales*; — wandering about (chiefly in Elsass, latterly on the Swiss Border), till he find rest for the sole of his foot:[2] all this may be known to readers; and we must say nothing of it. Except only that, next year, in his tent, or hired lodgings at Colmar, the Angels visited him (Abraham-like, after a sort). Namely, that one evening (late in October, 1754), a knock came to his door, "Her Serene Highness of Baireuth wishes to see you, at the Inn over there!" "Inn, Baireuth, say you? Heavens, what?" — Or, to take it in the prose form: —

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[1] Letter from "Mainz, 9th July," third day of rout or flight; To Niece Denis, left behind (*Œuvres*, lxxv. 220).

[2] Purchased *Les Délices* (The Delights), as he named it, a glorious Summer Residence, on the Lake, near Geneva (supplemented by a Winter ditto, *Monrion*, near Lausanne), "in February, 1755" (*Œuvres*, xvii. 243 n.); — then purchased *Ferney*, not far off, "in October, 1758;" and continued there, still more glorious, for almost twenty years thenceforth (ib. lxxvii. 398, xxxix. 307: thank the exact "Clog." for both these Notes).

"January 26th, 1753, about eight P.M. [while Voltaire sat desolate in Francheville's, far away], the Palace at Baireuth, — Margraf with candle at an open window, and gauze curtains near — had caught fire; inexorably flamed up, and burnt itself to ashes, it and other fine edifices adjoining.[1] Wilhelmina is always very ill in health; they are now rebuilding their Palace: Margraf has suggested, 'Why not try Montpellier; let us have a winter there!' On that errand they are (end of October, 1754) got the length of Colmar; and do the Voltaire miracle in passing. Very charming to the poor man, in his rustication here.

"'Eight hours in a piece, with the Sister of the King of Prussia,' writes he: think of that, my friends! 'She loaded me with bounties; made me a most beautiful present. Insisted to see my Niece; would have me go with them to Montpellier.'[2] Other interviews and meetings they had, there and farther on: Voltaire tried for the Montpellier; but could not.[3] Wilhelmina wintered at Montpellier, without Voltaire ('Thank your stars!' writes Friedrich to her. The Friedrich-Wilhelmina *Letters* are at their best during this Journey; here unfortunately very few).[4] Winter done, Wilhelmina went still South, to Italy, to Naples, back by Venice: — at Naples, undergoing the Grotto del Cane and neighborhood, Wilhelmina plucked a Sprig of Laurel from Virgil's Grave, and sent it to her Brother in the prettiest manner; — is home at Baireuth, new Palace ready, August, 1755."

These points, hurriedly put down, careful readers will mark, and perhaps try to keep in mind. Wilhelmina's Tourings are not without interest to her friends. Of her Voltaire acquaintanceship, especially, we shall hear again. With Voltaire, Friedrich himself had no farther Correspondence, or as good as none, for four years and more. What Voltaire writes to him (with Gifts of Books and the like, in the tenderest regretful pathetically *cooing* tone, enough to mollify rocks), Friedrich usually answers by De Prades, if at all, — in a quite discouraging manner. In the end of 1757, on what hint we shall see, the Correspondence recommenced, and did not cease again so long as they both lived.

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[1] Holle, *Stadt Bayreuth* (Bayreuth, 1833), p. 178.

[2] Letters (in *Œuvres*, lxxv. 450, 452), "Colmar, 23d October, &c. 1754."

[3] Wrote to Friedrich about it (one of his first Letters after the Explosion), applying to Friedrich "for a Passport" or Letter of Protection; which Friedrich answers by De Prades, openly laughing at it (*Œuvres*, xxiii. 6).

[4] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. iii. 248–273 (September, 1754, and onwards).

Voltaire at Potsdam is a failure, then. Nothing to be made of that. Law is reformed; Embden has its Shipping Companies; Industry flourishes: but as to the Trismegistus of the Muses coming to our Hearth — ! Some Eight of Friedrich's years were filled by these Three grand Heads of Effort; perfect Peace in all his borders: and in 1753 we see how the celestial one of them has gone to wreck. "Understand at last, your Majesty, that there is no Muses'-Heaven possible on Telluric terms; and cast that notion out of your head!"

Friedrich does cast it out, more and more, henceforth, — "*Ach, mein lieber Sulzer*, what *was* your knowledge, then, of that damned race?" Casts it out, we perceive, — and in a handsome silently stoical way. Cherishing no wrath in his heart against any poor devil; still, in some sort, loving this and the other of them; Chasot, Algarotti, Voltaire even, who have gone from him, too weak for the place: "Too weak, alas, yes; and I, was I wise to try them, then?" With a fine humanity, new hope inextinguishably welling up; really with a loyalty, a modesty, a cheery brother manhood unexpected by readers.

Eight of the Eleven Peace Years are gone in these courses. The next three, still silent and smooth to the outward eye, were defaced by subterranean mutterings, electric heralds of coming storm. "Meaning battle and wrestle again?" thinks Friedrich, listening intent. A far other than welcome message to Friedrich. A message ominous; thrice unwelcome, not to say terrible. Requires to be scanned with all one's faculty; to be interpreted; to be obeyed, in spite of one's reluctances and lazinesses. To plunge again into the Mahlstrom, into the clash of Chaos, and dive for one's Silesia, the third time; — horrible to lazy human nature: but if the facts are so, it must be done! —

CHAPTER XIII.

ROMISH-KING QUESTION; ENGLISH-PRIVATEER QUESTION.

The public Events so called, which have been occupying mankind during this Voltaire Visit, require now mainly to be forgotten; — and may, for our purposes, be conveniently riddled down to Three. *First,* King-of-the-Romans Question; *Second,* English-Privateer Question; and then, hanging curiously related to these Two, a *Third,* or "English-French Canada Question." Of some importance all of them; extremely important to Friedrich, especially that Third and least expected of them.

Witty Hanbury Williams, the English Excellency at Berlin, busy intriguing little creature, became distasteful there, long since; and they had to take him away: "recalled," say the Documents, "22d January, 1751." Upon which, no doubt, he made a noise in Downing Street; and got, it appears, "re-credentials to Berlin, 4th March, 1751;"[1] but I think did not much reside, nor intend to reside; having all manner of wandering Continental duties to do; and a world of petty businesses and wide-spread intrigues, Russian, German and other, on hand. Robinson, too, is now home; returned, 1748 (Treaty of Aix in his pocket); and an Excellency Keith, more and more famous henceforth, has succeeded him in that Austrian post. Busy people, these and others; now legationing in Foreign parts: able in their way; but whose work proved to be that of spinning ropes from sand, and must not detain us at this time.

The errand of all these Britannic Excellencies is upon a notable scheme, which Royal George and his Newcastle have devised, Of getting all made tight, and the Peace of Aix double-riveted, so to speak, and rendered secure against every contingency, — by having Archduke Joseph at once elected "King of the Romans." King of the Romans straightway; whereby he follows at once as Kaiser, should his Father die; and is liable to no French or other intriguing; and we have taken a bond of Fate that the Balance cannot be canted again. Excellent scheme, think both these heads; and are stirring Germany with all their might, purse in hand, to co-operate, and do it. Inconceivable what trouble these prescient minds are at, on this uncertain matter. It was Britannic Majesty's and Newcastle's main problem in this world, for perhaps four years (1749–1753): — "My own child," as a fond Noodle of Newcastle used to call it; though I rather think it was the other that begot the wretched object, but had tired sooner of nursing it under difficulties.

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[1] Manuscript *List* in State-Paper Office.

Unhappily there needs unanimity of all the Nine Electors. The poorer you can buy; "Bavarian Subsidy," or annual pension, is only £45,000, for this invaluable object; Köln is only — a mere trifle:[1] trifles all, in comparison of the sacred Balance, and dear Hanover kept scathless. But unfortunately Friedrich, whom we must not think of buying, is not enthusiastic in the cause! Far from it. The now Kaiser has never yet got him, according to bargain, a Reichs-Guarantee for the Peace of Dresden; and needs endless flagitating to do it.[2] The chase of security and aggrandizement to the House of Austria is by no means Friedrich's chief aim! This of King of the Romans never could be managed by Britannic Majesty and his Newcastle.

It was very triumphant, and I think at its hopefulest, in 1750, soon after starting, — when Excellency Hanbury first appeared at Berlin on behalf of it. That was Excellency Hanbury's first journey on this errand; and he made a great many more, no man readier; a stirring, intriguing creature (and always with such moneys to distribute); had victorious hopes now and then, — which one and all proved fatuous.[1] In 1751 and 1752, the darling Project met cross tides, foul winds, political whirlpools ("Such a set are those German Princes!") — and swam, indomitable, though near desperate, as Project seldom did; till happily, in 1753, it sank drowned: — and left his Grace of Newcastle asking, "Well-a-day! And is not England drowned too?" We hope not.

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[1] Debate on "Bavarian Subsidy" (in Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 49): endless Correspondence between Newcastle and his Brother (curious to read, though of the most long-eared description on the Duke's part), in Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 338–465 ("31st May, 1750–3d November, 1752"): precise Account (if anybody now wanted it), in *Adelung*, vii. 146, 149, 154, et seq.

[2] Does it, at length, by way of furtherance to this Romish-King Business, "23d January–14th May, 1751" (*Adelung*, vii. 217).

"Owing mainly to Friedrich's opposition!" exclaimed Noodle and the Political Circles. Which — (though it was not the fact; Friedrich's opposition, once that Reichs-Guarantee of his own was got, being mostly passive, "Push it through the stolid element, then, *you* stolid fellows, if you can!") — awoke considerable outcry in England. Lively suspicion there, of treasonous intentions to the Cause of Liberty, on his Prussian Majesty's part; and — coupled with other causes that had risen — a great deal of ill-nature, in very dark condition, against his Prussian Majesty. And it was not Friedrich's blame, chiefly or at all. If indeed Friedrich would have forwarded the Enterprise: — but he merely did not; and the element was viscous, stolid. Austria itself had wished the thing; but with nothing like such enthusiasm as King George; — to whom the refusal, by Friedrich and Fate, was a bitter disappointment. Poor Britannic Majesty: Archduke Joseph came to be King of the Romans, in due course, right enough. And long before that event (almost before George had ended his vain effort to hasten it), Austria turned on its pivot; and had clasped, not England to its bosom, but France (thanks to that exquisite Kaunitz); and was in arms *against* England, dear Hanover, and the Cause of Liberty! Vain to look too far ahead, — especially with those fish-eyes. Smelfungus has a Note on Kaunitz; readable, though far too irreverent of that superlative Diplomatist, and unjust to the real human merits he had.

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[1] "June, 1750," Hanbury for Berlin (Britannic Majesty much anxious Hanbury were there): Hanbury to Warsaw next (hiring Polish Majesty there); at Dresden, does make victorious Treaty, September, 1751; at Vienna, 1753 (still on the same quest). Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 339, 196, 469.

"The struggles of Britannic George to get a King of the Romans elected were many. Friedrich never would bite at this salutary scheme for strengthening the House of Austria: 'A bad man, is not he?' And all the while, the Court of Austria seemed indifferent, in comparison; — and Graf von Kaunitz-Rietberg, Ambassador at Paris, was secretly busy, wheeling Austria round on its axis, France round on its; and bringing them to embrace in political wedlock! Feat accomplished by his Excellency Kaunitz (Paris, 1752–1753); — accomplished, not consummated; left ready for consummating when he, Kaunitz, now home as Prime Minister, or helmsman on the new tack, should give signal. Thought to be one of the cleverest feats ever done by Diplomatic art.

"Admirable feat, for the Diplomatic art which it needed; not, that I can see, for any other property it had. Feat which brought, as it was intended to do, a Third Silesian War; death of about a million fighting men, and endless woes to France and Austria in particular. An exquisite Diplomatist this Kaunitz; came to be Prince, almost to be God-Brahma in Austria, and to rule the Heavens and Earth (having skill with his Sovereign Lady, too), in an exquisite and truly surprising manner. Sits there sublime, like a gilt crockery Idol, supreme over the populations, for near forty years.

"One reads all Biographies and Histories of Kaunitz:[1] one catches evidence of his well knowing his Diplomatic element, and how to rule it and impose on it. Traits there are of human cunning, shrewdness of eye; — of the loftiest silent human pride, stoicism, perseverance of determination, — but not, to my remembrance, of any conspicuous human wisdom whatever. One asks, Where is his wisdom? Enumerate, then, do me the pleasure of enumerating, What he contrived that the Heavens answered Yes to, and not No to? All silent! A man to give one thoughts. Sits like a God-Brahma, human idol of gilt crockery, with nothing in the belly of it (but a portion of boiled chicken daily, very illdigested); and such a prostrate worship, from those around him, as was hardly seen elsewhere. Grave, inwardly unhappy-looking; but impenetrable, uncomplaining. Seems to have passed privately an Act of Parliament: 'Kaunitz-Rietberg here, as you see him, is the greatest now alive; he, I privately assure you!' — and, by continued private determination, to have got all men about him to ratify the same, and accept it as valid. Much can be done in that way with stupidish populations; nor is Beau Brummel the only instance of it, among ourselves, in the later epochs.

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[1] Hormayr's (in *Œsterreichischer Plutarch*, iv. 3tes, 231-283); &c. &c.

"Kaunitz is a man of long hollow face, nose naturally rather turned into the air, till artificially it got altogether turned thither. Rode beautifully; but always under cover; day by day, under glass roof in the riding-school, so many hours or minutes, watch in hand. Hated, or dreaded, fresh air above everything: so that the Kaiserinn, a noble lover of it, would always good-humoredly hasten to shut her windows when he made her a visit. Sumptuous suppers, soirées, he had; the pink of Nature assembling in his house; galaxy, domestic and foreign, of all the Vienna Stars. Through which he would walk one turn; glancing stoically, over his nose, at the circumambient whirlpool of nothings, — happy the nothing to whom he would deign a word, and make him something. O my friends! — In short, it was he who turned Austria on its axis, and France on its, and brought them to the kissing pitch. Pompadour and Maria Theresa kissing mutually, like Righteousness and — not *Peace*, at any rate! '*Ma chère Cousine*,' could I have believed it, at one time?"

A *Second* Prussian-English cause of offence had arisen, years ago, and was not yet settled; nay is now (Spring, 1753) at its height or crisis: Offence in regard to English Privateering.

Friedrich, ever since Ost-Friesland was his, has a considerable Foreign Trade, — not as formerly from Stettin alone, into the Baltic Russian ports; but from Embden now, which looks out into the Atlantic and the general waters of Europe and the World. About which he is abundantly careful, as we have seen. Anxious to go on good grounds in this matter, and be accurately neutral, and observant of the Maritime Laws, he had, in 1744, directly after coming to possession of Ost-Friesland, instructed Excellency Andrié, his Minister in London, to apply at the fountain-head, and expressly ask of my Lord Carteret: "Are hemp, flax, timber contraband?" "No," answered Carteret; Andrié reported, No. And on this basis they acted, satisfactorily, for above a year. But, in October, 1745, the English began violently to take *planks* for contraband; and went on so, and ever worse, till the end of the War.[1] Excellency Andrié has gone home; and a Secretary of Legation, Herr Michel, is now here in his stead:—a good few dreary old Pamphlets of Michel's publishing (official Declaration, official Arguments, Documents, in French and English, 4to and 8vo, on this extinct subject), if you go deep into the dust-bins, can be disinterred here to this day. Tread lightly, touching only the chief summits. The Haggle stretches through five years, 1748–1753,—and then at last ceases *haggling:*—

"*January 8th,* 1748 [War still on foot, but near ending], Michel applies about injuries, about various troubles and unjust seizures of ships; Secretary Chesterfield answers, 'We have an Admiralty Court; beyond question, right shall be done.' 'Would it were soon, then!' hints Michel. Chesterfield, who is otherwise politeness itself, confidently hopes so; but cannot push Judicial people.

"*February,* 1748. Admiralty being still silent, Michel applies by Memorial, in a specific case: 'Two Stettin Ships, laden with wine from Bordeaux, and a third vessel,' of some other Prussian port, laden with corn; taken in Ramsgate Roads, whither they had been driven by storm: 'Give me these Ships back!' Memorial to his Grace of Newcastle, this. Upon which the Admiralty sits; with deliberation, decides (June, 1748), 'Yes!' And 'there is hope that a Treaty of Commerce will follow;'[2] which was far from being the issue just yet!

"On the contrary, his Prussian Majesty's Merchants, perhaps encouraged by this piece of British justice, came forward with more and ever more complaints and instances. To winnow the strictly true out of which, from the half-true or not provable, his Prussian Majesty has appointed a 'Commission,'" fit people, and under strict charges, I can believe, "Commission takes (to Friedrich's own knowledge) a great deal of pains; — and it does not want for clean corn, after all its winnowing. Plenty of facts, which can be insisted on as indisputable. 'Such and such Merchant Ships [Schedules of them given in, with every particular, time, name, cargo, value] have been laid hold of on the Ocean Highway, and carried into English Ports; — *out* of which his Prussian Majesty has, in all Friendliness, to beg that they be now re-delivered, and justice done.' 'Contraband of War,' answer the English; 'sorry to have given your Majesty the least uneasiness; but they were carrying' — 'No, pardon me; nothing contraband discoverable in them;' and hands in his verified Schedules, with perfectly polite, but more and more serious request, That the said ships be restored, and damages accounted for. 'Our Prize Courts have sat on every ship of them,' eagerly shrieks Newcastle all along: 'what can we do!' 'Nay a Special Commission shall now [1751, date not worth seeking farther] — special Commission shall now sit, till his Prussian Majesty get every satisfaction in the world!'

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[1] Adelung, vii. 334.

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine,* xviii. (for 1748), pp. 64, 141.

"English Special Commission, counterpart of that Prussian one (which is in vacation by this time), sits accordingly: but is very slow; reports for a long while nothing, except, 'Oh, give us time!' and reports, in the end, nothing in the least satisfactory.[1] 'Prize Courts? Special Commission?' thinks Friedrich: 'I must have my ships back!' And, after a great many months, and a great many haggles, Friedrich, weary of giving time, instructs Michel to signify, in proper form ('23d November, 1752'), 'That the Law's delay seemed to be considerable in England; that till the fulness of time did come, and right were done his poor people, he, Friedrich himself, would hopefully wait; but now at last must, provisionally, pay his poor people their damages; — would accordingly, from the 23d day of April next, cease the usual payment to English Bondholders on their Silesian Bonds; and would henceforth pay no portion farther of that Debt, principal or interest [about £250,000 now owing], but proceed to indemnify his own people from it, to the just length, — and deposit the remainder in Bank, till Britannic Majesty and Prussian could *unite* in ordering payment of it; which one trusts may be soon!' "[1]

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[1] "Have entirely omitted the essential points on which the matter turns; and given such confused account, in consequence, that it is not well possible to gather from their Report any clear and just idea of it at all." (Verdict of the *Prussian* Commission: which had been re-assembled by Friedrich, on this Report from the English one, and adjured to speak only "what they could answer to God, to the King and to the whole world," concerning it: *Seyfarth*, ii. 183.)

"November 23d, 1752, resolved on by Friedrich;" "consummated April 23d, 1753:" these are the dates of this decisive passage (Michel's biggest Pamphlet, French and English, issuing on the occasion). February 8th, 1753, no redress obtainable, poor Newcastle shrieks, "Can't, must n't; astonishing!" and "the people are in great wrath about it. April 12th, Friedrich replies, in the kindest terms; but sticking to his point."[2] And punctually continued so, and did as he had said. With what rumor in the City, commentaries in the Newspapers and flutter to his Grace of Newcastle, may be imagined. "What a Nephew have I!" thinks Britannic Majesty: "Hah, and Embden, Ost-Friesland, is not his. Embden itself is mine!" A great deal of ill-nature was generated, in England, by this one affair of the Privateers, had there been no other: and in dark cellars of men's minds (empty and dark on this matter), there arose strange caricature Portraitures of Friedrich: and very mad notions — of Friedrich's perversity, astucity, injustice, malign and dangerous intentions — are more or less vocal in the Old Newspapers and Distinguished Correspondences of those days. Of which, this one sample:

To what height the humor of the English ran against Friedrich is still curiously noticeable, in a small Transaction of tragic Ex-Jacobite nature, which then happened, and in the commentaries it awoke in their imagination. Cameron of Lochiel, who forced his way through the Nether-Bow in Edinburgh, had been a notable rebel; but got away to France, and was safe in some military post there. Dr. Archibald Cameron, Lochiel's Brother, a studious contemplative gentleman, bred to Physic, but not practising except for charity, had quitted his books, and attended the Rebel March in a medical capacity, — "not from choice," as he alleged, "but from compulsion of kindred;" — and had been of help to various Loyalists as well; a foe of Human Pain, and not of anything else whatever: in fact, as appears, a very mild form of Jacobite Rebel. He too got to France; but had left his Wife, Children and frugal Patrimonies behind him, — and had to return in proper concealment, more than once, to look after them. Two Visits, I think two, had been successfully transacted, at intervals; but the third, in 1753, proved otherwise.

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[1] Walpole, i. 295; Seyfarth, ii. 183, 157; Adelung, vii. 331–338; *Gentleman's Magazine*; &c.

[2] Adelung, vii. 336–338.

March 12th, 1753, wind of him being had, and the slot-hounds uncoupled and put on his trail, poor Cameron was unearthed "at the Laird of Glenbucket's," and there laid hold of; locked in Edinburgh Castle, — thence to the Tower, and to Trial for High Treason. Which went against him; in spite of his fine pleadings, and manful conciliatory appearances and manners. Executed 7th June, 1753. His poor Wife had twice squeezed her way into the Royal Levee at Kensington, with Petition for mercy; — fainted, the first time, owing to the press and the agitation; but did, the second time, fall on her knees before Royal George, and supplicate, — who had to turn a deaf ear, royal gentleman; I hope, not without pain.

The truth is, poor Cameron — though, I believe, he had some vague Jacobite errands withal — never would have harmed anybody in the rebel way; and might with all safety have been let live. But his Grace of Newcastle, and the English generally, had got the strangest notion into their head. Those appointments of Earl Marischal to Paris, of Tyrconnel to Berlin; Friedrich's nefarious spoiling of that salutary Romish-King Project; and now simultaneous with that, his nefarious conduct in our Privateer Business: all this, does it not prove him — as the Hanburys, Demon Newswriters and well-informed persons have taught us — to be one of the worst men living, and a King bent upon our ruin? What is certain, though now well-nigh inconceivable, it was then, in the Upper Classes and Political Circles, universally believed, That this Dr. Cameron was properly an "Emissary of the King of Prussia's;" that Cameron's errand here was to rally the Jacobite embers into new flame; — and that, at the first clear sputter, Friedrich had 15,000 men, of his best Prussian-Spartan troops, ready to ferry over, and help Jacobitism to *do* the matter this time![1]

About as likely as that the Cham of Tartary had interfered in the "Bangorian Controversy" (raging, I believe, some time since, — in Cremorne Gardens first of all, which was Bishop Hoadly's Place, — to the terror of mitres and wigs); or that the Emperor of China was concerned in Meux's Porter-Brewery, with an eye to sale of *nux vomica.* Among all the Kings that then were, or that ever were, King Friedrich distinguished himself by the grand human virtue (one of the most important for Kings and for men) of keeping well at home, — of always minding his own affairs. These were, in fact, the one thing he minded; and he did that well. He was vigilant, observant all round, for weather-symptoms; thoroughly well informed of what his neighbors had on hand; ready to interfere, generally in some judicious soft way, at any moment, if his own Countries or their interests came to be concerned; certain, till then, to continue a speculative observer merely. He had knowledge, to an extent of accuracy which often surprised his neighbors: but there is no instance in which he meddled where he had no business; — and few, I believe, in which he did not meddle, and to the purpose, when he had.

Later in his Reign, in the time of the American War (1777), there is, on the English part, in regard to Friedrich, an equally distracted notion of the same kind brought to light. Again, a conviction, namely, or moral-certainty, that Friedrich is about assisting the American Insurgents against us; — and a very strange and *in*dubitable step is ordered to be taken in consequence![1] As shall be noticed, if we have time. No enlightened Public, gazing for forty or fifty years into an important Neighbor Gentleman, with intent for practical knowledge of him, could well, though assisted by the cleverest Hanburys, and Demon and Angel Newswriters, have achieved less! —

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[1] Walpole, *George the Second*, i. 333, 353; and *Letters to Horace Mann* (Summer, 1753), for the belief held. Adelung, vii. 338–341, for the poor Cameron tragedy itself.

Question *Third* is — But Question Third, so extremely important was it in the sequel, will deserve a Chapter to itself.

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE IS LIKE TO BE ANOTHER WAR AHEAD.

QUESTION Third, French-English Canada Question, is no other than, under a new form, our old friend the inexorable *Jenkins's-Ear Question;* soul of all these Controversies, and — except Silesia and Friedrich's Question — the one meaning they have! Huddled together it had been, at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and left for closed under "New Spanish Assiento Treaty," or I know not what: — you thought to close it by Diplomatic putty and varnish in that manner: and here, by law of Nature, it comes welling up on you anew. For *it* springs from the Centre, as we often say, and is the fountain and determining element of very large Sections of Human History, still hidden in the unseen Time.

"Ocean Highway to be free; for the English and others who have business on it?" The English have a real and weighty errand there. "English to trade and navigate, as the Law of Nature orders, on those Seas; and to ponderate or preponderate there, according to the real amount of weight they and their errand have? *Or,* English to have their ears torn off; and imperious French-Spanish Bourbons, grounding on extinct Pope's-meridians, *gloire* and other imaginary bases, to take command?" The incalculable Yankee Nations, shall they be in effect *Yangkee* ("English" with a difference), or *Frangcee* ("French" with a difference)? A Question not to be closed by Diplomatic putty, try as you will!

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xxvi. 394 (Friedrich to Prince Henri, 29th June, 1777.)

By Treaty of Utrecht (1713), "all Nova Scotia [*Acadie* as then called], with Newfoundland and the adjacent Islands," was ceded to the English, and has ever since been possessed by them accordingly. Unluckily that Treaty omitted to settle a Line of Boundary to landward, or westward, for their "*Nova Scotia;*" or generally, a Boundary from *North to South* between the British Colonies and the French in those parts.

The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, eager to conclude itself, stipulated, with great distinctness, that Cape Breton, all its guns and furnishings entire, should be restored at once (France extremely anxious on that point); but for the rest had, being in such haste, flung itself altogether into the principle of *Statusquo-ante,* as the short way for getting through. The boundary in America was vaguely defined, as "now to be what it had been before the War." It had, for many years before the War, been a subject of constant altercation. *Acadie,* for instance, the *Nova Scotia* of the English since Utrecht time, the French maintained to mean only "the Peninsula," or Nook included between the Ocean Waters and the Bay of Fundy. And, more emphatic still, on the "Isthmus" (or narrow space, at northwest, between said Bay and the Ocean or the Gulf of St. Lawrence) they had built "Forts:" "Stockades," or I know not what, "on the Missaquish" (*hodie* Missiquash), a winding difficult river, northmost of the Bay of Fundy's rivers, which the French affirm to be the real limit in that quarter. The sparse French Colonists of the interior, subjects of England, are not to be conciliated by perfect toleration of religion and the like; but have an invincible proclivity to join their Countrymen outside, and wish well to those Stockades on the Missiquash. It must be owned, too, the French Official People are far from scrupulous or squeamish; show energy of management; and are very skilful with the Indians, who are an important item. Canada is all French; has its Quebecs, Montreals, a St. Lawrence River occupied at all the good military points, and serving at once as bulwark and highway.

Southward and westward, France, in its exuberant humor, claims for itself The whole Basin of the St. Lawrence, and the whole Basin of the Mississippi as well: "Have not we Stockades, Castles, at the military points; Fortified Places in Louisiana itself?" Yes; — and how many Ploughed Fields bearing Crop have you? It is to the good Plougher, not ultimately to the good Cannonier, that those portions of Creation will belong? The exuberant intention of the French is, after getting back Cape Breton, "To restrict those aspiring English Colonies," mere Ploughers and Traders, hardly numbering above one million, "to the Space eastward of the Alleghany Mountains," over which they are beginning to climb, "and southward of that Missiquash, or, at farthest, of the Penobscot and Kennebunk" (rivers *hodie* in the State of Maine).[1] That will be a very pretty Parallelogram for them and their ploughs and trade-packs: we, who are 50,000 odd, expert with the rifle far beyond them, will occupy the rest of the world. Such is the French exuberant notion: and, October, 1748, before signature at Aix-la-Chapelle, much more before Delivery of Cape Breton, the Commandant at Detroit (west end of Lake Erie) had received orders, "To oppose peremptorily every English Establishment not only thereabouts, but on the Ohio or its tributaries; by monition first; and then by force, if monition do not serve."

Establishments of any solidity or regularity the English have not in those parts; beyond the Alleghanies all is desert: "from the Canada Lakes to the Carolinas, mere hunting-ground of the Six Nations; dotted with here and there an English trading-house, or adventurous Squatter's farm:" — to whom now the French are to say: "Home you, instantly; and leave the Desert alone!" The French have distinct Orders from

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[1] La Gallisonnière, Governor of Canada's *Despatch*, "Quebec, 15th January, 1749" (cited in Bancroft, *History of the United States*, Boston, 1839, et seq.). "The English Inhabitants are computed at 1,051,000; French (in Canada 45,000, in Louisiana 7,000), in all 52,000:" *History of British Dominions in North America* (London, 1773), p. 13. Bancroft (i. 154) counts the English Colonists in "1754 about 1,200,000."

Court, and energetically obey the same; the English have indistinct Orders from Nature, and do not want energy, or mind to obey these: confusions and collisions are manifold, ubiquitous, continual. Of which the history would be tiresome to everybody; and need only be indicated here by a mark or two of the main passages.

In 1749, three things had occurred worth mention. *First,* Captain Coram, a public-spirited half-pay gentleman in London, originator of the Foundling Hospital there, had turned his attention to the fine capabilities and questionable condition of *Nova Scotia,* with few inhabitants, and those mostly disaffected; and, by many efforts now forgotten, had got the Government persuaded to despatch (June, 1749) a kind of Half-pay or Military Colony to those parts: "more than 1,400 persons, disbanded officers, soldiers and marines, under Colonel Edward Cornwallis," Brother of the since famous Lord Cornwallis.[1] Who landed, accordingly, on that rough shore; stockaded themselves in, hardily endeavoring and enduring; and next year, built a Town for themselves; Town of *Halifax* (so named from the then Lord Halifax, President of the Board of Trade); which stands there, in more and more conspicuous manner, at this day. Thanks to you, Captain Coram; though the ungrateful generations (except dimly in *Coram* Street, near your Hospital) have lost all memory of you, as their wont is. Blockheads; never mind them.

The *Second* thing is, an "Ohio Company" has got together in Virginia; Governor there encouraging; Britannic Majesty giving Charter (March, 1749), and what is still easier, "500,000 Acres of Land" in those Ohio regions, since you are minded to colonize there in a fixed manner. Britannic Majesty thinks the Country "between the Monongahela and the Kanahawy" (southern feeders of Ohio) will do best; but is not particular. Ohio Company, we shall find, chose at last, as the eligible spot, the topmost fork or very Head of the *Ohio,* — where Monongahela River from south and Alleghany River from north unite to form "The Ohio;" where stands, in our day, the big sooty Town of Pittsburg and its industries. Ohio Company

[1] Coxe's *Pelham,* ii. 113.

was laudably eager on this matter; Land-Surveyor in it (nay, at length, "Colonel of a Regiment of 150 men raised by the Ohio Company") was Mr. George Washington, whose Family had much promoted the Enterprise; and who was indeed a steady-going, considerate, close-mouthed Young Gentleman; who came to great distinction in the end.

French Governor (La Gallisonnière still the man), getting wind of this Ohio Company still in embryo, anticipates the birth; sends a vigilant Commandant thitherward, "with 300 men, To trace and occupy the Valleys of the Ohio and of the St. Lawrence, as far as Detroit." That officer "buries plates of lead," up and down the Country, with inscriptions signifying that "from the farthest ridge, whence water trickled towards the Ohio, the Country belonged to France; and nails the Bourbon Lilies to the forest-trees; forbidding the Indians all trade with the English; expels the English traders from the towns of the Miamis; and writes to the Governor of Pennsylvania, requesting him to prevent all farther intrusion." Vigilant Governors, these French, and well supported from home. Duquesne, the vigilant successor of La Gallisonnière (who is now wanted at home, for still more important purposes, as will appear), finding "the lead plates" little regarded, sends, by and by, 500 new soldiers from Detroit into those Ohio parts (march of 100 miles or so); — "the French Government having, in this year 1750, shipped no fewer than 8,000 men for their American Garrisons;" — and where the Ohio Company venture on planting a Stockade, tears it tragically out, as will be seen!

The *Third* thing worth notice, in 1749, and still more in the following year and years, had reference to Nova Scotia again. One La Corne, "a recklessly sanguinary partisan" (military gentleman of the Trenck, *Indigo*-Trenck species), nestles himself (winter, 1749-50) on that Missiquash River, head of the Bay of Fundy; in the Village of Chignecto, which is admittedly English ground, though inhabited by French. La Corne compels, or admits, the Inhabitants to swear allegiance to France again; and to make themselves useful in fortifying, not to say in drilling, — with an eye to military work. Hearing of which, Colonel Cornwallis and incipient Halifax are much at a loss. They in vain seek aid from the Governor of Massachusetts ("Assembly to be consulted first, to be convinced; Constitutional rights: — Nothing possible just at once"); — and can only send a party of 400 men, to try and recover Chignecto at any rate. April 20th, 1750, the 400 arrive there; order La Corne instantly to go. Bourbon Flag is waving on his dikes, *this* side the Missiquash: high time that he and it were gone. "Village Priest [flamingly orthodox, as all these Priests are, all picked for the business], with his own hands, sets fire to the Church in Chignecto;" inhabitants burn their houses, and escape across the river, — La Corne as rear-guard. La Corne, across the Missiquash, declares, That, to a certainty, he is now on French ground; that he will, at all hazards, defend the Territory here; and maintain every inch of it, — "till regular Commissioners [due ever since the Treaty of Aix, had not that *Romish-King* Business been so pressing] have settled what the Boundary between the two Countries is." — Chignecto being ashes, and the neighboring population gone, Cornwallis and his Four Hundred had to return to Halifax.

It was not till Autumn following, that Chignecto could be solidly got hold of by the Halifax people; nor till a long time after, that La Corne could be dislodged from his stockades, and sent packing.[1] September, 1750, a new Expedition on Chignecto found the place populous again, Indians, French "Peasants" (seemingly Soldiers of a sort); who stood very fiercely behind their defences, and needed a determined onrush, and "volley close into their noses," before disappearing. This was reckoned the first military bloodshed (if this were really military on the French side). And in November following, some small British Cruiser on those Coasts, falling in with a French Brigantine, from Quebec, evidently carrying military stores and solacements for La Corne, seized the same; by force of battle, since not otherwise, — three men lost to the British, five to the French, — and brought it to Halifax. "Lawful and necessary!" says the Admiralty Court; "Sheer

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[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, xx. 539, 295.

Piracy!" shriek the French; — matters breaking out into actual flashes of flame, in this manner.

British Commissions, two in number, names not worth mention, have, at last, in this Year 1750, gone to Paris; and are holding manifold conferences with French ditto, — to no purpose, any of them. One reads the dreary tattle of the Duke of Newcastle upon it, in the Years onward: "Just going to agree," the Duke hopes; "some difficulties, but everybody, French and English, wanting mere justice; and our and their Commissioners being in such a generous spirit, surely they will soon settle it."[1] They never did or could; and steadily it went on worsening.

That notable private assertion of the French, That Canada and Louisiana mean all America West of the Alleghanies, had not yet oozed out to the English; but it is gradually oozing out, and that England will have to content itself with the moderate Country lying east of that Blue range. "Not much above a million of you," say the French; "and surely there is room enough East of the Alleghanies? We, with our couple of Colonies, are the real America; — counting, it is true, few settlers as yet; but there shall be innumerable; and, in the mean while, there are Army-Detachments, Block-houses, fortified Posts, command of the Rivers, of the Indian Nations, of the water-highways and military keys (to you unintelligible); and we will make it good!"

The exact cipher of the French (guessed to be 50,000), and their precise relative-value as tillers and subduers of the soil, in these Two Colonies of theirs, as against the English Thirteen, would be interesting to know: curious also their little bill, of trouble taken in creating the Continent of America, in discovering it, visiting, surveying, planting, taming, making habitable for man: — and what Rhadamanthus would have said of those Two Documents! Enough, the French have taken some trouble, more or less, — especially in sending soldiers out, of late. The French, to certain thousands, languidly tilling, hunting and adventuring, and very skilful in wheedling the Indian Nations, are actually there; and they, in the silence of Rhadamanthus, decide that merit shall not miss its wages for want of asking. "Ours is America West of the Alleghanies," say the French, openly before long.

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[1] His Letters, in Coxe's *Pelham*, ii. 407 ("September, 1751"), &c.

"Yours? Yours, of all people's?" answer the English; and begin, with lethargic effort, to awake a little to that stupid Foreign Question; important, though stupid and foreign, or lying far off. Who really owned all America, probably few Englishmen had ever asked themselves, in their dreamiest humors, nor could they now answer; but, that North America does not belong to the French, can be doubtful to no English creature. Pitt, Chatham as we now call him, is perhaps the Englishman to whom, of all others, it is least doubtful. Pitt is in Office at last, — in some subaltern capacity, "Paymaster of the Forces" for some years past, in spite of Majesty's dislike of the outspoken man; — and has his eyes bent on America; — which is perhaps (little as you would guess it such) the main fact in that confused Controversy just now! —

In 1753 (28th August of that Year), goes message from the Home Government, "Stand on your defence, over there! Repel by force any Foreign encroachments on British Dominions."[1] And directly on the heel of this, November, 1753, the Virginia Governor, — urged, I can believe, by the Ohio Company, who are lying wind-bound so long, — despatches Mr. George Washington to inquire officially of the French Commandant in those parts, "What he means, then, by invading the British Territories, while a solid Peace subsists?" Mr. George had a long ride up those desert ranges, and down again on the other side; waters all out, ground in a swash with December rains, no help or direction but from wampums and wigwams: Mr. George got to Ohio Head (two big Rivers, Monongahela from South, Alleghany from North, coalescing to form a double-big Ohio for the Far West); and thought to himself, "What an admirable three-legged place: might be Chief Post of those regions, — nest-egg of a diligent Ohio

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[1] Holderness, *or* Robinson our old friend.

Company!" Mr. George, some way down the Ohio River, found a strongish French Fort, log-barracks, "200 river-boats, with more building," and a French Commandant, who cannot enter into questions of a diplomatic nature about Peace and War: "My orders are, To keep this Fort and Territory against all comers; one must do one's orders, Monsieur: Adieu!" And the steadfast Washington had to return; without result, — except that of the admirable Three-legged Place for dropping your Nest-egg, in a commanding and defenceful way!

Ohio Company, painfully restrained so long in that operation, took the hint at once. Despatched, early in 1754, a Party of some Forty or Thirty-three stout fellows, with arms about them, as well as tools, "Go build us, straightway, a Stockade in the place indicated; you are warranted to smite down, by shot or otherwise, any gainsayer!" And furthermore, directly got on foot, and on the road thither, a "regiment of 150 men," Washington as Colonel to it, For perfecting said Stockade, and maintaining it against all comers.

Washington and his Hundred-and-fifty — wagonage, provender and a piece or two of cannon, all well attended to — vigorously climbed the Mountains; got to the top 27th May, 1754; and there *met* the Thirty-three in retreat homewards! Stockade had been torn out, six weeks ago (17th April last); by overwhelming French Force, from the Gentleman who said *Adieu*, and had the river-boats, last Fall. And, instead of our Stockade, they are now building a regular French Fort, — *Fort Duquesne*, they call it, in honor of their Governor Duquesne: — against which, Washington and his regiment, what are they? Washington, strictly surveying, girds himself up for the retreat; descends diligently homewards again, French and Indians rather harassing his rear. Intrenches himself, 1st July, at what he calls "Fort Necessity," some way down; and the second day after, 3d July, 1754, is attacked in vigorous military manner. Defends himself, what he can, through nine hours of heavy rain; has lost thirty, the French only three; — and is obliged to capitulate: "Free Withdrawal" the terms given. This is the last I heard of the Ohio Company; not the last of Washington, by any means. Ohio Company, — its judicious Nest-egg squelched in this manner, nay become a fiery Cockatrice or "*Fort Duquesne:*" — need not be mentioned farther.

By this time, surely high time now, serious military preparations were on foot; especially in the various Colonies most exposed. But, as usual, it is a thing of most admired disorder; every Governor his own King or Vice-King, horses are pulling different ways: small hope there, unless the Home Government (where too I have known the horses a little discrepant, unskilful in harness!) will seriously take it in hand. The Home Government is taking it in hand; horses willing, if a thought unskilful. Royal Highness of Cumberland has selected General Braddock, and Two Regiments of the Line (the two that ran away at Prestonpans, — *absit omen*). Royal Highness consults, concocts, industriously prepares, completes; modestly certain that here now is the effectual remedy.

About New-year's day, 1755, Braddock, with his Two Regiments and completed apparatus, got to sea. Arrived, 20th February, at Williamsburg in Virginia ("at Hampden, near there," if anybody is particular); found now that this was not the place to arrive at; that he would lose six weeks of marching, by not having landed in Pennsylvania instead. Found that his Stores had been mispacked at Cork, — that this had happened, and also that; — and, in short, that Chaos had been very considerably prevalent in this Adventure of his; and did still, in all that now lay round it, much prevail. Poor man: very brave, they say; but without knowledge, except of field-drill; a heart of iron, but brain mostly of pipe-clay quality. A man severe and rigorous in regimental points; contemptuous of the Colonial Militias, that gathered to help him; thrice-contemptuous of the Indians, who were a vital point in the Enterprise ahead. Chaos is very strong, — especially if within oneself as well! Poor Braddock took the Colonial Militia Regiments, Colonel Washington as Aide-de-Camp; took the Indians and Appendages, Colonial Chaos much presiding: and after infinite delays and confused hagglings, got on march; — 2,000 regular, and of all sorts say 4,000 strong.

Got on march; sprawled and haggled up the Alleghanies, — such a Commissariat, such a wagon-service, as was seldom seen before. Poor General and Army, he was like to be starved outright, at one time; had not a certain Mr. Franklin come to him, with charitable oxen, with £500-worth provisions live and dead, subscribed for at Philadelphia, — Mr Benjamin Franklin, since celebrated over all the world; who did not much admire this iron-tempered General with the pipe-clay brain.[1] Thereupon, however, Braddock took the road again; sprawled and staggered, at the long last, to the top; "at the top of the Alleghanies, 15th June;" — and forward down upon *Fort Duquesne,* "roads nearly perpendicular in some places," at the rate of "four miles" and even of "one mile per day." Much wood all about, — and the 400 Indians to rear, in a despised and disgusted condition, instead of being vanward keeping their brightest outlook.

July 8th, Braddock crossed the Monongahela without hindrance. July 9th, was within ten miles of *Fort Duquesne;* plodding along; marching through a wood, when, — Ambuscade of French and Indians burst out on him, French with defences in front and store of squatted Indians on each flank, — who at once blew him to destruction, him and his Enterprise both. His men behaved very ill; sensible perhaps that they were not led very well. Wednesday, 9th July, 1755, about three in the afternoon. His two regiments gave one volley and no more; utterly terror-struck by the novelty, by the misguidance, as at Prestonpans before; shot, it was whispered, several of their own Officers, who were furiously rallying them with word and sword: of the sixty Officers, only five were not killed or wounded. Brave men clad in soldier's uniform, victims of military Chaos, and miraculous Nescience, in themselves and in others: can there be a more distressing spectacle? Imaginary workers are all tragical, in this world; and come to a bad end, sooner or later, they or their representatives here: but the Imaginary Soldier — he is paid his wages (he and his poor Nation are) on the very nail!

Braddock, refusing to fall back as advised, had five horses shot under him; was himself shot, in the arm, in the breast; was carried off the field in a death-stupor, — forward all that night, next day and next (to Fort Cumberland, seventy miles to rear); — and on the fourth day died. The Colonial Militias had stood their ground, Colonel Washington now of some use again; — who were ranked well to rearward; and able to receive the ambuscade as an open fight. Stood striving, for about three hours. And would have saved the retreat; had there been a retreat, instead of a panic rout, to save. The poor General — ebbing homewards, he and his Enterprise, hour after hour — roused himself twice only, for a moment, from his death-stupor: once, the first night, to ejaculate mournfully, "Who would have thought it!" And again once, he was heard to say, days after, in a tone of hope, "Another time we will do better!" which were his last words, "death following in a few minutes." Weary, heavy-laden soul; deep Sleep now descending on it, — soft sweet cataracts of Sleep and Rest; suggesting hope, and triumph over sorrow, after all: — "Another time we will do better;" and in few minutes was dead![1]

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[1] Franklin's *Autobiography; Gentleman's Magazine,* xxv. 378.

The Colonial Populations, who had been thinking of Triumphal Arches for Braddock's return, are struck to the nadir by this news. French and Indians break over the Mountains, harrying, burning, scalping; the Black Settlers fly inward, with horror and despair: "And the Home Government, too, can prove a broken reed? What is to become of us; whose is America to be?" — And in fact, under such guidance from Home Governments and Colonial, there is no saying how the matter might have gone. To men of good judgment, and watching on the spot, it was, for years coming, an ominous dubiety, — the chances rather for the French, "who understand war, and are all under one head."[1] But there happens to be in England a Mr. Pitt, with royal eyes more and more indignantly set on this Business; and in the womb of Time there lie combinations and conjunctures. If the Heavens have so decreed! —

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[1] Manuscript *Journal of General Braddock's Expedition in* 1755 (British Museum: King's Library, 271 e, King's Mss. 212): raw-material, this, of the Official Account (*London Gazette*, August 26th, 1755), where it is faithfully enough abridged. Will perhaps be printed by some inquiring *Pittsburgher*, one day, after good study on the ground itself? It was not till 1758 that the bones of the slain were got buried, and the infant Pittsburg (now so busy and smoky) rose from the ashes of *Fort Duquesne*.

The English had, before this, despatched their Admiral Boscawen, to watch certain War-ships, which they had heard the French were fitting out for America; and to intercept the same, by capture if not otherwise. Boscawen is on the outlook, accordingly; descries a French fleet, Coast of Newfoundland, first days of June; loses it again in the fogs of the Gulf-Stream; but has, June 9th (a month before that of Braddock), come up with Two Frigates of it, and, after short broadsiding, made prizes of them. And now, on this Braddock Disaster, orders went, "To seize and detain all French Ships whatsoever, till satisfaction were had." And, before the end of this Year, about "800 French ships (value, say, £700,000)" were seized accordingly, where seizable on their watery ways. Which the French ("our own conduct in America being so undeniably proper") characterized as utter piracy and robbery; — and getting no redress upon it, by demand in that style, had to take it as no better than meaning Open War Declared.[2]

CHAPTER XV.

ANTI-PRUSSIAN WAR-SYMPTOMS: FRIEDRICH VISIBLE FOR A MOMENT.

The Burning of *Akakia*, and those foolish Maupertuis-Voltaire Duellings (by syringe and pistol) had by no means been Friedrich's one concern, at the time Voltaire went off. Precisely in those same months, Carnival 1752–1753, King Friedrich had, in a profoundly private manner, come upon certain extensive Anti-Prussian Symptoms, Austrian, Russian, Saxon, of a most dangerous, abstruse, but at length indubitable sort; and is, ever since, prosecuting his investigation of them, as a thing of life and death to him! Symptoms that there may well be a *Third* Silesian War ripening forward, inevitable, and of weightier and fiercer quality than ever. So the Symptoms indicate to Friedrich, with a fatally increasing clearness. And, of late, he has to reflect withal: "If these French-English troubles bring War, our Symptoms will be ripe!" As, in fact, they proved to be.

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[1] Governor Pownal's Memorial (of which *infrà*), in Thackeray's *Life of Chatham*.

[2] Paris, December 21st, 1755, Minister Rouillé's Remonstrance, with menace "*unless* —:" London, January 13th, 1756, Secretary Fox's reply, "*Well then, No!*" Due official "Declaration of War" followed: on the English part, "17th May, 1756;" "9th June," on the French part.

King Friedrich's investigations and decisions on this matter will be touched upon, farther on: but readers can take, in the mean time, the following small Documentary Piece as Note of Preparation. The facts shadowed forth are of these Years now current (1752–1755), though this judicial Deposition to the Facts is of ulterior date (1757).

In the course of 1756, as will well appear farther on, it became manifest to the Saxon Court and to all the world that somebody had been playing traitor in the Dresden Archives. Somebody, especially in the Foreign Department; copying furtively, and imparting to Prussia, Despatches of the most secret, thrice-secret and thrice-dangerous nature, which lie reposited there! Who can have done it? Guesses, researches, were many: at length suspicion fell on one Menzel, a *Kanzellist* (Government Clerk), of good social repute, and superior official ability; who is not himself in the Foreign Department at all; but whose way of living, or the like sign, had perhaps seemed questionable. In 1757, Menzel, and the Saxon Court and its businesses, were all at Warsaw; Menzel dreaming of no disturbance, but prosecuting his affairs as formerly, — when, one day, September 24th (the slot-hounds, long scenting and tracking, being now at the mark), Menzel and an Associate of his were suddenly arrested. Confronted with their crimes, with the proofs in readiness; and next day, — made a clear Confession, finding the matter desperate otherwise. Copy of which, in Notarial form, exact and indisputable, the reader shall now see. As this story, of Friedrich and the Saxon Archives, was very famous in the world, and mythic circumstances are prevalent, let us glance into it with our own eyes, since there is opportunity in brief compass.

"*Extractus Protocollorum in Inquisitions-Sachen,*" — that is to say, *Extract of Protocols in Inquest* "*contrà* FRIEDRICH WILHELM MENZEL *and* JOHANN BENJAMIN ERFURTH."

"*At Warsaw, 25th September*, 1757: This day, in the King's Name, in presence of Legationsrath von Saul, Hofrath Ferbers and Kriegsrath von Götze the Undersigned: Examination of the Kabinets-Kanzellist Menzel, arrested yesterday, and now brought from his place of arrest to the Royal Palace; — who, *admonitus de dicenda veritate*, made answers, to the effect following: —

"His name is Friedrich Wilhelm Menzel; age thirty-eight; is a son of the late Hofrath and Privy-referendary Menzel, who formerly was in the King's service, and died a few years back. Has been seventeen years Kanzellist at the *Geheime Cabinetscanzlei* (Secret Archive); had taken the oath when he entered on his office.

"Acknowledges some Slips of Paper (*Zettel*), now shown to him, to be his handwriting: they contained news intended to be communicated to the Prussian Secretary Benoit, now residing here," at Dresden formerly.

"Confesses that he has employed, here as well as previously in Dresden, his Brother-in-law, the journeyman goldsmith Erfurth (who was likewise arrested yesterday), to convey to the Prussian Secretaries, Plessmann and Benoit, such pieces and despatches from the Secret Cabinet, especially the Foreign department, as he, Menzel, wanted to communicate to said Prussian Secretaries.

"Confesses having received, by degrees, since the year 1752, from the Prussian Minister (*Envoyé*) von Mahlzahn, and the Secretaries Plessmann and Benoit, for such communications, the sum of 3,000 thalers (£450) in all.

"Was led into these treasonable practices by the following circumstance: He owed at that time 100 thalers on a Promissory Note, to a certain Rhenitz, who then lived (*hielt sich auf*) at Dresden, and who pressed him much for payment. As he pleaded inability to pay, Rhenitz hinted that he could put him into the way of getting money; and accordingly, at last, took him to the then Prussian Secretary Hecht, at Dresden; by whom he was at once carried to the Prussian Minister von Mahlzahn; who gave him 100 thalers (£15), with the request to communicate to him, now and then, news from the Archive of the Cabinet. For a length of time Prisoner could not accomplish this; as the said Von Mahlzahn wanted Pieces from the Foreign Office, and especially the Correspondence with the two Imperial Courts of Austria and Russia. These papers were locked in presses, which Prisoner could not get at; moreover, the Court had, in the mean time, gone to Warsaw, Prisoner remaining at Dresden. In that way, many months passed without his being able to communicate anything; till, at last, about December, 1752, the Secretary Plessmann gave him a whole bunch of keys, which were said to be sent by Privy-counsellor Eichel of Potsdam [whom we know], to try whether any of them would unlock the presses of the Foreign Department. But none of them would; and Prisoner returned the keys; pointing out, however, what alterations were required to fit the keyhole.

"And, about three weeks after this, Plessmann provided Prisoner with another set of keys; among which one did unlock said presses. With this key Prisoner now repeatedly opened the presses; and provided Plessmann, whenever required, — oftenest, with Petersburg Despatches. Had also, three years ago (1754), here in Warsaw, communicated Vienna Despatches, three or four times, to Benoit; especially on Sundays and Thursdays, which were slack days, nobody in the Office about noon.

"The actual first of these Communications did not take place till after Easter-Fair, 1753; Prisoner not having, till said Fair, received the second bunch of keys from Plessmann. Now and then he had to communicate French Despatches.

Whenever he gave original Despatches, he received them back shortly after, and replaced them in the presses. During this present stay of the Court at Warsaw, has communicated little to Benoit except from the *Circulars* [Legation *News-Letters*], when he found anything noteworthy in them; also, now and then, the Ponikau Despatches [Ponikau being at the Reich's Diet, in circumstances interesting to us]. Has received, one time and another, several 100 thalers from Benoit, since the Court came hither last." — (And so *exit* Menzel.)

"Hereupon the Second Prisoner was brought in; — who deposed as follows: —

"He is named Johann Benjamin Erfurth; a goldsmith by trade; age thirty-two; the Prisoner Menzel's Brother-in-law.

"Confesses that Menzel had made use of him, at Dresden, during one year, to deliver, several times, sealed papers to the Prussian Secretary Plessmann, or rather mostly to Plessmann's servant. Also that, here in Warsaw, he has had to carry Despatches to Benoit, and to deliver them into his own hands. Latterly he has delivered the Despatches to certain Prussian peasants, who stopped at Benoit's, and who always relieved each other; and every time, the one who went away directed Prisoner, in turn, to him that arrived.

"He received from Menzel, yesterday towards noon, a small sealed packet, which he was to convey to the Prussian peasant who had made an appointment with him at the Prussian Office (*Hof*) here. But as he was going to take it, and had just got outside of the Palace Court, a corporal took hold of him and arrested him. Confesses having concealed the parcel in his trousers-pocket, and to have denied that he had anything upon him. . . . *Actum ut supra.*"

Signed "GÖTZE" (with titles).

"Next day, September 26th, Menzel re-examined; answers in effect following: —

"Plessmann never himself came into the Archive Office at Dresden; except the one time [a time that will be notable to us!] when the Prussians were there to take away the Papers by force; then Plessmann was with them," — and we will remember the circumstance.

"Before leaving Dresden for Poland, last Year (1756), he, Menzel, had returned the said key to Plessmann; who gave him others for use here. After his arrival here, he returned these keys to Benoit, in the presence of Erfurth; saying, they were of no use to him, and that he could not get at the Despatches here. Prisoner farther declares, that it was the Minister von Mahlzahn who, of his own accord, and quite at the beginning, made the proposal concerning the keys; and when Plessmann brought the keys, he said expressly they were for the Minister, along with fifty thalers, which he, Menzel, received at the same time. *Actum ut supra.*" Signed as before.[1]

We could give some of the stolen Pieces, too; but they are of abstruse tenor, and would be mere enigmas to readers here. Enough that Friedrich understands them. To Friedrich's intense and long-continued scrutiny, they indicate, what is next to incredible, but is at length fatally undeniable, That the old *Treaty,* which we called *of Warsaw,* "Treaty for Partitioning Prussia," is still (in spite of all subsequent and superincumbent Treaties to the contrary) vigorously alive underground; that Saxon Brühl and her Hungarian Majesty, to whom is now added Czarish Majesty, are fixed as ever on cutting down this afflictive, too aspiring King of Prussia to the size of a Brandenburg Elector; busy (in these Menzel Documents) considering how it may be done, especially how the bear-skin may be *shared;* — and that, in short, there lies ahead, inevitable seemingly, and not far off, a Third Silesian War.

Which punctually came true. The *Third Silesian War* — since called *Seven-Years War,* that proving to be the length of it — is now near. Breaks out, has to break out, August, 1756. The heaviest and direst struggle Friedrich ever had; the greatest of all his Prowesses, Achievements and Endurances in this world. And, on the whole, the last that was very great, or that is likely to be memorable with Posterity.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte,* v. 677 (as *Beylage* or Appendix to the Kur-Sachsen "*Pro Memoria* to the Reich's Diet;" of date, Regensburg, 31st January, 1758).

Upon which, accordingly, we must try our utmost to leave some not untrue notion in this place: and that once *done*—Courage, reader!

Friedrich is visible, in Holland, to the naked Eye, for some Minutes (June 23d, 1755).

In 1755 it was that Voltaire wrote, not the first Letter, but the first very notable one, to his Royal Friend, after their great quarrel:[1] seductively repentant, and oh, so true, so tender;—Royal Friend still obstinate, who answers nothing, or answers only through De Prades: "Yes, yes, we are aware!" And it was in the same Year that Friedrich first saw D'Alembert,—Voltaire's successor, in a sense. And farther on (1st November, 1755), that the Earthquake of Lisbon went, horribly crashing, through the thoughts of all mortals,—thoughts of King Friedrich, among others; whose reflections on it, I apprehend, are stingy, snarlingly contemptuous, rather than valiant and pious, and need not detain us here. One thing only we will mention, for an accidental reason: That Friedrich, this Year, made a short run to Holland,—and that actual momentary sight of him happens thereby to be still possible.

In Summer, 1755, after the West-Country Reviews, and a short Journey into Ost-Friesland, whence to Wesel on the Rhine,—whither Friedrich had invited D'Alembert to meet him, whom he finds "*un très-aimable garçon*," likely for the task in hand,—Friedrich decided on a run into Holland: strictly *incognito*, accompanied only by Balbi (Engineer, a Genoese) and one page. Bade his D'Alembert adieu; and left Wesel thitherward June 19th.[2] At Amsterdam he viewed the Bramkamp Picture-Gallery, the illustrious Country-house of Jew Pinto at *Tulpenburg* (Tulip-borough!) . . . "I saw nothing but whim-whams (*colifichets*)," says he: "I gave myself out for a Musician of the King of Poland;" wore a black wig moreover, "and was nowhere known:"[1] — and, for finis, got into the common Passage-Boat (*Trekschuit,* no doubt) for Utrecht, that he might see the other fine Country-houses along the Vechte. Fine enough Country-houses, — not mud and sedges the main thing, as idle readers think. To Arnheim up the Vechte in this manner; Wesel and his own Country just at hand again.

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[1] Dated "The *Délices*, near Geneva, 4th August, 1755" (in Rödenbeck, i. 287; in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 7; not given by any of the French Editors).

[2] Rödenbeck, i. 287.

Now it happened that a young Swiss — poor enough in purse, but not without talent and eyesight, assistant Teacher in some Boarding-school thereabouts; name of him De Catt, age twenty-seven, "born at Morges near Geneva 1728" — had got holiday, or had got errand, poor good soul; had decided, on this same day (23d June, 1755), to go to Utrecht, and so stept into the very boat where Friedrich was. He himself (in a Letter written long after to Editor *Laveaux*) shall tell us the rest: —

"As I could n't get into the *Roef* (cabin) because it was all engaged, I stayed with the other passengers in the Steerage (*dans la barque même*), and the weather being fine, came up on deck. After some time, there stept out of the Cabin a man in cinnamon-colored coat with gold button-*holes ;* in black wig; face and coat considerably dusted with Spanish snuff. He looked fixedly at me, for a while; and then said, without farther preface, 'Who are you, Monsieur?' This cavalier tone from an unknown person, whose exterior indicated nothing very important, did not please me; and I declined satisfying his curiosity. He was silent. But, some time after, he took a more courteous tone, and said: 'Come in here to me, Monsieur! You will be better here than in the Steerage, amid the tobacco-smoke.' This polite address put an end to all anger; and as the singular manner of the man excited my curiosity, I took advantage of his invitation. We sat down, and began to speak confidentially with one another.

"'Do you see the man in the garden yonder, sitting smoking his pipe?' said he to me: 'That man, you may depend upon it, is not happy.' — 'I know not,' answered I: 'but it seems to me, until one knows a man, and is completely acquainted with his situation and his way of thought, one cannot possibly determine whether he is happy or unhappy.'

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[1] *Œuvres,* xxvii. i. 268 ("Potsdam, 28th June, 1755;" and ib. p. 270), to Wilhelmina, who is now on the return from her Italian Journey. *Uncertain* Anecdotes of adventures among the whim-whams, in Rödenbeck, &c.

"My gentleman admitted this [very good-natured!]; and led the conversation on the Dutch Government. He criticised it, — probably to bring me to speak. I did speak; and gave him frankly to know that he was not perfectly instructed in the thing he was criticising. — 'You are right,' answered he; 'one can only criticise what one is thoroughly acquainted with.' — He now began to speak of Religion; and with eloquent tongue to recount what mischief Scholastic Philosophy had brought upon the world; then tried to prove 'That Creation was impossible.' At this last point I stood out in opposition. 'But how can one create Something out of Nothing?' said he. 'That is not the question,' answered I; 'the question is, Whether such a Being as God can or cannot give existence to what has yet none.' He seemed embarrassed, and added, 'But the Universe is eternal.' — 'You are in a circle,' said I; 'how will you get out of it?' — 'I skip over it,' said he, laughing; and then began to speak of other things.

"'What form of Government do you reckon the best?' inquired he, among other things. 'The monarchic, if the King is just and enlightened.' — 'Very well,' answered he; 'but where will you find Kings of that sort?' And thereupon went into such a sally upon Kings, as could not in the least lead me to the supposition that he was one. In the end he expressed pity for them, that they could not know the sweets of friendship; and cited on the occasion these verses (his own, I suppose): —

'Amitié, plaisir des grandes âmes;
Amitié, que les Rois, ces illustres ingrats,
Sont assez malheureux de ne connaître pas!'

'I have not the honor to be acquainted with Kings,' said I; 'but to judge by what one has read in History of several of them, I should believe, Monsieur, that you, on the whole, are right.'—'*Ah, oui, oui,* I am right; I know the gentlemen!'

"We now got to speak of Literature. The stranger expressed himself with enthusiastic admiration of Racine. A droll incident happened during our dialogue. My gentleman wanted to let down a little sash-window, and could n't manage it. 'You don't understand that,' said I; 'let me do that.' I tried to get it down; but succeeded no better than he. 'Monsieur,' said he, 'allow me to remark, on my side, that you, upon my honor, understand as little of it as I!'—'That is true; and I beg your pardon; I was too rash in accusing you of want of expertness.'—'Were you ever in Germany?' he now asked me. 'No; but I should like to make that journey: I am very curious to see the Prussian States, and their King, of whom one hears so much.' And now I began to launch out on Friedrich's actions; but he interrupted me rapidly, with the words: 'Nothing more of Kings, Monsieur! What have we to do with them? We will spend the rest of our voyage on more agreeable and cheering objects.' And now he spoke of the best of all possible worlds; and maintained that, in our Planet Earth, there was more Evil than Good. I maintained the contrary; and this dispute brought us to the end of our voyage.

"On quitting me, he said, 'I hope, Monsieur, you will leave me your name: I am very glad to have made your acquaintance; perhaps we shall see one another again.' I replied, as was fitting, to the compliment; and begged him to excuse me for contradicting him a little. 'Ascribe this,' I concluded, 'to the ill-humor which various little journeys I had to make in these days have given me.' I then told him my name, and we parted."[1] Parted to meet again; and live together for about twenty years.

Of this honest Henri de Catt, whom the King liked on this Interview, and sent for soon after, and at length got as "*Lec-*

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[1] Laveaux, *Histoire de Frédéric* (2d edition, Strasbourg, 1789, and blown now into *six* vols. instead of four; dead all, except this fraction), vi. 365. Seyfarth, ii. 234, is right; ib. 170, wrong, and has led others wrong.

teur du Roi," we shall hear again.[1] He did, from 1757 onwards, what De Prades now does with more of noise, the old D'Arget functions; faithfully and well, for above twenty years; — left a Note-Book (not very Boswellian) about the King, which is latterly in the Royal Archives at Berlin; and which might without harm, or even with advantage, be printed, but has never yet been. A very harmless De Catt. And we are surely obliged to him for this view of the Travelling Gentleman "with the cinnamon-colored coat, snuffy nose and black wig," and his manner of talking on light external subjects, while the inner man of him has weights enough pressing on it. Age still under five-and-forty, but looks old for his years.

"June 23d, 1755:" it is in the very days while poor Braddock is staggering down the Alleghanies; Braddock fairly over the top; — and the Fates waiting him, at a Fortnight's distance. Far away, on the other side of the World. But it is notable enough how Pitt is watching the thing; and will at length get hand laid on it, and get the kingship over it for above four years. Whereby the *Jenkins's-Ear Question* will again, this time on better terms, coalesce with the *Silesian*, or *Partition-of-Prussia Question;* and both these long Controversies get definitely closed, as the Eternal Decrees had seen good.

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[1] "September, 1755," sent for (but De Catt was ill and could n't); "December, 1757" got (Rödenbeck, i. 285).

BOOK XVII.

THE SEVEN-YEARS WAR: FIRST CAMPAIGN.

1756–1757.

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CHAPTER I.

WHAT FRIEDRICH HAD READ IN THE MENZEL DOCUMENTS.

THE ill-informed world, entirely unaware of what Friedrich had been studying and ascertaining, to his bitter sorrow, for four years past, was extremely astonished at the part he took in those French-English troubles; extremely provoked at his breaking out again into a Third Silesian War, greater than all the others, and kindling all Europe in such a way. The ill-informed world rang violently, then and long after, with a Controversy, "Was it of his beginning, or Not of his beginning?" Controversy, which may in our day be considered as settled by unanimous mankind; finished forever; and can now have no interest for any creature.

Omitting that, our problem is (were it possible in brief compass), To set forth, by what authentic traits there are, — not the "ambitious," "audacious," voracious and highly condemnable Friedrich of the Gazetteers, — but the thrice-intricately situated Friedrich of Fact. What the Facts privately known to Friedrich were, in what manner known; and how, in a more complex crisis than had yet been, Friedrich demeaned himself: upon which latter point, and those cognate to it, readers ought not to be ignorant, if now fallen indifferent on so many other points of the Affair. What a loud-roaring, loose and empty matter is this tornado of vociferation which men call "Public Opinion"! Tragically howling round a man; who has to stand silent the while; and scan, wisely under pain of death, the altogether inarticulate, dumb and inexorable matter which the gods call Fact! Friedrich did read his terrible Sphinx-riddle; the Gazetteer tornado did pipe and blow. King Friedrich, in contrast with his Environment at that time, will most likely never be portrayed to modern men in his real proportions, real aspect and attitude then and there, — which are silently not a little heroic and even pathetic, when well seen into; — and, for certain, he is not portrayable at present, on our side of the Sea. But what hints and fractions of feature we authentically have, ought to be given with exactitude, especially with brevity, and left to the ingenuous imagination of readers.

The secret sources of the Third Silesian War, since called "Seven-Years War," go back to 1745; nay, we may say, to the First Invasion of Silesia in 1740. For it was in Maria Theresa's incurable sorrow at loss of Silesia, and her inextinguishable hope to reconquer it, that this and all Friedrich's other Wars had their origin. Twice she had signed Peace with Friedrich, and solemnly ceded Silesia to him: but that too, with the Imperial Lady, was by no means a finis to the business. Not that she meant to break her Treaties; far from her such a thought, — in the conscious form. Though, alas, in the unconscious, again, it was always rather near! Practically, she reckoned to herself, these Treaties would come to be broken, as Treaties do not endure forever; and then, at the good moment, she did purpose to be ready. "Silesia back to us; Pragmatic Sanction complete in every point! Was not that our dear Father's will, monition of all our Fathers and their Patriotisms and Traditionary Heroisms; and in fact, the behest of gods and men?" Ten years ago, this notion had been cut down to apparent death, in a disastrous manner, for the second time. But it did not die in the least: it never thinks of dying; starts always anew, passionate to produce itself again as action valid at last; and lives in the Imperial Heart with a tenacity that is strange to observe.

Still stranger, in the envious Valet-Heart, — in that of Brühl, who had far less cause!

The Peace of Dresden, Christmas, 1745, seemed to be an act of considerable magnanimity on Friedrich's part. It was, at the first blush of it, "incredible" to Harrach, the Austrian Plenipotentiary; whose embarrassed, astonished bow we remember on that occasion, with English Villiers shedding pious tears. But what is very remarkable withal is a thing since discovered:[1] That Harrach, magnanimous signature hardly yet dry, did then straightway, by order of his Court, very privately inquire of Brühl, "There is Peace, you see; what they call Peace: — but our *Treaty of Warsaw*, for Partition of this magnanimous man, stands all the same; does n't it?" To which, according to the Documents, Brühl, hardly escaped from the pangs of death, and still in a very pale-yellow condition, had answered in effect, "Hah, say you so? One's hatred is eternal; — but that man's iron heel! Wait a little; get Russia to join in the scheme!" — and hung back; the willing mind, but the too terrified! And in this way, like a famishing dog in sight of a too dangerous leg of mutton, Brühl has ever since rather held back; would not re-engage at all, for almost two years, even on the Czarina's engaging; and then only in a cautious, conditional and hypothetic manner, — though with famine increasing day by day in sight of the desired viands. His hatred is fell; but he would fain escape with back unbroken.

How Friedrich discovered the Mystery. Concerning Menzel and Weingarten.

Friedrich has been aware of this mystery, at least wide awake to it and becoming ever more instructed, for almost four years. Traitor Menzel the Saxon Kanzellist — we, who have prophetically read what he had to confess when laid hold of, are aware, though as yet, and on to 1757, it is a dead secret to all mortals but himself and "three others" — has been busy for Prussia ever since "the end of 1752." Got admittance to the Presses; sent his first Excerpt "about the time of Easter-Fair, 1753," — time of Voltaire's taking wing. And has been at work ever since. Copying Despatches from the most secret Saxon Repositories; ready always on Excellency Mahlzahn's indicating the Piece wanted; and of late, I should think, is busier than ever, as the Saxon Mystery, which is also an Austrian and Russian one, gets more light thrown into it, and seems to be fast ripening towards action of a perilous nature. The first Excerpts furnished by Menzel, readers can judge how enigmatic they were. These Menzel Papers, copies mainly of Petersburg or Vienna *Despatches* to Brühl, with Brühl's *Answers,* — the principal of which were subsequently printed in their best arrangement and liveliest point of vision[1] — are by no means a luminous set of Documents to readers at this day. Think what a study they were at Potsdam in 1753, while still in the chaotic state; fished out, more or less at random, as Menzel could lay hold of them, or be directed to them; the enigma clearing itself only by intense inspection, and capability of seeing in the dark!

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[1] *Infrà*, next Note (p. 276).

It appears, — if you are curious on the anecdotic part, —

"Winterfeld was the first that got eye on this dangerous Saxon Mystery; some Ex-Saxon, about to settle in Berlin, giving hint of it to Winterfeld; who needed only a hint. So soon as Winterfeld convinced himself that there was weight in the affair, he imparted it to Friedrich: 'Scheme of partitioning, your Majesty, of picking quarrel, then overwhelming and partitioning; most serious scheme, Austrian-Russian as well as Saxon; going on steadily for years past, and very lively at this time!' If true, Friedrich cannot but admit that this is serious enough: important, thrice over, to discover whether it is true; — and gives Winterfeld authority to prosecute it to the bottom, in Dresden or wherever the secret may lie. Who thereupon charged Mahlzahn, the Prussian Minister at Dresden, to find some proper Menzel, and bestir himself. How Mahlzahn has found his Menzel, and has bestirred himself, we saw. Thief-keys were made to pattern in Berlin; first set did not fit, second did; and stealthy Menzel gains admittance to that Chamber of the Archives, can steal thither on shoes of felt when occasion serves, and copy what you wish,—for a consideration. Intermittently, since about Easter-Fair, 1753. Three persons are cognizant of it, Winterfeld, Mahlzahn, Friedrich; three, and no more. Probably the abstrusest study, and the most intense, going on in the world at that epoch.[1]

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[1] In Friedrich's Manifestoes, chiefly in *Mémoire Raisonné sur la Conduite des Cours de Vienne et de Saxe* (compiled from the *Menzel Originals,* so soon as these were got hold of: Berlin, Autumn, 1756). A solid and able Paper; rapidly done, by one Count Herzberg, who rose high in after times. Reprinted, with many other "Pieces" and "Passages," in *Gesammelte Nachrichten und Urkunden,* — which is a "Collection" of such (2 vols., 113 Nos. small 8vo, no Place, 1757, my Copy of it).

"At a very early stage of the Menzel Excerpts it became manifest that certain synchronous Austrian Ditto would prove highly elucidative; that, in fact, it would be indispensable to get hold of these as well. Which also Winterfeld has managed to do. A deep-headed man, who has his eyes about him; and is very apt to manage what he undertakes. One Weingarten Junior, a Secretary in the Austrian Embassy at Berlin (Excellency Peubla's second Secretary), has his acquaintanceships in Berlin Society; and for one thing, as Winterfeld discovers, is 'madly in love' with some Chambermaid or quasi-chambermaid (let us call her Chambermaid), 'Daughter of the Castellan at Charlottenburg.' Winterfeld, through the due channels, applied to this Chambermaid, 'Get me a small secret Copy of such and such Despatches, out of your Weingarten; it will be well for you and him; otherwise perhaps not well!' Chambermaid, hope urging, or perhaps hope and fear, did her best; Weingarten had to yield the required product and products, as required. By this Weingarten, from some date not long after Menzel's first mysterious Dresden Excerpts, the necessary Austrian glosses, so far as possible to Weingarten on the indications given him, have been regularly had, for the two or three years past.

"Weingarten first came to be seriously suspected June, 1756 (Weingarten Junior, let us still say, for there was a Senior of unstained fidelity); 'June 15th,' Excellency Peubla pointedly demands him from Friedrich and the Berlin Police: 'Weingarten Junior, my *second* Secretär, fugitive and traitor; hidden somewhere!'[1] Excellency Peubla is answered, 24th June: 'We would so fain catch him, if we could! We have tried at Stendal, — not there: tried his Mother-in-law; knows nothing: have forborne laying up his poor Wife and Children; and hope her Imperial Majesty will have pity on that poor creature, who is fallen so miserable.'[2] So that Excellency Peubla had nothing for it but to compose himself; to honor the unstainable fidelity of Weingarten Senior by a public piece of promotion, which soon ensued; and let the Junior run. Weingarten Junior, on the first suspicion, had vanished with due promptitude, — was not to be unearthed again. We perceive he has married his Charlottenburg Beauty, and there are helpless babies. It seems, he lived long years after, in the Altmark, as a Herr von Weiss,' — his reflections manifold, but unknown.[3] What is much notabler, Cogniazzo, the Austrian Veteran, heard Weingarten's *Master*, Graf von Peubla, talk of the '*grand mystère*,' soon after, and how Friedrich had heard of it, not from Weingarten alone, but from Gross-Fürst *Peter*, Russian Heir-Apparent![4]

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[1] Retzow, *Charakteristik des Siebenjährigen Krieges* (Berlin, 1802), i. 23.

"As to Menzel, he did not get away. Menzel, as we saw, lasted in free activity till 1757; and was then put under lock and key. Was not hanged; sat prisoner for twenty-seven years after; overgrown with hair, legs and arms chained together, heavy iron bar uniting both ankles; diet bread-and-water; — for the rest, healthy; and died, not very miserable it is said, in 1784. Shocking traitors, Weingarten and he."

Yes, a diabolical pair, they, sure enough: — and the thing they betrayed against their Masters, was that a celestial thing? Servants of the Devil do fall out; and Servants not of the Devil are fain, sometimes, to raise a quarrel of that kind! —

The then world, as we said, was one loud uproar of logic on the right reading and the wrong of those Sibylline Documents: "Did your King of Prussia interpret them aright, or even try it? Did not he use them as a cloak for highway robbery, and swallowing of a peaceable Saxony, bad man that he surely is?"

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[1] "*Berlin, 22d June:* Every research making for Mr. Weingatten, — in vain hitherto" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxvi., i. e. for 1756, p. 363).

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 713.

[3] Retzow, i. 37.

[4] Cogniazzo, i. 225.

For Friedrich's demeanor, this time again, when it came to the acting point, was of eminent rapidity; almost a swifter lion-spring than ever; and it brought on him, in the aerial or vocal way, its usual result: huge clamor of rage and logic from uninformed mankind. Clamorous rage and logic, which has now sunk irresuscitably dead; — nothing of it much worth mentioning to modern readers, scarcely even its *Hic Jacet* (in Footnotes, for the benefit of the curious!), — and it is, at last, a thing not doubtful to anybody that Friedrich, in that matter, did read aright. So that now the loud uproar is reduced to one small question with us, What did he read in those Menzel Documents? What Fact lying in them was it that Friedrich had to read? Here, smelted down by repeated roastings, is succinct answer; — for the ultimate fragment of incombustible, here as elsewhere, will go into a nutshell, once the continents of Diplomatist-Gazetteer logic and disorderly stable-litter, threatening to heap themselves over the very stars, have been faithfully burnt away.

Readers heard of a "Union of Warsaw," early in 1745, concluded by the Sea-Powers and the Saxon-Polish and Hungarian Majesties: very harmless *Union* of Warsaw, public to all the world, — but with a certain thrice-secret "*Treaty* of Warsaw" (between Polish and Hungarian Majesty themselves two, the Sea-Powers being horror-struck by mention of it) which had followed thereupon, in an eager and wonderful manner. Thrice-secret Treaty, for Partitioning Friedrich, and settling the respective shares of his skin. Treaty which, to denote its origin, we called of Warsaw; though it was not finished there (shares of skin so difficult to settle), and "Treaty of *Leipzig*, 18th May, 1745," is its *alias* in Books: — of which Treaty, as the Sea-Powers had recoiled horror-struck, there was no whisper farther, to them or to the rest of exoteric mankind; — though it has been one of the busiest Entities ever since. From the Menzel Documents, I know not after what circuitous gropings and searchings, Friedrich first got notice of that Treaty:[1] figure his look on discovering it!

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[1] Now printed in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 40–42.

We said it was the remarkablest bit of sheepskin in its Century. Readers have heard too, That it was proposed to Brühl, by a grateful Austria, directly on signing the Peace of Dresden: "Our Partition-Treaty stands all the same, does it not?"— and in what humor Brühl answered: "Hah? Get Russia to join!" Both these facts, That there is a Treaty of Warsaw, and that this is the Austrian-Saxon temper and intention towards him and it, Friedrich learned from the Menzel Documents. And if the reader will possess himself of these two facts, and understand that they are of a germinative, most vital quality, indestructible by the times and the chances; and have been growing and developing themselves, day and night ever since, in a truly wonderful manner, — the reader knows in substance what Menzel had to reveal.

Russia was got to join; — there are methods of operating on Russia, and kindling a poor fat Czarina into strange suspicions and indignations. In May, 1746, within six months of the Peace of Dresden, a Treaty of Petersburg, new version of the Warsaw one, was brought to parchment; Czarina and Empress-Queen signing, — Brühl dying to sign, but not daring. How Russia has been got to join, and more and more vigorously bear a hand; how Brühl's rabidities of appetite, and terrors of heart, have continued ever since; how Austria and Russia, — Brühl aiding with hysterical alacrity, haunted by terror (and at last mercifully *excused* from signing), — have, year after year, especially in this last year, 1755, brought the matter nearer and nearer perfection; and the Two Imperial Majesties, with Brühl to rear, wait only till they are fully ready, and the world gives opportunity, to pick a quarrel with Friedrich, and overwhelm and partition him, according to covenant: This, wandering through endless mazes of detail, is in sum what the Menzel Documents disclose to Friedrich and us. How, in a space of ten years, the small seed-grain of a Treaty of Warsaw, or Treaty of Petersburg, planted and nourished in that manner, in the Satan's Invisible World, has grown into a mighty Tree there, — prophetic of Facts near at hand; which were extremely sanguinary to the Human Race for the next Seven Years.

This is the sum-total: but for Friedrich's sake, and to illustrate the situation, let us take a few glances more, into the then Satan's Invisible World, which had become so ominously busy round Friedrich and others. The Czarina, we say, was got to engage; 22d May, 1746, there came a Treaty of Petersburg duly valid, which is that of Warsaw under a new name: and still Brühl durst not, for above a year coming, — not till August 15th, 1747;[1] and then, only in a hypothetic half-and-half way, with fear and trembling, though with hunger unspeakable, in sight of the viands. A very wretched Brühl, as seen in these Menzel Documents. On poor Polish Majesty Brühl has played the sorcerer, this long while, and ridden him, as he would an enchanted quadruped, in a shameful manner: but how, in turn (as we study Menzel), is Brühl himself hagridden, hunted by his own devils, and leads such a ghastly phantasmal existence yonder, in the Valley of the Shadow of *Clothes*, — mere Clothes, metaphorical and literal![2] Wretched Brühl, agitated with hatreds of a rather infernal nature, and with terrors of a not celestial, comes out on our sympathies, as a dog almost pitiable, — were that possible, with twelve tailors sewing for him, and a Saxony getting shoved over the precipices by him.

A famishing dog in the most singular situation. What he dare do, he does, and with such a will. But there is almost only one thing safe to him: that of egging on the Czarina against Friedrich; of coining lies to kindle Czarish Majesty; of wafting on every wind rumors to that end, and continually besieging with them the empty Czarish mind. Brühl has many Conduits, "the Sieur de Funck," "the Sieur Gross," plenty of Legationary Sieurs and Conduits; — which issue from all quarters on Petersburg, and which find there a Reservoir, and due Russian *service-pipes*, prepared for them; — and Brühl is busy. "Commerce of Dantzig to be ruined," suggests he, "that is plain: look at his Asiatic Companies, his Port of Embden.

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[1] *Mémoire Raisonné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 459.

[2] "*Montrez-moi des vertus, pas des culottes* (Have you no virtues, then, to show me; nothing but pairs of breeches)!" exclaimed an impatient French Traveller, led about in Brühl's Palace one day: Archenholtz, *Geschichte des Siebenjährigen Krieges*, i. 63.

Poland is to be stirred up; — has not your Czarish Majesty heard of his intrigues there? Courland, which is almost become your Majesty's — cunningly snatched by your Majesty's address, like a valuable moribund whale adrift among the shallows, — this bad man will have it out to sea again, with the harpoons in it; fairly afloat amid the Polish Anarchies again!" These are but specimens of Brühl. Or we can give such in Brühl's own words, if the reader had rather. Here are Two, which have the advantage of brevity: —

1°. . . . The Sieur de Funck, Saxon Minister at Petersburg, wrote to Count Brühl, 9th July, 1755 (says an inexorable Record),

"That the Sieur Gross [now Minister of Russia at Dresden, who vanished out of Berlin like an angry sky-rocket some years ago] would do a good service to the Common Cause, if he wrote to his Court, 'That the King of Prussia had found a channel in Courland, by which he learned all the secrets of the Russian Court;' " and Sieur Funck added, "that it was expected good use could be made of such a story with her Czarish Majesty." — To which Count Brühl replies, 23d July, "That he has instructed the Sieur Gross, who will not fail to act in consequence."

2°. Sieur Prasse, same Funck's Secretary of Legation, at Petersburg, writes to Count Brühl, 12th April, 1756: —

"I am bidden signify to your Excellency that it is greatly wished, in order to favor certain views, you would have the goodness to cause arrive in Petersburg, by different channels, the following intelligence: 'That the King of Prussia, on pretext of Commerce, is sending officers and engineers into the Ukraine, to reconnoitre the Country and excite a rebellion there.' And this advice, be pleased to observe, is not to come direct from the Saxon Court, nor by the Envoy Gross, but by some third party, — to the end there may be no concert noticed; — as they [*Von*, the "service-pipes," and managing Excellencies, Russian and Austrian] have given the same commission to other Ministers, so that the news shall come from more places than one.

"They [the said managing Excellencies] have also required me to write to the Baron de Sack," our Saxon Minister in Sweden, "upon it, which I will not fail to do; and they assured me that our Court's advantage was not less concerned in it than that of their own; adding these words [comfortable to one's soul], 'The King of Prussia [in 1745] gave Saxony a blow which it will feel for fifty years; but we will give him one which he will feel for a hundred.'"

To which beautiful suggestion Excellency Brühl answers, 2d June, 1756: "As to the Secret Commission of conveying to Petersburg, by concealed channels, Intelligence of Prussian machinations in the Ukraine, we are still busy finding out a right channel; and they [*l'on*, the managing Excellencies] shall very soon, one way or the other, see the effect of my personal inclination to second what is so good an intention, though a little artful (*un peu artificieuse*," — *un peu*, nothing to speak of)![1]

Fancy a poor fat Czarina, of many appetites, of little judgment, continually beaten upon in this manner by these Saxon-Austrian artists and their Russian service-pipes. Bombarded with cunningly devised fabrications, every wind freighted for her with phantasmal rumors, no ray of direct daylight visiting the poor Sovereign Woman; who is lazy, not malignant if she could avoid it: mainly a mass of esurient oil, with alkali on the back of alkali poured in, at this rate, for ten years past; till, by pouring and by stirring, they get her to the state of *soap* and froth! Is it so wonderful that she does, by degrees, rise into eminent suspicion, anger, fear, violence and vehemence against her bad neighbor? One at last begins to conceive those insane whirls, continual mad suspicions, mad procedures, which have given Friedrich such vexation, surprise and provocation in the years past.

Friedrich is always specially eager to avoid ill-will from Russia; but it has come, in spite of all he could do and try. And these procedures of the Czarish Majesty have been so capricious, unintelligible, perverse, and his feeling is often enough irritation, temporary indignation, — which we know makes Verses withal! I can nowhere learn from those Prussian imbroglios of Books, what the Friedrich Sayings or Satirical Verses properly were: Retzow speaks of a *Produkt*, one at least, known in interior Circles.[1] *Produkt* which decidedly requires publication, beyond anything Friedrich ever wrote; — though one can do without it too, and invoke Fancy in defect of Print. The sharpness of Friedrich's tongue we know; and the diligence of birds of the air. To all her other griefs against the bad man, this has given the finish in the tender Czarish bosom; — and like an envenomed drop has set the saponaceous oils (already dosed with alkali, and well in solution) foaming deliriously over the brim, in never-imagined deluges of a hatred that is unappeasable; — very costly to Friedrich and mankind. Rising ever higher, year by year; and now risen, to what height judge by the following: —

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[1] *Mémoire Raisonné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 424–425; and ib. 472.

At Petersburg, 14th–15th May, 1753, "There was Meeting of the Russian Senate, with deliberation held for these two days; and for issue this conclusion come to: —

"That it should be, and hereby is, settled as a fundamental maxim of the Russia Empire, Not only to oppose any farther aggrandizement of the King of Prussia, but to seize the first convenient opportunity for overwhelming (*écraser*), by superior force, the House of Brandenburg [Hear, hear!], and reducing it to its former state of mediocrity."[2] Leg of mutton to be actually gone into. With what an enthusiasm of "Hear, hear!" from Brühl and kindred parties; especially from Brühl, — who, however, dare not yet bite, except hypothetically, such his terrors and tremors. Or, look again (same Senate,

At Petersburg, October, 1755): "To which Fundamental Maxim, articulately fixed ever since those Maydays of 1753, the august Russian Sanhedrim, deliberating farther in October, 1755, adds this remarkable extension,

"That it is our resolution to attack the King of Prussia without farther discussion, whensoever the said King shall attack any Ally of Russia's, or shall himself be attacked by any of them." Hailed by Brühl, as natural, with his liveliest approval. "A glorious Deliberation, that, indeed!" writes he: "It clears the way of action for Russia's Allies in this matter; and for us too; though nobody can blame us, if we proceed with the extremest caution," — and rather wait till the Bear is nearly killed.[1]

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[1] Retzow, i. 34.

[2] *Mémoire Raisonné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 421.

Many marvels Friedrich had deciphered out of this Weingarten-Menzel Apocalypse of Satan's Invisible World; and one often fancies Friedrich's tone of mind, in his intense inspecting of that fateful continent of darkness, and his labyrinthic stepping by degrees to the oracular points, which have a light in them when flung open. But in respect of practical interest, this of October, 1755 (which would get to Potsdam probably in few weeks after) must have surpassed all the others. Marvels many, one after the other:[2] no doubt left, long since, of the constant disposition, preparation and fixed intention to partition him. But here, in this last indication by the Russian Senate, — which kindles into dismal evidence so many other enigmatic tokens, — there has an ulterior oracular point disclosed itself to Friedrich; in vaguer condition, but not less indubitable, and much more perilous: namely, That now, at last (end of 1755), the Two Imperial Majesties, very eager both, consider that the time is come. And are — as Friedrich looks abroad on the Austrian-Russian marchings of troops, campings, and unusual military symptoms and combinations — visibly preparing to that end.

"They have agreed to attack me next Year (1756), if they can; and next again (1757), without *if:*" so Friedrich, putting written word and public occurrence together, gradually reads; and so, all readers will see, the fact was, — though Imperial Majesty at Schönbrunn, as we shall find, strove to deny it when applied to; and scouted, as mere fiction and imagination, the notion of such an "Agreement." Which I infer, therefore, *not* to have existed in parchment; not in parchment, but only in reality, and as a mutual Bond registered in — shall we say "in Heaven," as some are wont? — registered, perhaps, in *Two* Places, very separate indeed! No truer "Agreement" ever did exist; — though a devout Imperial Majesty denies it, who would shudder at the lie direct.

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[1] *Mémoire Raisonné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 422.

[2] For example, or in recapitulation: a Treaty of Warsaw or Leipzig, to partition him (18th May, 1745); Treaty of Petersburg (22d May, 1746, new form of Warsaw Treaty, with Czarina superadded); tremulous Quasi-Accession thereto of his Polish Majesty (most tremulous, hypothetic Quasi-Accession, "Yes-*and*-No," 15th August, 1747, and often afterwards); first Deliberation of the Russian Senate, 15th May, 1753; &c. &c.

Poor Imperial Majesty: who can tell her troubles and straits in this abstruse time! Heaven itself ordering her to get back the Silesia of her Fathers, if she could; — yet Heaven always looking dubious, surely, upon this method of doing it. By solemn Public Treaties signed in sight of all mankind; and contrariwise, in the very same moments, by Secret Treaties, of a fell nature, concocted underground, to destroy the life of these! Imperial Majesty flatters herself it may be fair: "Treaty of Dresden, Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle; Treaties wrung from me by force, the tyrannic Sea-Powers screwing us; Kaunitz can tell! A consummate Kaunitz; who has provided remedies. Treaties do get broken. Besides, I will not go to War, unless *he* the Bad One of Prussia do!" — Alas, your noble Majesty, plain it at least is, your love of Silesia is very strong. And consummate Kaunitz and it have led you into strange predicaments. The Pompadour, for instance: who was it that answered, "*Je ne la connais pas;* I don't know her, I"? How gladly would the Imperial Maria Theresa, soul of Propriety, have made that answer! But she did not; she had to answer differently. For Kaunitz was imperative: "A kind little Note to the Pompadour; one, and then another and another; it is indispensable, your Imperial Majesty!" And Imperial Majesty always had to do it. And there exist in writing, at this hour, various flattering little Notes from Imperial Majesty to that Address; which begin, "*Ma Cousine,*" "*Princesse et Cousine,*" say many witnesses; nay "*Madame ma très chère Sœur,*" says one good witness:[1] — Notes which ought to have been printed, before this, or given at least to the Museums. "My Cousin," "Princess and Cousin," "Madame my dearest Sister:" Oh, high Imperial Soul, with what strange bed-fellows does Misery of various kinds bring us acquainted!

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[1] Hormayr (cited in Preuss, i. 433 n., — as are Duclos; Montgaillard; *Mémoires de Richelieu;* &c.).

Friedrich was blamably imprudent in regard to Pompadour, thinks Valori: "A little complaisance might have"—what might it not have done!—"But his Prussian Majesty would not. And while the Ministers of all the other Powers" allied with France "went assiduously to pay their court to Madame, the Baron von Knyphausen alone, by his Master's order, never once went ["Don't! *Je ne la connais pas*"],—while the Empress-Queen was writing her the most flattering letters. The Prince of Prussia, King's eldest Brother, wished ardently to obtain her Portrait, and had applied to me for it; as had Prince Henri to my Predecessor. The King, who has such gallant and seductive ways when he likes, could certainly have reconciled this celebrated Lady,"—a highly important Improper Female to him and others.[1]

Yes; but he quite declined, not counting the costs. Costs may be immediate; profits are remote,—remote, but sure. Costs did indeed prove considerable, perhaps far beyond his expectation; though, I flatter myself, they never awoke much remorse in him, on that score!—

Friedrich's Enigma, towards the end of 1755 and onwards, is becoming frightfully stringent; and the solution, "What practically will be the wise course for me?" does not lessen in abstruse intricacy, but the reverse, as it grows more pressing. A very stormy and dubious Future, truly! Two circumstances in it will be highly determinative: one of them evident to Friedrich; the other unknown to him, and to all mortals, except two or three. *First,*

That there will be an English-French War straightway; and that, as usual, the French, weaker at sea, will probably attack Hanover;—that is to say, bring the War home to one's own door, and ripen into fulfilment those Austrian-Russian Plots. This is the evident circumstance, fast coming on; visible to Friedrich and to everybody. But that, in such event, Austria will join, not with England, but with France: this is a *second* circumstance, guessable by nobody; known only to Kaunitz and a select one or two; but which also will greatly complicate Friedrich's position, and render his Enigma indeed astonishingly intricate, as well as stringent for solution!

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[1] Valori, i. 320.

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CHAPTER II.

ENGLISH DIPLOMACIES ABROAD, IN PROSPECT OF A FRENCH WAR.

BRITANNIC Majesty, I know not at what date, but before the launching of that poor Braddock thunder-bolt, much more after the tragic explosion it made, had felt that French War was nearly inevitable, and also that the French method would be, as heretofore, to attack Hanover, and wound him in that tender part. There goes on, accordingly, a lively Foreign Diplomatizing, on his Majesty's part, at present, — in defect, almost total, of Domestic Preparation, military and other; — Majesty and Ministers expecting salvation from abroad, as usual. Military preparation does lag at a shameful rate: but, on the other hand, there is a great deal of pondering, really industrious considering and contriving, about Foreign Allies, and their subsidies and engagements. That step, for example, the questionable Seizure of the French Ships *without* Declaration of War, was a contrivance by diplomatic Heads (of bad quality): "Seize their ships," said some bad Head, after meditating; "put their ships in *sequestration*, till they do us justice. If they won't, and go to War, — then *they* are the Aggressors, not we; and our Allies have to send their auxiliary quotas, as per contract!" So the Ships were seized; held in sequestration, "till many of the cargoes (being perishable goods, some even fish) rotted."[1] And in return, as will be seen, not one auxiliary came to hand: so that the diplomatic Head had his rotted cargoes, and much public obloquy, for his pains. Not a fortunate stroke of business, that! —

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[1] Smollett's *History of England*; &c. &c.

Britannic Majesty, on applying at Vienna (through Keith, Sir or Mr. Robert Keith, the *first* Excellency of that name, for there are two, a father and a son, both Vienna Excellencies), was astonished to learn That, in such event of an Aggression, even on Hanover, there was no co-operation to be looked for here. Altogether cold on that subject, her Imperial Majesty seems; regardless of Excellency Keith's remonstrances and urgencies; and, in the end, is flatly negatory: "Cannot do it, your Excellency; times so perilous, bad King of Prussia so minatory," — not to mention, *sotto voce*, that we have turned on our axis, and the wind (thanks to Kaunitz) no longer hits us on the same cheek as formerly!

"Cannot? Will not?" Britannic Majesty may well stare, wide-eyed; remembering such gigantic Subsidizings and Alcides Labors, Dettingens, Fontenoys, on the per-contra side. But so stands the fact: "No help from an ungrateful Vienna; — quick, then, seek elsewhere!" And Hanbury and the Continental British Excellencies have to bestir themselves as they never did. Especially Hanbury; who is directed upon Russia, — whom alone of these Excellencies it is worth while to follow for a moment. Russia, on fair subsidy, yielded us a 35,000 last War (willingly granted, most useful, though we had no fighting out of them, mere terror of them being enough): beyond all things, let Hanbury do his best in Russia!

Hanbury, cheerfully confident, provides himself with the requisites, store of bribe-money as the chief; — at Warsaw withal, he picks up one Poniatowski (airy sentimental coxcomb, rather of dissolute habits, handsomest and windiest of young Polacks): "Good for a Lover to the Grand-Duchess, this one!" thinks Hanbury. Which proved true, and had its uses for Hanbury; — Grand-Duchess and Grand-Duke (Catherine and Peter, whom we saw wedded twelve years ago, Heirs-Apparent of this Russian Chaos) being an abstrusely situated pair of Spouses; well capable of something political, in private ways, in such a scene of affairs; and Catherine, who is an extremely clever creature, being out of a lover just now. A fine scene for the Diplomatist, this Russia at present. Nowhere in the world can you do so much with bribery; quite a standing item, and financial necessary-of-life to Officials of the highest rank there, as Hanbury well knows.[1] That of Poniatowski proved, otherwise too, a notable stroke of Hanbury's; and shot the poor Polish Coxcomb aloft into tragic altitudes, on the sudden, as we all know!

Hanbury's immense dexterities, and incessant labors at Petersburg, shall lie hidden in the slop-pails: it is enough to say, his guineas, his dexterities and auxiliary Poniatowskis did prevail; and he triumphantly signed his Treaty (Petersburg, 30th September) "Subsidy-Treaty for 55,000 men, 15,000 of them cavalry," not to speak of "40 to 50 galleys" and the like; "to attack whomsoever Britannic Majesty bids: annual cost a mere £500,000 while on service; £100,000 while waiting."[2] And, what is more, and what our readers are to mark, the 55,000 begin on the instant to assemble, — along the Livonian Frontier or Lithuanian, looking direct into Preussen. Diligently rendezvousing there; 55,000 of them, nay gradually 70,000; no stinginess in the Czarina to her Ally of England. A most triumphant thing, thinks Hanbury: Could another of you have done it? Signed, ready for ratifying, 30th September, 1755 (bad Braddock news not hindering); — and *before* it is ratified (this also let readers mark), the actual Troops getting on march.

Hanbury's masterpiece, surely; a glorious triumph in the circumstances, and a difficult, thinks Hanbury. Had Hanbury seen the inside of the cards, as readers have, he would not have thought it so triumphant. For years past, — especially since that "Fundamental maxim, May 14th-15th, 1753," which we heard of, — the Czarina's longings had been fixed. And here now — scattering money from both hands of it, and wooing us with diplomatic finessings — is the Fulfilment come! "Opportunity" upon Preussen; behold it here.

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[1] His Letters (in Raumer), *passim*.

[2] In *Adelung*, vii. 609.

The Russian Senate again holds deliberation; declares (on the heel of this Hanbury Treaty), "in October, 1755," what we read above, That its Anti-Prussian intentions are — truculent indeed. And it is the common talk in Petersburg society, through Winter, what a dose the ambitious King of Prussia has got brewed for him,[1] out of Russian indignation and resources, miraculously set afloat by English guineas. A triumphant Hanbury, for the time being, — though a tragical enough by and by!

The triumphant Hanbury Treaty becomes, itself, Nothing or less; — but produces a Friedrich Treaty, followed by Results which surprise Everybody.

King Friedrich's outlooks, on this consummation, may well seem to him critical. The sore longing of an infuriated Czarina is now let loose, and in a condition to fulfil itself! To Friedrich these Petersburg news are no secret; nor to him are the Petersburg private intentions a thing that can be doubted. Apart from the Menzel-Weingarten revelations, as we noticed once, it appears the Grand-Duke Peter (a great admirer of Friedrich, poor confused soul) had himself thrice-secretly warned Friedrich, That the mysterious Combination, Russia in the van, would attack him next Spring; — "not Weingarten that betrayed our *Grand Mystère;* from first hand, that was done!" said Excellency Peubla, on quitting Berlin not long after.[2] The Grand Mystery is not uncertain to Friedrich; and it may well be very formidable, — coupled with those Braddock explosions, Seizures of French ships, and English-French War imminent, and likely to become a general European one; which are the closing prospects of 1755. The French King he reckons not to be well disposed to him; their old Treaty of "twelve years" (since 1744) is just about running out. Not friendly, the French King, owing to little rubs that have been; still less the Pompadour; — though who could guess how implacable she was at "not being known (*ne la connais pas*)"! At Vienna, he is well aware, the humor towards him is mere cannibalism in refined forms. But most perilous of all, most immediately perilous, is the implacable Czarina, set afloat upon English guineas!

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[1] *Mémoire Raisonné* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 429, &c.

[2] Cogniazzo, *Geständnisse eines Œsterreichischen Veterans* (as cited above), i. 225. "September 16th, 1756," Peubla left Berlin (Rödenbeck, i. 298), — three months after Weingarten's disappearance.

With a hope, as is credibly surmised, that the English might soothe or muzzle this implacable Czarina, Friedrich, directly after Hanbury's feat in Petersburg, applied at London, with an Offer which was very tempting there: "Suppose your Britannic Majesty would make, with me, an express '*Neutrality Convention;*' mutual Covenant to keep the German Reich entirely free of this War now threatening to break out? To attack jointly, and sweep home again with vigor, any and every Armed Non-German setting foot on the German soil!" An offer most welcome to the Heads of Opposition, the Pitts and others of that Country; who wish dear Hanover safe enough (safe in Davy-Jones's locker, if that would do); but are tired of subsidizing, and fighting and tumulting, all the world over, for that high end. So that Friedrich's Proposal is grasped at; and after a little manipulation, the thing is actually concluded.

By no means much manipulation, both parties being willing. There was uncommonly rapid surgery of any little difficulties and discrepancies; rapid closure, instant salutary stitching together of that long unhealable Privateer Controversy, as the main item: "£20,000 allowed to Prussia for Prussian damages; and to England, from the other side, the remainder of Silesian Debt, painfully outstanding for two or three years back, is to be paid off at once;" — and in this way such "*Neutrality Convention of Prussia with England*" comes forth as a Practical Fact upon mankind. Done at Westminster, 16th January, 1756. The stepping-stone, as it proved, to a closer Treaty of the same date next Year; of which we shall hear a great deal. The stepping-stone, in fact, to many large things; — and to the ruin of our late "Russian-Subsidy Treaty" (Hanbury's masterpiece), for one small thing. "That is a Treaty signed, sure enough," answer they of St. James's; "and we will be handsome about it to her Czarish Majesty; but as to *ratifying* it, in its present form, — of course, never!"

What a clap of thunder to Excellency Hanbury; his masterpiece found suddenly a superfluity, an incommodity! The Orthodox English course now is, "No foreign soldiers at all to be allowed in Germany;" and there are the 55,000 tramping on with such alacrity. "We cannot ratify that Treaty, Excellency Hanbury," writes the Majesty's Ministry, in a tone not of gratitude: "you must turn it some other way!" A terrible blow to Hanbury, who had been expecting gratitude without end. And now, try how he might, there was no turning it another way; this, privately, and this only, being the Czarina's own way. A Czarina obstinate to a degree; would not consent, even when they made her the liberal offer, "Keep your 55,000 at home; don't attack the King of Prussia with them; you shall have your Subsidy all the same!" "No, I won't!" answered she, — to Hanbury's amazement. Hanbury had not read the Weingarten-Menzel Documents; — what double double of toil and trouble might Hanbury have saved himself and others, could he have read them!

Hanbury could not, still less could the Majesty's Ministry, surmise the Czarina's secret at all, now or for a good while coming. And in fact, poor Hanbury, busy as a Diplomatic bee, never did more good in Russia, or out of it. By direction of the Majesty's Ministry, Hanbury still tried industriously, cash in both hands; tried various things: "Assuage the Czarina's mind; reconcile her to King Friedrich;" — all in vain. "Unite Austria, Russia and England, can't you, then? — in a Treaty against the Designs of France:" how very vain! Then, at a later stage, "Get us the Czarina to mediate between Prussia and Austria" (so very possible to sleek them down into peace, thought Majesty's Ministry): — and unwearied Hanbury, cunning eloquence on his lips, and money in both hands, tries again, and ever again, for many months. And in the way of making ropes from sand, it must be owned there never was such twisting and untwisting, as that appointed Hanbury. Who in fact broke his heart by it; — and died mad, by his own hand, before long.[1] Poor soul, after all! — Here are some Russian Notices from him (and he has many curious, not pertinent here), which are still worth gleaning.

Petersburg, 2d October, 1755. . . . "The health of the Empress [Czarina Elizabeth, *Catin du Nord,* age now forty-five] is bad. She is affected with spitting of blood, shortness of breath, constant coughing, swelled legs and water on the chest; yet she danced a minuet with me," lucky Hanbury. "There is great fermentation at Court. Peter [Grand-Duke Peter] does not conceal his enmity to the Schuwalofs [paramours of *Catin,* old and new]; Catherine [Grand-Duchess, who at length has an Heir, unbeautiful Czar Paul that will be, and "miscarriages" not a few] is on good terms with Bestuchef" (corruptiblest brute of a Chancellor ever known, friend to England by England's giving him £10,000, and the like trifles, pretty frequently; Friedrich's enemy, chiefly from defect of that operation) — she is "on good terms with Bestuchef. I think it my duty to inform the King [great George, who will draw his prognostics from it] of my observations upon her; which I can the better do, as I often have conversations with her for hours together, as at supper my rank places me always next to her," twice-lucky Hanbury.

"Since her coming to this Country, she has, by every method in her power, endeavored to gain the affections of the Nation: she applied herself with diligence to study their language; and speaks it at present, as the Russians tell me, in the greatest perfection. She has also succeeded in her other aim; for she is esteemed and beloved here in a high degree. Her person is very advantageous, and her manners very captivating. She has great knowledge of this Empire; and makes it her only study. She has parts; and Great-Chancellor [brute Bestuchef] tells me that nobody has more steadiness and resolution. She has, of late, openly declared herself to me in respect of the King of Prussia;" — hates him a good deal, "natural and formidable enemy of Russia;" "heart certainly the worst in the world [and so on; but will see better by and by, having eyes of her own]: — she never mentions the King of England but with the utmost respect and highest regard; is thoroughly sensible of the utility of the union between England and Russia; always calls his Majesty the Empress's best and greatest Ally [so much of nourishment in him withal, as in a certain web-footed Chief of Birds, reckoned chief by some]; and hopes he will also give his friendship and protection to the Grand-Duke and herself. — As for the Grand-Duke, he is weak and violent; but his confidence in the Grand-Duchess is so great, that sometimes he tells people, that though he does not understand things himself, his Wife understands everything. Should the Empress, as I fear, soon die, the Government will quietly devolve on them."[1]

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[1] Hanbury's "Life" (in *Works,* vol. iii.) gives sad account.

Catherine's age is twenty-six gone; her Peter's twenty-seven: one of the cleverest young Ladies in the world, and of the stoutest-hearted, clearest-eyed; — yoked to a young Gentleman much the reverse. Thank Hanbury for this glimpse of them, most intricately situated Pair; who may concern us a little in the sequel. — And, in justice to poor Hanover, the sad subject-matter of Excellency Hanbury's Problems and Futilities in Russia and elsewhere, let us save this other Fraction by a very different hand; and close that Hanbury scene: —

"Friedrich himself was so dangerous," says the Constitutional Historian once: "Friedrich, in alliance with France, how easy for him to catch Hanover by the throat at a week's notice, throw a death-noose round the throat of poor Hanover, and hand the same to France for tightening at discretion! Poor Hanover indeed; she reaps little profit from her English honors: what has she had to do with these Transatlantic Colonies of England? An unfortunate Country, if the English would but think; liable to be strangled at any time, for England's quarrels: the Achilles'-heel to invulnerable England; a sad function for Hanover, if it be a proud one, and amazingly lucrative to some Hanoverians. The Country is very dear to his Britannic Majesty in one sense, very dear to Britain in another! Nay Germany itself, through Hanover, is to be torn up by War for Transatlantic interests, — out of which she does not even get good Virginia tobacco, but grows bad of her own. No more concern than the Ring of Saturn with these over-sea quarrels; and can, through Hanover, be torn to pieces by War about them. Such honor to give a King to the British Nation, in a strait for one; and such profit coming of it: — we hope all sides are grateful for the blessings received!"

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[1] Hanbury's Despatch, "October 2d, 1755" (Raumer, pp. 223–225); Subsidy Treaty still at its floweriest.

There has been a Counter-Treaty going on at Versailles in the Interim; which hereupon starts out, and tumbles the wholly astonished European Diplomacies heels-over-head.

To expectant mankind, especially to Vienna and Versailles, this Britannic-Prussian Treaty was a great surprise. And indeed it proved the signal of a general System of New Treaties all round. The first signal, in fact, — though by no means the first cause, — of a total circumgyration, summerset, or tumble heels-over-head in the Political relations of Europe altogether, which ensued thereupon; miraculous, almost as the Earthquake at Lisbon, to the Gazetteer and Diplomatic mind, and incomprehensible for long years after. First signal we say, by no means that it was the first cause, or indeed that it was a cause at all, — the thing being determined elsewhere long before; ever since 1753, when Kaunitz left it ready, waiting only its time.

Kaiser Franz, they say, when (probably during those Keith urgencies) the joining with France and turning against poor Britannic Majesty was proposed in Council at Vienna, opened his usually silent lips; and opined with emphasis against such a course, no Kaunitz or creature able to persuade Kaiser Franz that good would come of it; — though, finding Sovereign Lady and everybody against him, he held his peace again. And returned to his private banking operations, which were more extensive than ever, from the new troubles rising. "Lent the Empress-Queen, always on solid securities," says Friedrich, "large sums, from time to time, in those Wars; dealt in Commissariat stores to right and left; we ourselves had most of our meal from him this year."[1] Kaiser Franz was, and continued, of the old way of thinking; but consummate Kaunitz, and the High Lady's fixed passion for her Schlesien, had changed everybody else. The ulterior facts are as follows, abbreviated to the utmost.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 8.

September 22d, 1755, a few days before Hanbury's Subsidy-feat at Petersburg, which took such a whirl for Hanbury, there had met for the first time at Versailles, more especially at Babiole, Pleasure-House of the Pompadour, a most Select Committee of Three Persons: Graf von Stahremberg, Austrian Ambassador; Pompadour herself; and a certain infinitely elegant Count and Reverence de Bernis (beautiful Clerico-Mundane Gentleman, without right Benefice hitherto, but much in esteem with the Pompadour); — for deepest practical consideration in regard to closure of a French-Austrian Alliance. Reverend Count (subsequently Cardinal) de Bernis has sense in Diplomacy; has his experiences in Secular Diplomatic matters; a soft-going cautious man, not yet official, but tending that way: whom the Pompadour has brought with her as henchman, or *un*ghostly counsellor, in this intricate Adventure.

Stahremberg, instructed from home, has no hesitation; nor has Pompadour herself, remembering that insolent "*Je ne la connais pas,*" and the per-contra "*Ma Cousine,*" "*Princesse et Sœur:*" — but Bernis, I suppose, looks into the practical difficulties; which are probably very considerable, to the Official French eye, in the present state of Europe and of the public mind. From September 22d, or autumnal equinox, 1755, onward to this Britannic-Prussian phenomenon of January, 1756, the Pompadour Conclave has been sitting, — difficulties, no doubt, considerable. I will give only the dates, having myself no interest in such a Committee at Babiole; but the dates sufficiently betoken that there were intricacies, conflicts between the new and the old. Hitherto the axiom always was, "Prussia the Adjunct and Satellite of France:" now to be entirely reversed, you say?

July, 1755, that is two months before this Babiole Committee met, a Duc de Nivernois, respectable intelligent dilettante French Nobleman, had been named as Ambassador to Friedrich, "Go, you respectable wise Nivernois, Nobleman of Letters so called; try and retain Friedrich for us, as usual!" And now, on meeting of the Babiole Committee, Nivernois does not go; lingers, saddled and bridled, till the very end of the Year; arrives in Berlin January 12th, 1756. Has his First Audience January 14th; a man highly amiable to Friedrich; but with proposals, — wonderful indeed.

The French, this good while back, are in no doubt about War with England, a right hearty War; and have always expected to retain Prussia as formerly, — though rather on singular terms. Some time ago, for instance, M. de Rouillé, War-Minister, requested Knyphausen, Prussian Envoy at Paris: "Suggest to your King's Majesty what plunder there is at Hanover. Perfectly at liberty to keep it all, if he will plunder Hanover for us!"[1] Pleasant message to the proud King; who answered with the due brevity, to the purport, "Silence, Sir!" — with didactic effects on the surprised Rouillé. Who now mends his proposal; though again in a remarkable way. Instructs Nivernois, namely, "To offer King Friedrich the Island of Tobago, if he will renew Treaty, and take arms for us. Island of Tobago (a deserted, litigated, but pretty Island, were it ever ours), will not that entice this King, intent on Commerce?" Friedrich, who likes Nivernois and his polite ways, answers quizzingly: "Island of Tobago? Island of Barataria your Lordship must be meaning; Island of which I cannot be the Sancho Panza!"[2] And Nivernois found he must not mention Tobago again.

For the rest, Friedrich made no secret of his English Treaty; showed it with all frankness to Nivernois, in all points: "Is there, can the most captious allege that there is, anything against France in it? My one wish and aim, that of Peace for myself: judge!" Nivernois stayed till March; but seems to have had, of definite, only Tobago and good words; so that nothing farther came of him, and there was no Renewal of Treaty then or after. Thus, in his third month (March, 1756), practical Nivernois was recalled, without result; — instead of whom fat Valori was sent; privately intending "to do nothing but observe, in Berlin." From all which, we infer that the Babiole Committee now saw land; and that Bernis himself had decided in the affirmative: "Austria, not Prussia; yes, Madame!" To the joy of Madame and everybody. For, it is incredible, say all witnesses, what indignation broke out in Paris when Friedrich made this new "defection," so they termed it; revolt from his Liege Lord (who had been so exemplary to him on former occasions!), and would not bite at Tobago when offered. So that the Babiole Committee went on, henceforth, with flowing sea; and by Mayday (*1st May*, 1756) brought out its French-Austrian Treaty in a completed state. "To stand by one another," like Castor and Pollux, in a manner; "24,000, reciprocally, to be ready on demand;" nay I think something of "subsidies" withal, — *to* Austria, of course. But the particulars are not worth giving; the Performance, thanks to a zealous Pompadour, having quite outrun the Stipulation, and left it practically out of sight, when the push came. Our Constitutional Historian may shadow the rest: —

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 29.

[2] Ib. 31.

"France and England going to War in these sad circumstances, and France and Austria being privately prepared [by Kaunitz and others] to swear everlasting friendship on the occasion, instead of everlasting enmity as heretofore; unexpected changes, miraculous to the Gazetteers, became inevitable; — nothing less, in short, than explosion or topsy-turvying of the old Diplomatic-Political Scheme of Europe. Old dance of the Constellations flung heels-over-head on the sudden; and much pirouetting, jigging, setting, before they could change partners, and continue their august dance again, whether in War or Peace. No end to the industrious wonder of the Gazetteer mind, to the dark difficulties of the Diplomatic. What bafflings, agonistic shufflings, impotent gazings into the dark; what seductive fiddling, and being fiddled to! A most sad function of Humanity, if sometimes an inevitable one; which ought surely at all times to be got over as briefly as possible. To be written of, especially, with a maximum of brevity; human nature being justly impatient of talk about it, beyond the strictly needful."

Most true it is, and was most miraculous, though now quite forgotten again, Political Europe had to make a complete whirl-round on that occasion. And not in a day, and merely saying to itself, "Let me do summerset!" as idle readers suppose, — but with long months of agonistic shuffle and struggle in all places, and such Diplomatic fiddling and being fiddled to, as seldom was before. Of which, these two instances, the Bernis and the Hanbury, are to serve as specimen; two and no more: a universe of extinct fiddling compressed into two nutshells, if readers have an ear.

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CHAPTER III.

FRENCH-ENGLISH WAR BREAKS OUT.

The French, in reality a good deal astonished at the Prussian-Britannic Treaty, affected to take it easy: "Treaty for Neutrality of Germany?" said they: "Very good indeed. Perhaps there are places nearer us, where our troops can be employed to more advantage!" [1] — hinting vocally, as henceforth their silent procedures, their diligence in the dockyards, moving of troops coastward and the like, still more clearly did, That an Invasion of England itself was the thing next to be expected.

England and France are, by this time, alike fiercely determined on War; but their states of preparation are very different. The French have War-ships again, not to mention Armies which they always have; some skilful Admirals withal, — La Gallisonnière, our old Canada friend, is one, very busy at present; — and mean to try seriously the Question of Sea-Supremacy once more. If an Invasion did chance to land, the state of England would be found handy beyond hope! How many fighting regiments England has, I need not inquire, nor with what strategic virtue they would go to work; — enough to mention the singular fact (recently true, and still, I perceive, too like the truth), That of all their regiments, "only Three are in this Country," or have Colonels even nominated. Incredible; but certain. And the interesting point is, his Grace of Newcastle dare not have Colonels, still less higher Officers nominated; because Royal Highness of Cumberland would have the naming of them, and they would be enemies to his Grace.[1] In such posture stands the Envy of surrounding Nations at this moment.

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[1] Their "Declaration" on it (Adelung, vii. 613).

"Hire Hessians," cry they; "hire Hanoverians; if France land on us, we are undone!" — and continue their Parliamentary Eloquences in a most distressful manner. "Apply to the Dutch, at any rate, for their 6,000 as per Treaty," cries everybody. Which is done. But the Dutch piteously wring their hands: "Dare not, your Majesty; how dare we, for France and our neglected Barrier! Oh, generous Majesty, excuse us!" — and the generous Majesty has to do it; and leave the Dutch in peace, this time. Hessians, Hanoverians, after eloquence enough, are at last got sent for, to guard us against this terrible Invasion: about 10,000 of each kind; and do land, — the native populations very sulky on them ("We won't billet you, not we; build huts, and be — !"), with much Parliamentary and Newspaper Commentary going on, of a distressful nature. "Saturday, 15th May, 1756, Hessians disembark at Southampton; obliged to pitch Camp in the neighborhood: Friday, 21st May, the Hanoverians, at Chatham, who hut themselves Canterbury way;" — and have (what is the sum-total of their achievements in this Country) a case of shoplifting, "pocket-handkerchief, across the counter, in open day;" one case (or what seemed to be one, but was not);[2] "and the fellow not to be tried by *us* for it!" which enrages the constitutional heart. Alas, my heavy-laden constitutional heart; but what can we do? These drilled louts will guard us, should this terrible

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[1] Walpole, *George the Second*, ii. 19 (date, "March 25th, 1755;" and how long after, is not said: but see Pitt's Speeches, ib., all through 1756, and farther).

[2] "At Maidstone, 13th September, 1756;" Hanoverian soldier, purchasing a handkerchief, imagines he has purchased two (not yet clipt asunder), haberdasher and he having no language in common: *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1756, pp. 259, 448, &c.; Walpole, *sæpius*.

Invasion land. And indeed, about three weeks *before* these louts arrived, the terrible Invasion had declared itself to have been altogether a feint; and had lifted anchor, quite in the opposite direction, on an errand we shall hear of soon!

About the same date, I observe, "the first regiment of Foot-guards practising the Prussian drill-exercise in Hyde Park;" and hope his Grace of Newcastle and the Hero of Culloden (immortal Hero, and aiming high in Politics at this time) will, at least, have fallen upon some method of getting Colonels nominated. But the wide-weltering chaos of platitudes, agitated by hysterical imbecilities, regulating England in this great crisis, fills the constitutional mind with sorrow; and indeed is definable, once more, as amazing! England is a stubborn Country; but it was not by procedures of the Cumberland-Newcastle kind that England, and her Colonies, and Sea-and-Land Kingdoms, was built together; nor by these, except miracle intervene, that she can stand long against stress! Looking at the dismal matter from this distance, there is visible to me in the foggy heart of it one lucent element, and pretty much one only; the individual named William Pitt, as I have read him: if by miracle that royal soul could, even for a time, get to something of Kingship there? Courage; miracles do happen, let us hope! — This is whitherward the grand Invasion had gone: —

Toulon, 10th April, 1756. La Gallisonnière, our old Canadian friend, a crooked little man of great faculty, who has been busy in the dockyards lately, weighs anchor from Toulon; "12 sail of the line, 5 frigates and above 100 transport-ships;" with the grand Invasion-of-England Armament on board: 16,000 picked troops, complete in all points, Maréchal Duc de Richelieu commanding.[1] Weighs anchor; and, singular to see, steers, not for England, and the Hessian-Hanover Defenders (who would have been in such excellent time); but direct for Minorca, as the surer thing! Will seize Minorca; a so-called inexpugnable Possession of the English, — Key of their Mediterranean Supremacies; — really inexpugnable enough; but which lies in the usual dilapidated state, though by chance with a courageous old Governor in it, who will not surrender quite at once.

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[1] Adelung, viii. 70.

April 18th, La Gallisonnière disembarks his Richelieu with a Sixteen Thousand, unopposed at Port-Mahon, or Fort St. Philip, in Minorca; who instantly commences Siege there. To the astonishment of England and his Grace of Newcastle, who, except old Governor Blakeney, much in dilapidation ("wooden platforms rotten," "batteries out of repair," and so on), have nothing ready for Richelieu in that quarter. The story of Minorca; and the furious humors and tragic consummations that arose on it, being still well known, we will give the dates only.

Fort St. Philip, April 18th–May 20th. For a month, Richelieu, skilful in tickling the French troops, has been besieging, in a high and grandiose way; La Gallisonnière vigilantly cruising; old Blakeney, in spite of the rotten platforms, vigorously holding out; when — May 19th, La Gallisonnière descries an English fleet in the distance; indisputably an English fleet; and clears his decks for a serious Affair just coming. *Thursday, 20th May,* Admiral Byng accordingly (for it is he, son of that old seaworthy Byng, who once "blew out" a minatory Spanish Fleet and "an absurd Flame of War" in the Straits of Messina, and was made Lord Torrington in consequence, — happily now dead) — Admiral Byng does come on; and gains himself a name badly memorable ever since. Attacks La Gallisonnière, in a wide-lying, languid, hovering, uncertain manner: — "Far too weak," he says; "much disprovided, destitute, by blame of Ministry and of everybody" (though about the strength of La Gallisonnière, after all); — is almost rather beaten by La Gallisonnière; does not, in the least, beat him to the right degree: — and sheers off, in the night-time, straight for Gibraltar again. To La Gallisonnière's surprise, it is said; no doubt to old Blakeney and his poor Garrison's, left so, to their rotten platforms and their own shifts.

Blakeney and Garrison stood to their guns in a manful manner, for above a month longer; day after day, week after week, looking over the horizon for some Byng or some relief appearing, to no purpose! *June 14th,* there are three available breaches; the walls, however, are very sheer (a Fortress hewn in the rock): Richelieu scanning them dubiously, and battering his best, for about a fortnight more, is ineffectual on Blakeney.

June 27th, Richelieu, taking his measures well, tickling French honor well, has determined on storm. Richelieu, giving order of the day, "Whosoever of you is found drunk shall *not* be of the storm-party" (which produced such a teetotalism as nothing else had done), — storms, that night, with extreme audacity. The Place has to capitulate: glorious victory; honorable defence: and Minorca gone.

And England is risen to a mere smoky whirlwind, of rage, sorrow and darkness, against Byng and others. Smoky darkness, getting streaked with dangerous fire. "Tried?" said his Grace of Newcastle to the City Deputation: "Oh indeed he shall be tried immediately; he shall be hanged directly!" — assure yourselves of that.[1] And Byng's effigy was burnt all over England. And mobs attempt to burn his Seat and Park; and satires and caricatures and firebrands are coming out: and the poor Constitutional Country is bent on applying surgery, if it but know how. Surgery to such indisputable abominations was certainly desirable. The new Relief Squadron, which had been despatched by Majesty's Ministry, was too late for Blakeney, but did bring home a superseded Byng.

Spithead, Tuesday, 27th July, The superseded Byng arrives; is punctually arrested, on arriving: "Him we will hang directly: — is there anything else we can try [except, perhaps, it were hanging of ourselves, and our fine methods of procedure], by way of remedying you?" — War against France, now a pretty plain thing, had been "declared," 17th May (French counter-declaring, 9th June): and, under a Duke of Newcastle and a Hero of Culloden, not even pulling one way, but two ways; and a Talking-Apparatus full of discords at this time, and pulling who shall say how many ways, — the prospects of carrying on said War are none of the best. Lord Loudon, a General without skill, and commanding, as Pitt declares, "a scroll of Paper hitherto" (a good few thousands marked on it, and perhaps their Colonels even named), is about going for America; by no means yet gone, a long way from gone: and, if the Laws of Nature be suspended — Enough of all that!

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[1] Walpole, ii. 231: Details of the Siege, ib. 218–225; in *Gentleman's Magazine,* xxvi. 256, 312–313, 358; in Adelung, vii.; &c. &c.

King Friedrich's Enigma gets more and more stringent.

Friedrich's situation, in those fatefully questionable months, and for many past (especially from January 16th to July), — readers must imagine it, for there is no description possible. In many intricacies Friedrich has been; but never, I reckon, in any equal to this. Himself certain what the Two Imperial Women have vowed against him; self and Winterfeld certain of that sad truth; and all other mortals ready to deny it, and fly delirious on hint of it, should he venture to act in consequence! Friedrich's situation is not unimaginable, when (as can now be done by candid inquirers who will take trouble enough) the one or two internal facts of it are disengaged from the roaring ocean of clamorous delusions which then enveloped them to everybody, and are held steadily in view, said ocean being well run off to the home of it very deep underground. Lies do fall silent; truth waits to be recognized, not always in vain. No reader ever will conceive the strangling perplexity of that situation, now so remote and extinct to us. All I can do is, to set down what features of it have become indisputable; and leave them as detached traceries, as fractions of an outline, to coalesce into something of image where they can.

Winterfeld's opinion was, for some time past, distinct: "Attack them; since it is certain they only wait to attack us!" But Friedrich would by no means listen to that. "We must not be the aggressor, my friend; that would spoil all. Perhaps the English will pacify the Russian *Catin* for me;

tie her, with packthreads, bribes and intrigues, from stirring? Wait, watch!" Fiery Winterfeld, who hates the French, who despises the Austrians, and thinks the Prussian Army a considerable Fact in Politics, has great schemes: far too great for a practical Friedrich. "Plunge into the Austrians with a will: Prussian Soldiery, — can Austrians resist it? Ruin them, since they are bent on ruining us. Stir up the Hungarian Protestants; try all things. Home upon our implacable enemies, sword drawn, scabbard flung away! And the French, — what are the French? Our King should be Kaiser of Teutschland; and he can, and he may: — the French would then be quieter!" These things Winterfeld carried in his head; and comrades have heard them from him over wine.[1] To all which Friedrich, if any whisper of them ever got to Friedrich, would answer one can guess how.

It is evident, Friedrich had not given up his hope (indeed, for above a year more, he never did) that England might, by profuse bribery, — "such the power of bribery in that mad Court!" — assuage, overnet with backstairs packthreads, or in some way compesce the Russian delirium for him. And England, his sole Ally in the world, still tender of Austria, and unable to believe what the full intentions of Austria are; England demands much wariness in his procedures towards Austria; reiterating always, "Wait, your Majesty! Oh, beware!" —

His own Army, we need not say, is in perfect preparation. The Army — let us guess, 150,000 regular, or near 200,000 of all arms and kinds[2] — never was so perfect before or since. Old Captains in it, whom we used to know, are grayer and wiser; young, whom we heard less of, are grown veterans of trust. Schwerin, much a Cincinnatus since we last saw him, has laid down his plough again, a fervid "little Marlborough" of seventy-two; — and will never see that beautiful Schwerinsburg, and its thriving woods and farm-fields, any more. Ugly Walrave is not now chief Engineer; one Balbi, a much prettier man, is. Ugly Walrave (Winterfeld suspecting and watching him) was found out; convicted of "falsified accounts," of "sending plans to the Enemy," of who knows all what;—and sits in Magdeburg (in a thrice-safe prison-cell of his own contriving), prisoner for life.[1] The Old Dessauer is away, long since; and not the Old alone. Dietrich of Dessau is now "Guardian to his Nephew," who is a Child left Heir there. Death has been busy with the Dessauers:—but here is Prince Moritz, "the youngest, more like his Father than any of them." Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, Moritz of Dessau, Keith, Duke of Brunswick-Bevern: no one of these people has been idle, in the ten years past. Least of all, has the Chief Captain of them,—whose diligence and vigilance in that sphere, latterly, were not likely to decline!

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[1] Retzow, i. 43, &c.

[2] Archenholtz (i. 8) counts vaguely "160,000" at this date.

Friedrich's Army is in the perfection of order. Ready at the hour, for many months back; but the least motion he makes with it is a subject of jealousy. Last year, on those Russian advancings and alacrities, he had marched some Regiments into Pommern, within reach of Preussen, should the Russians actually try a stroke there: "See!" cried all the world: "See!" cried the enlightened Russian Public. This year 1756, from June onwards and earlier, there are still more fatal symptoms, on the Austrian side: great and evident War-preparations; Magazines forming; Camps in Bohemia, Moravia; Camp at Königsgrätz, Camp at Prag,—handy for the Silesian Border. Friedrich knows they have deliberated on their Pretext for a War, and have fixed on what will do,—some new small Prussian-Mecklenburg brabble, which there has lately been; paltry enough recruiting-quarrel, such as often are (and has been settled mutually some time ago, this one, but is capable of being ripped up again);—and that, on this cobweb of a pretext, they mean to draw sword when they like. Russia too has its Pretext ready. And if Friedrich hint of stirring, England whispers hoarse, England and other friends, "Wait, your Majesty! Oh, beware!" To keep one's sword at its sharpest, and, with an easy patient air, one's eyes vigilantly open: this is nearly all that Friedrich can do, in neighborhood of such portentous imminencies. He has many critics, near and far; — for instance: —

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[1] "Arrested at Potsdam 12th February, 1748, and after trial put into the *Stern* at Magdeburg; sat there till he died, 16th January, 1773" (*Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 150-151).

Berlin, 31st July, 1756, Excellency Valori writes to Versailles: . . . "to give you account of a Conversation I have had, a day or two ago, with the Prince of Prussia [August Wilhelm, Heir-Apparent], who honors me with a particular confidence," — and who appears to be, privately, like some others, very strong in the Opposition view. "He talked to me of the present condition of the King his Brother, of his Brother's apprehensions, of his military arrangements, of the little trust placed in him by neighbors, of their hostile humor towards him, and of many other things which this good Prince [little understanding them, as would appear, or the dangerous secret that lay under them] did not approve of. The Prince then said," — listen to what the Prince of Prussia said to Valori, one of the last days of July, 1756, —

"'There is an Anecdote which continually recurs to me, in the passes we are got to at present. Putting the case we might be attacked by Russia, and perhaps by Austria, the late Rothenburg was sent [as readers know], on the King's part, to Milord Tyrconnel, to know of him what, in such case, were the helps he might reckon on from France. Milord enumerated the various helps; and then added [being a blusterous Irishman, sent hither for his ill tongue]: "Helps enough, you observe, Monsieur; but, *morbleu*, if you deceive us, you will be squelched (*vous serez écrasés*)!" The King my Brother was angry enough at hearing such a speech: but, my dear Marquis,' and the Prince turned full upon me with a face of inquiry, 'Can the thing actually come true? And do you think it can be the interest of your Master [and his Scarlet Woman] to abandon us to the fury of our enemies? Ah, that cursed Convention [Neutrality-Convention with England]! I would give a finger from my hand that it had never been concluded. I never approved of it; ask the Duc de Nivernois, he knows what we said of it together. But how return on our steps?

Who would now trust us ?' " This Prince appeared "to be much affected by the King his Brother's situation [of which he understood as good as nothing], and agreed that he," the King his Brother, "had well deserved it."[1]

This is not the first example, nor the last, of August Wilhelm's owning a heedless, good-natured tongue; considerably prone to take the Opposition side, on light grounds. For which if he found a kind of solacement and fame in some circles, it was surely at a dear rate! To his Brother, that bad habit would, most likely, be known; and his Brother, I suppose, did not speak of it at all; such his Brother's custom in cases of the kind. — Judicious Valori, by way of answer, dilated on the peculiar esteem of his Majesty Louis XV. for the Prussian Majesty, — "so as my Instructions direct me to do;" and we hear no more of the Prince of Prussia's talk, at this time; but shall in future; and may conjecture a great deal about the atmosphere Friedrich had now to live in. A Friedrich undergoing, privately, a great deal of criticism: "Mad tendency to war; lust of conquest; contempt for his neighbors, for the opinion of the world; — no end of irrational tendencies:"[2] from persons to whom the secret of his Problem is deeply unknown.

One wise thing the English have done: sent an Excellency Mitchell, a man of loyalty, of sense and honesty, to be their Resident at Berlin. This is the noteworthy, not yet much noted, Sir Andrew Mitchell; by far the best Excellency England ever had in that Court. An Aberdeen Scotchman, creditable to his Country: hard-headed, sagacious; sceptical of shows; but capable of recognizing substances withal, and of standing loyal to them, stubbornly if needful; who grew to a great mutual regard with Friedrich, and well deserved to do so; constantly about him, during the next seven years; and whose Letters are among the perennially valuable Documents on Friedrich's History.[3]

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[1] Valori, ii. 129–131.

[2] Ib. ii. 124–151 ("July 27th–August 21st").

[3] Happily secured in the British Museum; and now in the most perfect order for consulting (thanks to Sir F. Madden "and three years' labor" well

Mitchell is in Berlin since June 10th. Mitchell, who is on the scene itself, and looking into Friedrich with his own eyes, finds the reiterating of that "Beware, your Majesty!" which had been his chief task hitherto, a more and more questionable thing; and suggests to him at last: "Plainly ask her Hungarian Majesty, What is your meaning by those Bohemian Campings?" "Pshaw," answers Friedrich: "Nothing but some ambiguous answer, perhaps with insult in it!" — nevertheless thinks better; and determines to do so.[1]

CHAPTER IV.

FRIEDRICH PUTS A QUESTION AT VIENNA, TWICE OVER.

July 18th, 1756, Friedrich despatches an Express to Graf von Klinggräf, his Resident at Vienna (an experienced man, whom we have seen before in old Carteret, "Conference-of-Hanau" times), To demand audience of the Empress; and, in the fittest terms, friendly and courteous, brief and clear, to put that question of Mitchell's suggesting. "Those unwonted Armaments, Camps in Böhmen, Camps in Mähren, and military movements and preparations," Klinggräf is to say, "have caused anxiety in her Majesty's peaceable Neighbor of Prussia; who desires always to continue in peace; and who requests hereby a word of assurance from her Majesty, that these his anxieties are groundless." Friedrich himself hopes little or nothing from this; but he has done it to satisfy people about him, and put an end to all scruples in himself and others. The Answer may be expected in ten or twelve days.

And, about the same time, — likely enough, directly after, though there is no date given, to a fact which is curious and authentic, — Friedrich sent for two of his chief Generals, to

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invested); — should certainly, and will one day, be read to the bottom, and cleared of their darknesses, extrinsic and intrinsic (which are considerable), by somebody competent.

[1] Mitchell Papers.

Potsdam, for a secret Conference with Winterfeld and him. The Generals are, old Schwerin and General Retzow Senior, — Major-General Retzow, whom we used to hear of in the Silesian Wars, — and whose Son reports on this occasion. Conference is on this Imminency of War, and as to what shall be done in it. Friedrich explains in general terms his dangers from Austria and Russia, his certainty that Austria will attack him; and asks, Were it, or were it not, better to attack Austria, as is our Prussian principle in such case? Schwerin and Retzow — Schwerin first, as the eldest; and after him Retzow, "who privately has charge from the Prussian Princes to do it" — opine strongly: That indications are uncertain, that much seems inevitable which does not come; that in a time of such tumultuous whirlings and unexpected changes, the true rule is, Watch well, and wait.

After enough of this, with Winterfeld looking dissent but saying almost nothing, Friedrich gives sign to Winterfeld; — who spreads out, in their lucidest prearranged order, the principal Menzel-Weingarten Documents; and bids the two Military Gentlemen read. They read; with astonishment, are forced to believe; stand gazing at one another; — and do now take a changed tone. Schwerin, "after a silence of everybody for some minutes," — "bursts out like one inspired; 'If War is to be and must be, let us start to-morrow; seize Saxony at once; and in that rich corny Country form Magazines for our Operations on Bohemia!'"[1]

That is privately Friedrich's own full intention. Saxony, with its Elbe River as Highway, is his indispensable preliminary for Bohemia: and he will not, a second time, as he did in 1744 with such results, leave it in an *un*secured condition. Adieu then, Messieurs; silent: *au revoir*, which may be soon! Retzow Junior, a rational, sincere, but rather pipe-clayed man, who is wholly to be trusted on this Conference, with his Father for authority, has some touches of commentary on it, which indicate (date being 1802) that till the end of his life, or of Prince Henri his Patron's, there remained always in some heads a doubt as to Friedrich's wisdom in regard to starting the Seven-Years War, and to Schwerin's entire sincerity in that inspired speech. And still more curious, that there was always, at Potsdam as elsewhere, a Majesty's Opposition Party; privately intent to look at the wrong side; and doing it diligently, — though with lips strictly closed for most part; without words, except well-weighed and to the wise: which is an excellent arrangement, for a Majesty and Majesty's Opposition, where feasible in the world! —

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[1] Retzow, i. 39.

From Retzow I learn farther, that Winterfeld, directly on the back of this Conference, took a Tour to the Bohemian Baths, "To Karlsbad, or Töplitz, for one's health;" and wandered about a good deal in those Frontier Mountains of Bohemia, taking notes, taking sketches (not with a picturesque view); and returned by the Saxon Pirna Country, a strange stony labyrinth, which he guessed might possibly be interesting soon. The Saxon Commandant of the Königstein, lofty Fortress of those parts, strongest in Saxony, was of Winterfeld's acquaintance: Winterfeld called on this Commandant; found his Königstein too high for cannonading those neighborhoods, but that there was at the base of it a new Work going on; and that the Saxons were, though languidly, endeavoring to bestir themselves in matters military. Their entire Army at present is under 20,000; but, in the course of next Winter, they expect to have it 40,000. Shall be of that force, against Season 1757. No doubt Winterfeld's gatherings and communications had their uses at Potsdam, on his getting home from this Tour to Töplitz.

Meanwhile, Klinggräf has had his Audience at Vienna; and has sped as ill as could have been expected. The Answer given was of supercilious brevity; evasive, in effect null, and as good as answering, That there is no answer. Two Accounts we have, as Friedrich successively had them, of this famed passage: *first*, Klinggräf's own, which is clear, rapid, and stands by the essential; *second*, an account from the other side of the scenes, furnished by Menzel of Dresden, for Friedrich's behoof and ours; which curiously illustrates the foregoing, and confirms the interpretation Friedrich at once made of it. This is Menzel's account; in other words, the Saxon Envoy at Vienna's, stolen by Menzel.

July 26th, it appears, Klinggräf — having applied to Kaunitz the day before, who noticed a certain flurry in him, and had answered carelessly, "Audience? Yes, of course; nay I am this moment going to the Empress: only you must tell me about what?" — was admitted to the Imperial Presence, he first of many that were waiting. Imperial Presence held in its hand a snip of Paper, carefully composed by Kaunitz from the data, and read these words: "*Die bedenklichen Umstände,* The questionable circumstances of the Time have moved me to consider as indispensably necessary those measures which, for my own security and for defence of my Allies, I am taking, and which otherwise do not tend the least towards injury of anybody whatsoever;" — and adding no syllable more, gave a sign with her hand, intimating to Klinggräf that the Interview was done. Klinggräf strode through the Antechamber, "visibly astonished," say on-lookers, at such an Answer had. Answer, in fact, "That there is no answer," and the door flung in your face![1]

Friedrich, on arrival of report from Klinggräf, and without waiting for the Menzel side of the scenes, sees that the thing is settled. Writes again, however (August 2d, probably the day after, or the same day, Klinggräf's Despatch reached him); instructing Klinggräf To request "a less oracular response;" and specially, "If her Imperial Majesty (Austria and Russia being, as is understood, in active League against him) will say, That Austria will not attack him this year or the next?" Draw up memorial of that, Monsieur Klinggräf; and send us the supercilious No-Answer: till which arrive we do not cross the Frontier, — but are already everywhere on march to it, in an industrious, cunningly devised, evident and yet impenetrably mysterious manner.

Excellency Valori never saw such activity of military preparation: such Artillery, "2,000 big pieces in the Park here;"

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 772. In Valori, ii. 128, Friedrich's little Paper of *Instructions* to Klinggräf; this Vienna *Answer* to it, ib. 138: — see ib. 138, 162; and *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, ii. 214–221.

Regiments, Wagon-trains, getting under way everywhere, no man can guess whitherward; "drawn up in the Square here, they know not by what Gate they are to march." By three different Gates, I should think;—mysteriously, in Three Directions, known only to King Friedrich and his Adjutant-General, all these Regiments in Berlin and elsewhere are on march. Towards Halle (Leipzig way); towards Brietzen (Wittenberg and Torgau way); towards Bautzen neighborhood,—towards Three settled Points of the Saxon Frontier; will step across the instant the supercilious No-Answer comes to hand. Are to converge about Dresden and the Saxon Switzerland;—about 65,000 strong, equipped as no Army before or since has been;—and take what luck there may be.

Brühl and Polish Majesty's Army, still only about 18,000, have their apprehensions of such visit: but what can they do? The Saxon Army draws out into Camp, at sight of this mysterious marching; strong Camp "in the angle of Elbe and Mulde Rivers;"—then draws in again; being too weak for use. And is thinking, Menzel informs us, to take post in the stony labyrinthic Pirna Country: such the advice an Excellency Broglio has given;—French Excellency, now in Dresden; Maréchal de Broglio's Son, and of little less explosive nature than his Father was. Brühl and Polish Majesty, guessing that the hour is come, are infinitely interested. Interested, not flurried. "Austrian-Russian Anti-Prussian Covenant!" say Brühl and Majesty, rather comfortably to themselves: "We never signed it. *We* never would sign anything; what have we to do with it? Courage; steady; To Pirna, if they come! Are not Excellency Broglio, and France, and Austria, and the whole world at our back?"

It was full three weeks before Klinggräf's Message of Answer could arrive at Berlin. Of Friedrich in the interim, launching such a world-adventure, himself silent, in the midst of a buzzing Berlin, take these indications, which are luminous enough. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick is to head one of the Three "Columns." Duke Ferdinand, Governor of Magdeburg, is now collecting his Column in that neighborhood, chiefly at Halle; whitherward, or on what errand, is profoundly unknown. Unknown even to Ferdinand, except that it is for actual Service in the Field. Here are two Friedrich Letters (ruggedly Official, the first of them, and not quite peculiar to Ferdinand), which are worth reading:—

The King to Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick.

"POTSDAM, 15th August, 1756.

"For time of Field-Service I have made the arrangement, That for the Subaltern Officers of your regiment, over and above their ordinary Equipage-moneys, there shall, to each Subaltern Officer, and once for all, be Eight Thalers [twenty-four shillings sterling] advanced. That sum [eight thalers per subaltern] shall be paid to the Captain of every Company; and besides this there shall, monthly, Two Thalers be deducted from the Subaltern's Pay, and be likewise paid over to the Captain:—in return for which, He is to furnish Free Table for the Subalterns throughout the Campaign, and so long as the regiment is in the field.

"Of the Two Baggage-carts per Company, the regiment shall take only One, and leave the other at home. No Officer, let him be who or of what title he will, Generals not excepted, shall take with him the least of Silver Plate, not even a silver spoon. Whoever wants, therefore, to keep table, great or small (*Tafel oder Tisch*), must manage the same with tin utensils;—without exception, be he who he will.

"Each Captain shall take with him a little Cask of Vinegar; of which, as soon as the regiments get to Camp, he must give me reckoning, and I will then have him repaid. This Vinegar shall solely and exclusively be employed for this purpose, That in places where the water is bad, there be poured into it, for the soldiers, a few drops of the vinegar, to correct the water, and thereby preserve them from illnesses.

"So soon as the regiment gets on march, the Women who have permission to follow are put under command of the Profoss; that thereby all plunderings and disorders may the more be guarded against. If the Captains and Officers take

Grooms (*Jäger*) or the like Domestics, there can muskets be given to these, that use may be had of them, in case of an attack in quarters, or on march, when a ***Wagenburg*** (wagon-fortress) is to be formed. . . . FRIEDRICH."[1]

Same to Same (Confidential, this one).

"POTSDAM, 24th August.

. . . "Make as if you were meaning to go into Camp at Halle. The reason why I stop you is, that the Courier from Vienna has not yet come. We must therefore reassure the Saxon neighborhood. . . . I have been expecting answer from hour to hour; cannot suitably begin a War-Expedition till it come; do therefore apprise Your Dilection, though under the deepest secrecy.

"And it is necessary, and my Will is, That, till farther order, you keep all the regiments and corps belonging to your Column in the places where they are when this arrives. And shall, meanwhile, with your best skill mask all this, both from the Town of Halle, and from the regiments themselves; making, in conformity with what I said yesterday, as if you were a Corps of Observation come to encamp here, and were waiting the last orders to go into camp. FRIEDRICH."[2]

And in regard to the Vienna Courier, and Friedrich's attitude towards that Phenomenon, read only these Two Notes: —

1°. *Friedrich to the Prince of Prussia and the Princess Amelia* (at Berlin).

POTSDAM, "25th August," 1756.

"MY DEAR BROTHER, MY DEAR SISTER, — I write to you both at once, for want of time. I will follow the advice you are so good as give me; and will take leave of the Queen [our dear Mamma] by Letter. And that the reading of my Letter may not frighten her, I will send it by my Sister, to be presented in a favorable moment.

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[1] Preuss, ii. 6, 7.

[2] Ib. ii. 7, 8.

"I have yet got no Answer from Vienna; by Klinggräf's account, I shall not receive it till to-morrow [came this night]. But I count myself surer of War than ever; as the Austrians have named Generals, and their Army is ordered to march, from Kolin to Königsgrätz" — Schlesien way. "So that, expecting nothing but a haughty Answer, or a very uncertain one, on which there will be no reliance possible, I have arranged everything for setting out on Saturday next. To-morrow, so soon as the news comes, I will not fail to let you know. Assuring you that I am, with a perfect affection, my dear Brother and my dear Sister, — Yours, — F."[1]

Answer comes from Klinggräf that same night. Once more, an Answer almost worse than could have been expected. "The 'League with Russia against you' is non-extant, a thing of your imagination: Have not we already answered?"[2] Whereupon,

2°. *Friedrich to the Prince of Prussia.*

POTSDAM, "26th August," 1756.

"MY DEAR BROTHER, — I have already written to the Queen; softening things as much as I could [Letter lost]. My Sister, to whom I address the Letter, will deliver it.

"You have seen the Paper I sent to Klinggräf. Their Answer is, 'That they have not made an Offensive Alliance with Russia against me.' The Answer is impertinent, high and contemptuous; and of the Assurance that I required [as to This Year and next], not one word. So that the sword alone can cut this Gordian Knot. I am innocent of this War; I have done what I could to avoid it; but whatever be one's love of peace, one cannot and must not sacrifice to that, one's safety and one's honor. Such, I believe, will be your opinion too, from the sentiments I know in you. At present, our one thought must be, To do War in such a way as may cure our

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xxvi. 155.

[2] In *Gesammelte Urkunden,* i. 217: Klinggräf's second question (done by Letter this time), "18th August;" Maria Theresa's Answer, "21st August."

Enemies of their wish to break Peace again too soon. I embrace you with all my heart. I have had no end of business (*terriblement à faire*)." — F.[1]

The March into Saxony, in Three Columns.

Ahead of that last Note, from an earlier hour of the same day, Thursday, 26th August, there is speeding forth, to all Three Generals of Division, this Order (take Duke Ferdinand's copy : —

"I hereby order that Your Dilection (*Ew. Liebden*), with all the regiments and corps in the Column standing under your command, Shall now, without more delay, get on march, on the 29th inst.; and proceed, according to the March-Tables and Instructions already given, to execute what Your Dilection has got in charge." — F.

The same Thursday, 26th, Excellency Mitchell, informed by Podewils of the King's wish to see him at Potsdam, gets under way from Berlin; arrives "just time enough to speak with the King before he sat down to supper." Very many things to be consulted of, and deliberatively touched upon, with Mitchell and England; no end of things and considerations, for England and King Friedrich, in this that is now about to burst forth on an astonished world! — Over in London, we observe, just in the hours when Mitchell was harnessing for Potsdam, and so many Orders and Letters were speeding their swiftest in that quarter, there is going forward, on Tower-Hill yonder, the following Operation : —

"*London, Thursday, 26th August,* 1756. About five in the afternoon, a noted Admiral [only in Effigy as yet; but who has been held in miserable durance, and too actual question of death or life, ever since his return: "Oh, yes indeed! Hang *him* at once," — if that can be a remedy!] was, after having been privately shown to many ladies and gentlemen, brought — in an open sedan, guarded by a number of young gentlemen under arms, with drums beating, colors flying — to Tower-Hill, where a Gallows had been erected for him at six the same morning. He was richly dressed, in a blue and gold coat, buff waistcoat, trimmed, &c. in full uniform. When brought under the Gallows, he stayed a small space, till his clergyman (a chimney-sweeper) had given him some admonitions: that done, he was drawn, by pulleys, to the top of the Gallows, which was twenty feet high; every person expressing as much satisfaction as if it had been the real man.

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[1] *Œuvres*, xxvi. 116.

"He remained there, guarded by the above volunteers, without any molestation, two hours; when, upon a supposition of being obstructed by the Governor of the Tower, some sailors appeared, who wanted to pull him down, in order to drag him along the streets. But a fire being kindled, which consisted of tar-barrels, fagots, tables, tubs, &c., he was consumed in about half an hour." [1]

That is their employment on Tower-Hill, over yonder, while Mitchell is getting under way to see Friedrich.

Mitchell continued at Potsdam over Friday; and was still in eager consultation that night, when the King said to him, with a certain expressiveness of glance: "*Bon soir*, then; — To-morrow morning about four!" And on the morrow, Saturday, 28th, Mitchell reports hurriedly: —

" . . . Am just returned to Berlin, in time to write to your Lordship. This morning, between four and five, I took leave of the King of Prussia. He went immediately upon the Parade; mounted on horseback; and, after a very short exercise of his Troops, put himself at their head; and marched directly for Belitz [half-way to Brietzen, *Treuen*brietzen as they call it]; where, To-morrow, he will enter the Saxon Territory," — as, at their respective points, his two other Columns will; — and begin, who shall say what terrible game; incalculable to your Lordship and me, with such Operations afoot on Tower-Hill! [2] —

Seven Hussar Regiments of Duke Ferdinand's Column got the length of Leipzig that Sunday Evening, 29th; and took possession of the place.[1] Duke Ferdinand to right of the King, Duke of Brunswick-Bevern to left, — the Three Columns cross the Border, at points, say 80 miles from one another; occasionally, on the march, bending to rightwards and leftwards, to take in the principal Towns, and make settlements there, the two might be above a hundred miles from Friedrich on each hand. The length of march for each Column, — Ferdinand "from Leipzig, by Chemnitz, Freyberg, Dippoldiswalde, to the Village of Cotta" (Pirna neighborhood, south of Elbe); Bevern, "through the Lausitz, by Bautzen, to Lohmen" (same neighborhood, north of Elbe); King Friedrich, to Dresden, by the course of the Elbe itself, was not far from equal, and may be called about 150 miles. They marched with diligence, not with hurry; had their pauses, rest-days, when business required. They got to their ground, with the simultaneousness appointed, on the eleventh or twelfth day.

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[1] Old Newspapers (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxvi. 409).

[2] Mitchell Papers, vi. 804 ("To Lord Holderness, 28th August, 1756").

The middle Column, under the King, where Marshal Keith is second in command, goes by Torgau (detaching Moritz of Dessau to pick up Wittenberg, and ruin the slight works there); crosses the Elbe at Torgau, September 2d; marches, cantoning itself day after day, along the southern bank of the River; leaves Meissen to the left, I perceive, does not pass through Meissen; comes first at Wilsdruf on ground where we have been, — and portions of it, I doubt not, were billeted in Kesselsdorf; and would take a glance at the old Field, if they had time. There is strict discipline in all the Columns; the authorities complying on summons, and arranging what is needful. Nobody resists; town-guards at once ground arms, and there is no soldier visible; soldiers all ebbing away, whitherward we guess.[2]

At Wilsdruf, Friedrich first learns for certain, that the Saxon Army, with King, with Brühl and other chief personages, are withdrawn to Pirna, to the inexpugnable Königstein and Rock-Country. The Saxon Army had begun assembling there, September 1st, directly on the news that Friedrich was across the Border; September 9th, on Friedrich's approach, the King and Dignitaries move off thither, from Dresden, out of his way. Excellency Broglio has put them on that plan. Which may have its complexities for Friedrich, hopes Broglio, —though perhaps its still greater for some other parties concerned! For Brühl and Polish Majesty, as will appear by and by, nothing could have turned out worse.

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[1] In *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 731, his "Proclamation" there, 29th August, 1756.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 732, 733; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 81.

Meanwhile Friedrich pushes on: "Forward, all the same." Polish Majesty, dating from Struppen, in the Pirna Country, has begun a Correspondence with Friedrich, very polite on both hands; and his Adjutant-General, the Chevalier Meagher ("Chevalier de *Marre*," as Valori calls him, — *Ma'ar*, as he calls himself in Irish), has just had, at Wilsdruf, an interview with Friedrich; but is far from having got settlement on the terms he wished. Polish Majesty magnanimously assenting to "a Road through his Country for military purposes;" offers "the strictest Neutrality, strictest friendship even; has done, and will do, no injury whatever to his Prussian Majesty — ["Did we ever *sign* anything?" whisper comfortably Brühl and he to one another]; — expects, therefore, that his Prussian Majesty will march on, whither he is bound; and leave him unmolested here."[1]

That was Meagher's message; that is the purport of all his Polish Majesty's Eleven Letters to Friedrich, which precede or follow, — reiterating with a certain ovine obstinacy, insensible to time or change, That such is Polish Majesty's fixed notion: "Strict neutrality, friendship even; and leave me unmolested here."[2] "Strict neutrality, yes: but disperse your Army, then," answers Friedrich; send your Army back to its cantonments: I must myself have the keeping of my Highway, lest I lose it, as in 1744." This is Friedrich's answer; this at first, and for some time coming; though, as the aspects change, and the dangerous elements heap themselves higher, Friedrich's answer will rise with them, and his terms, like the Sibyl's, become worse and worse. This is the utmost th Meagher, at Wilsdruf, can make of it; and this, in conceiv ble circumstances, will grow less and less.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 774.

[2] In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 235–260 ("29th August–10th September–18th September," 1756), are collected now, the Eleven Letters, with their Answers.

Next day, September 9th, Friedrich, with some Battalion entered Dresden, most of his Column taking Camp near by General Wylich had entered yesterday, and is already Commandant there. Friedrich sends, by Feldmarschall Keit highest Officer of his Column, his homages to her Polis Majesty: — nothing given us of Keith's Interview; excep by a side-wind, "That Majesty complained of those Prussia Sentries walking about in certain of her corridors" (with a eye to Something, it may be feared!) — of which, doubtless Keith undertook to make report. Friedrich himself wait upon the Junior Princes, who are left here: is polite an gracious as ever, though strict, and with business enough lodges, for his own part, "in the Garden-House of Princes Moczinska;" — and next morning leads off his Column, short march eastward, to the Pirna Country; where, on th right and on the left, Ferdinand at Cotta, Bevern at Lohme (if readers will look on their Map), he finds the other Tw in their due positions. Head-quarter is Gross-Sedlitz (westernmost skirt of the Rock-region); and will have to contin so, much longer than had been expected.

The Diplomatic world in Dresden is in great emotion more especially just at present. This morning, before leaving Friedrich had to do an exceedingly strict thing: secure th Originals of those Menzel Documents. Originals indispensable to him, for justifying his new procedures upon Saxony So that there has been, at the Palace, a Scene this morning o a very high and dissonant nature, — "Marshal Keith" in it, "Marshal Keith making a second visit" (say some loose and false Accounts); —the facts being strictly as follows.

Far from removing those Prussian sentries complained o last night, here seems to be a double strength of them this morning. And her Polish Majesty, a severe, hard-featured old Lady, has been filled with indignant amazement by a Prussian Officer — Major von Wangenheim, I believe it is — requiring, in the King of Prussia's name, the Keys of that Archive-room; Prussian Majesty absolutely needing sight, for a little while, of certain Papers there. "Enter that room? Archives of a crowned Head? Let me see the living mortal that will dare to do it!" — one fancies the indignant Polish Majesty's answer; and how, calling for materials, she "openly sealed the door in question," in Wangenheim's presence. As this is a celebrated Passage, which has been reported in several loose ways, let us take it from the primary source, Chancery style and all. Graf von Sternberg, Austrian Excellency, writing from the spot and at the hour, informs his own Court, and through that all Courts, in these solemnly Official terms: —

"*Dresden*, 10*th September*, 1756. The Queen's Majesty, this forenoon, has called to her all the Foreign Ministers now at Dresden; and in Highest Own Person has signified to us, How, the Prussian intrusions and hostilities being already known, Highest said Queen's Majesty would now simply state what had farther taken place this morning: —

"Highest said Queen's Majesty, to wit, had, in her own name, requested the King of Prussia, in conformity with his assurances [by Keith, yesternight] of paying every regard for Her and the Royal Family, To remove the Prussian Sentries pacing about in those Corridors," — Corridors which lead to the Secret Archives, important to some of us! — "Instead of which, the said King had not only doubled his Sentries there; but also, by an Officer, demanded the Keys of the Archive-apartment [just alluded to]! And as the Queen's Majesty, for security of all writings there, offered to seal the Door of it herself, and did so, there and then, — the said Officer had so little respect, that he clapped his own seal thereon too.

"Nor was he content therewith," — not by any means! — "but the same Officer [having been with Wylich, Commandant here] came back, a short time after, and made for opening of the Door himself. Which being announced to the Queen's Majesty, she in her own person (*Höchstdieselbe*, Highest-the-Same) went out again; and standing before the Door, informed him, 'How Highest-the-Same had too much regard to his Prussian Majesty's given assurance, to believe that such order could proceed from the King.' As the Officer, however, replied, 'That he was sorry to have such an order to execute; but that the order was serious and precise; and that he, by not executing it, would expose himself to the greatest responsibility,' Her Majesty continued standing before the Door; and said to the Officer, 'If he meant to use force, he might upon Her make his beginning.'" There is for you, Herr Wangenheim! —

"Upon which said Officer had gone away, to report anew to the King [I think, only to Wylich the Commandant; King now a dozen miles off, not so easily reported to, and his mind known]; and in the mean while Her Majesty had called to her the Prussian and English Ambassadors [Mahlzahn and Stormont; sorry both of them, but how entirely resourceless, — especially Mahlzahn!], and had represented and repeated to them the above; beseeching that by their remonstrances and persuasions they would induce the King of Prussia, conformably with his given assurance, to forbear. Instead, however, of any fruit from such remonstrances and urgencies, final Order came, 'That, Queen's Majesty's own Highest Person notwithstanding, force must be used.'

"Whereupon her Majesty, to avoid actual mistreatment, had been obliged to" — to become passive, and, no Keys being procurable from her, see a smith with his picklocks give these Prussians admission. Legation-Secretary Plessmann was there (Menzel one fancies sitting, rather pale, in an adjacent room [1]); and they knew what to do. Their smith opens the required Box for them (one of several "all lying packed for Warsaw," says Friedrich); from which soon taking what they needed, Wangenheim and Wylich withdrew with their booty, and readers have the fruit of it to this day. "Which unheard-of procedure, be pleased, your Excellencies, to report to your respective Courts." [2]

Poor old Lady, what a situation! And I believe she never saw her poor old Husband again. The day he went to Pirna

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[1] Suprà, p. 266.

[2] *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 222 (or "No. 26" of that Collection); *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 83.

(morning of yesterday, September 9th, Friedrich entering in the evening), these poor Spouses had, little dreaming of it, taken leave of one another forevermore. Such profit lies in your Brühl. Kings and Queens that will be governed by a Jesuit Guarini, and a Brühl of the Twelve Tailors, sometimes pay dear for it. They, or their representatives, are sure to do so. Kings and Queens, — yes, and if that were all: but their poor Countries too? Their Countries; — well, their Countries did not hate Beelzebub, in his various shapes, *enough*. Their Countries should have been in watch against Beelzebub in the shape of Brühls; — watching, and also "praying" in a heroic manner, now fallen obsolete in these impious times!

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CHAPTER V.

FRIEDRICH BLOCKADES THE SAXONS IN PIRNA COUNTRY.

FRIEDRICH reckons himself to have 65,000 men in Saxony. Schwerin is issuing from Silesia, through the Glatz Mountains, for Bohemia, at the head of 40,000. The Austrian force is inferior in quantity, and far from ready: — Two "Camps" in Bohemia they have; the chief one under Browne (looking, or intending, this Saxon way), and a smaller under Piccolomini, in the Königshof-Kolin region: — if well run into from front and rear, both Browne and Piccolomini might be beautifully handled; and a gash be cut in Austria, which might incline her to be at peace again! Nothing hinders but this paltry Camp of the Saxons; itself only 18,000 strong, but in a Country of such strength. And this does hinder, effectually while it continues: "How march to Bohemia, and leave the road blocked in our rear?"

The Saxon Camp did continue, — unmanageable by any method, for five weeks to come; the season of war-operations gone, by that time: — and Friedrich's First Campaign, rendered mostly fruitless in this manner, will by no means check the

Austrian truculencies, as by his velocity he hoped to do. but, on the contrary, will rouse the Austrians, French an Enemies, to a tenfold pitch of temper. And bring upon self, from an astonished and misunderstanding Public, tempests and world-tornadoes of loud-roaring obloquy, as he, Friedrich, had never endured before.

To readers of a touring habit this Saxon Country is per well known. For the last half-century it has been gro more and more famous, under the name of "Saxon Swi land (*Sächsische Schweitz*)," instead of "Misnian Highl (*Meissnische Hochland*)," which it used to be called. A tiful enough and extremely rugged Country; interestin the picturesque mind. Begins rising, in soft Hills, on sides of the Elbe, a few miles east of Dresden, as you as the River; till it rises into Hills of wild character, get ever wilder, and riven into wondrous chasms and precip Extends, say almost twenty miles up the River, to Tets and beyond, in this eastern direction; and with perhaps miles of breadth on each side of the River: area of the R region, therefore, is perhaps some four hundred square m The Falkenberg (what we should call *Hawkscrag*) northe ward in the Lausitz, the Schneeberg (*Snow Mountain*), so eastward on the Bohemian border, are about thirty-five m apart: these two are both reckoned to be in it, — its outposts on that eastern side. But the limits of it are fi by custom only, and depend on no natural condition.

We might define it as the Sandstone *neck* of the Me Mountains: a rather lower block, of Sandstone, intercala into the Metal-Mountain range, which otherwise, on b hands, is higher, and of harder rocks. Southward (as *sho der* to this sandstone *neck*) lies, continuous, broad and hi the "Metal-Mountain range" specially so called: northwa and northeastward there rise, beyond that Falkenberg, ma mountains, solitary or in groups, — "the Metal Mountain fading out here into "the Lausitz Hills," still in fine picturesq fashion, which are Northern Border to the great Bohemi "Basin of the Elbe," after you emerge from this Sandsto Country.

Saxon Switzerland is not very high anywhere; 2,000 feet is a notable degree of height: but it is torn and tumbled into stone labyrinths, chasms and winding rock-walls, as few regions are. Grows pinewood, to the topmost height; pine-trees far aloft look quietly down upon you, over sheer precipices, on your intricate path. On the slopes of the Hills is grass enough; in the intervals are Villages and husbandries, are corn and milk for the laborious natives, — who depend mainly on quarrying, and pine-forest work: pines and free-stone, rafts of long slim pines, and big stone barges, are what one sees upon the River there. A Note, not very geological, says of it: —

"Elbe sweeps freely through this Country, for ages and æons past; curling himself a little into snake-figure, and with increased velocity, but silent mostly, and trim to the edge, a fine flint-colored river; — though in æons long anterior, it must have been a very different matter for torrents and water-power. The Country is one huge Block of Sandstone, so many square miles of that material; ribbed, channelled, torn and quarried, in this manner, — by the ever-busy elements, for a million of Ages past! Chiefly by the Elbe himself, since he got to be a River, and became cosmic and personal; ceasing to be a mere watery chaos of Lakes and Deluges hereabouts. For the Sandstone was of various degrees of hardness; tenacious as marble some parts of it, soft almost as sand other parts. And the primordial diluviums and world-old torrents, great and small, rushing down from the Bohemian Highlands, from the Saxon Metal Mountains, with such storming, gurgling and swashing, have swept away the soft parts, and left the hard standing in this chaotic manner, and bequeathed it all to the Elbe, and the common frosts and rains of these human ages.

"Elbe has now a trim course; but Elbe too is busy quarrying and mining, where not artificially held in; — and you notice at every outlet of a Brook from the interior, north side and south side, how busy the Brook has been. Boring, grinding, undermining; much helped by the frosts, by the rains. Æons ago, the Brook was a lake, in the interior; but was every

[illegible]

[illegible] Schwefel, instead [illegible]

[illegible] Alkohol, which it uses [illegible]

[illegible] and extremely rugged [illegible]

[illegible] and Pegasus rising [illegible]

[illegible] east of D[illegible]

[illegible] Hours of w[illegible]

[illegible]

moment laboring to get out; till it has cut for itself that mountain gullet, or sheer-down chasm, and brought out with it an Alluvium or Delta, — on which, since Adam's time, human creatures have built a Hamlet. That is the origin, or unwritten history, of most hamlets and cultivated spots you fall in with here: they are the waste shavings of the Brook, working millions of years, for its own object of getting into the Elbe in level circumstances. Ploughed fields, not without fertility, are in the interior, if you ascend that Brook; the Hamlet, at the delta or mouth of it, is as if built upon its *tongue* and into its *gullet:* think how picturesque, in the November rains, for example!

"The road," one road, "from Dresden to Aussig, to Lobositz, Budin, Prag, runs up the river-brink (south brink); or, in our day, as Prag-Dresden Railway, thunders through those solitudes; strangely awakening their echoes; and inviting even the bewildered Tourist to reflect, if he could. The bewildered Tourist sees rock-walls heaven-high on both hands of him; River and he rushing on between, by law of gravitation, law of ennui (which are laws of Nature both), with a narrow strip of sky in full gallop overhead; and has little encouragement to reflect, except upon his own sorrows, and delirious circumstances, physical and moral. 'How much happier, were I lying in my bed!' thinks the bewildered Tourist; — does strive withal to admire the Picturesque, but with little success; notices the '*Bastei* (Bastion),' and other rigorously prescribed points of the Sublime and Beautiful, which are to be 'done.' That you will have to *do*, my friend: step out, you will have to go on that Pinnacle, with indifferent Hôtel attached; on that iron balcony, aloft among the clouds yonder; and shudder to project over Elbe-flood from such altitudes, admiring the Picturesque in prescribed manner.

"This Country has for its permanent uses, timber, freestone, modicum of milk and haver, serviceable to the generality; — and to his Polish Majesty, at present, it is as the very Ark of Noah: priceless at this juncture; being the strongest military country in the world. Excellent strength in it; express Fortresses; especially one Fortress called the Königstein, not far from Schandau, of a towering precipitous nature, with 'a well 900 feet deep' in it, and pleasant Village outside at the base; — Fortress which is still, in our day, reckoned a safe place for the Saxon Archives and preciosities. Impregnable to gunpowder artillery; not to be had except by hunger. And then, farther down the River, close by Pirna, presiding over Pirna, as that Königstein in some sort does over Schandau, is the Sonnenstein: Sonnenstein too was a Fortress in those days of Friedrich, but not impregnable, if judged worth taking. The Austrians took it, a year or two hence; Friedrich retook it, dismantled it: 'the Sonnenstein is now a Madhouse,' say the Guide-books.

"Sonnenstein stands close east or up-stream of Pirna, which is a town of 5,000 souls, by much the largest in those parts; Königstein a little down-stream of Schandau, which latter is on the opposite or north side of the River. These are the two chief Towns, which do all the trade of this region; picturesque places both: — the Tourist remembers Pirna? Standing on its sleek table or stair-step, by the River's edge; well above floodmark; green, shaggy or fringy mountains looking down on it to rearward; in front, beyond the River, nothing visible but mile-long cream-colored rock-wall, with bushes at bottom and top, wall quarried by Elbe, as you can see. Pirna is near the beginning [properly *end*, but we start from Dresden] or western extremity of Saxon Schweitz. Schandau, almost at the opposite or eastern extremity, is still more picturesque; standing on the delta of a little Brook, with high rock-cliffs, with garden-shrubberies, sanded walks, tufts of forest-umbrage; a bright-painted, almost *operatic*-looking place, — with spa-waters, if I recollect:" yes truly, and the "Bath Season" making its packages in great haste, breaking up prematurely, this Year (1756)! —

Directly on arriving at Gross-Sedlitz, Friedrich takes ocular survey of this Country, which is already not unknown to him. He finds that the Saxons have secured themselves within the Mountains; a rocky streamlet, Brook of Gottleube, which issues into Elbe just between Gross-Sedlitz and them, "through a dell of eighty or a hundred feet deep," serving as their first defence; well in front of the mere rocky Heights and precipices behind it, which stretch continuously along to southward, six miles or more, from Pirna and the south brink of Elbe. At Langen-Hennersdorf, which is the southernmost part, these Heights make an elbow inwards, by Leopoldshayn, towards the Königstein, which is but four miles off; here too the Saxons are defended by a Brook (running straight towards Königstein, this one) in front of their Heights; and stand defensive, in this way, along a rock-bulwark of ten miles long: the passes all secured by batteries, by abatis, palisades, mile after mile, as Friedrich rides observant leftward: behind them, Elbe rushing swifter through his rock-walls yonder, with chasms and intricate gorges; defending them inexpugnably to rear. Six miles long of natural bulwark (six to Hennersdorf), where the gross of the Saxons lie; then to Königstein four other miles, sufficiently, if more sparsely, beset by them. "No stronger position in the world," Friedrich thinks;[1]— and that it is impossible to force this place, without a loss of life disproportionate even to its importance at present. Not to say that the Saxons will make terms all the easier, *before* bloodshed rise between us;—and furthermore that Hunger (for we hear they have provision only for two weeks) may itself soon do it. "Wedge them in, therefore; block every outgate, every entrance; nothing to get in, except gradually Hunger. Hunger, and on our part rational Offers, will suffice." That is Friedrich's plan; good in itself,— though the ovine obstinacy, and other circumstances, retarded the execution of it to an unexpected extent, lamentable to Friedrich and to some others.

The Prussian-Saxon military operations for the next five weeks need not detain us. Their respective positions on the Heights behind that Brook Gottleube, and on the plainer Country in front of it,— How the Prussians lie, first Division of them, from Gross-Sedlitz to Zehist, under the King; then second Division from Zehist to Cotta, and onward by "the Rothschenke" (*Red-House* Tavern), by Markersbach, and sparsely as far as Hellendorf on the Prag Highway; in brief, where all the Divisions of them lie, and under whom; and where the Prussians, watching Elbe itself, have Batteries and Posts on the north side of it: all this is marked on the Map; — to satisfy ingenuous curiosity, should it make tour in those parts. To which add only these straggles of Note, as farther elucidative: —

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 83, 84 (not a very distinct Account; and far from accurate in the details,—which are left without effectual correction even in the best Editions).

"The Saxons, between Elbe and their Lines, possess about thirty square miles of country. From Pirna or Sonnenstein to Königstein, as the crow flies, may be five miles east to west; but by Langen-Hennersdorf, and the elbow there, it will be ten: at Königstein, moreover, Elbe makes an abrupt turn northward for a couple of miles, instead of westward as heretofore, turning abruptly westward again after that: so that the Saxon 'Camp,' or Occupancy here, is an irregular Trapezium, with Pirna and Königstein for vertices, and with area estimable as above, — ploughable, a fair portion of it, and not without corn of its own. So that the 'two weeks' provision' spun themselves out (short allowance aiding) to two months, before actual famine came.

. . . "The High-road from the Lausitz parts crosses Elbe at Pirna; falls into the Dresden-Prag High-road there; and from Pirna towards Töplitz, for the first few miles, this latter runs through the Prussian Posts; but we may guess it is not much travelled at present. North of Elbe, too, the Prussians have batteries on the fit points; detachments of due force, from Gross-Sedlitz Bridge-of-Pontoons all round to Schandau, or beyond; could fire upon the Königstein, across the River: they have plugged up the Saxon position everywhere. They have a Battery especially, and strong post, to cannonade the Bridge at Pirna, should the Saxons think of trying there. It is now the one Saxon or even *Half*-Saxon Bridge; Sonnenstein and Pirna command the Saxon end of it, a strong battery the Prussian end: a Bridge lying mainly idle, like the general Highway to Töplitz at this time. Beyond the Königstein, again, at a place called Wendisch-Fähre (*Wends'-Ferry*), the

Prussians have, by means of boats swinging wide at anchor on the swift current, what is called a Flying-bridge, with which the north side can communicate with the south. They have a post at Nieder-Raden (*Ober* Raden, railway station in our time, is on the south side): Nether Raden is an interesting little Hamlet, mostly invisible to mankind (built in the *throat* of the stone chasms there), from which you begin mounting to the *Bastei* far aloft. A Raden to be noted, by the Tourist and us."

Little, or even nothing, of fighting there is: why should there be? The military operations are a dead-lock, and require no word. Thirty thousand, half of the Prussian Force, lie, vigilant as lynxes, blockading here; other half, 32,000, under Marshal Keith, have marched forward to Aussig, to Nollendorf on the Bohemian frontier, to clear the ways, and look into any Austrian motion thereabouts, — with whom, with some Pandour detachment of whom, Duke Ferdinand, leading the vanguard, has had a little brush among the Hills; smiting them home again, in his usual creditable way (September 13th); and taking Camp at Peterswalde, he and others of the Force, that night.[1] It is with this Keith Army, with this if with any, that adventures are to be looked for at present.

Polish Majesty's Head-quarters are at Struppen, well in the centre of the Saxon lines; "goes always to the Königstein to sleep." Polish Majesty's own table is, by Friedrich's permission for that special object, supplied *ad libitum:* but the common men were at once put on short allowance, which grows always the shorter. Polish Majesty corresponds with Friedrich, as we saw; and above all, sends burning Messages to Austria, to France, to every European Court, charged with mere shrieks: "Help me; a robber has me!" In which sense, Excellencies of all kinds, especially one Lord Stormont, the English Excellency, daily running out from Dresden to Gross-Sedlitz, are passionately industrious with Friedrich; who is eager enough to comply, were there any safe means possible. But there are none. Unfortunately, too, it appears the Austrians are astir; Feldmarschall Browne actually furbishing himself at Prag yonder with an eye hitherward, and extraordinary haste and spirit shown: which obliges Friedrich to rise in his demands; ovine obstinacy, on the other side, naturally increasing from the same cause.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 85; *Anonymous of Hamburg*, i. 19.

"Polish Majesty, we say, has liberty to bring in proviant for self and suite, rigorously for no mortal more; and he lives well, in the culinary sense, — surely for most part 'in his dressing-gown,' too, poor loose collapsed soul! Brühl and he have plenty of formal business: but their one real business is that of crying, by estafettes and every conceivable method, to Austria, 'Get us out of this!' To which Austria has answered, 'Yes; only patience, and be steady!' — Friedrich's head-quarters are at Sedlitz; and the negotiating and responding which he has, transcends imagination. His first hope was, Polish Majesty might be persuaded to join with him; — on the back of that, certainty, gradually coming, that Polish Majesty never would; and that the Austrians would endeavor a rescue, were they once ready. Starvation, or the Austrians, which will be first here? is the question; and Friedrich studies to think it will be the former. At all events, having settled on the starvation method, and seen that all his posts are right, we perceive he does not stick close by Sedlitz; but runs now hither now thither; is at Torgau, where an important establishment, kind of New Government for Saxony, on the Finance side, is organizing itself. What his work with Ambassadors was, and how delicate the handling needed, think!" — Here is another Clipping: —

. . . "Polish Majesty passes the day at Struppen, amid many vain noises of Soldiering, of Diplomatizing; the night always at Königstein, and finally both day and night, — quite luxuriously accommodated, Brühl and he, to the very end of this Affair. Towards Struppen [this is weeks farther on, but we give it here], — Comte de Broglio [Old Broglio's elder Son, younger is in the Military line], who is Ambassador to his Saxon-Polish Majesty, sets out from Dresden for an interview with said Majesty. At the Prussian lines, he is informed, 'Yes, you can go; but, without our King's Order, you cannot return.' 'What? The Most Christian Majesty's Ambassador, and treated in this way? I will go to where the Polish King is, and I will return to my own King, so often as I find business: stop me at your peril!' and threatened and argued, and made a deal of blusterous noise; — far too much, thinks Valori; think the Prussian Officers, who are sorry, but inflexible. Margraf Karl, Commandant of the place, in absence of King Friedrich (who is gone lately, on a Business we shall hear of), earnestly dissuaded Excellency Broglio; but it was to no purpose. Next day Broglio appeared in his state-carriage, formally demanding entrance, free thoroughfare: 'Do you dare refuse me?' 'Yes,' answered Margraf Karl; 'we do and must.' Indignant Broglio reappeared, next day, on foot; Lieutenant-General Prince Friedrich Eugen of Würtemberg the chief man in charge: 'Do you dare?' 'Indubitably, Yes;' — and Broglio still pushing on incredulous, Eugen actually raised his arm, — elbow and fore-arm across the breast of Most Christian Majesty's Ambassador, — who recoiled, to Dresden, in mere whirlwinds of fire; and made the most of it [unwisely, thinks Valori] in writing to Court.[1] Court, in high dudgeon, commanded Valori to quit Berlin without taking leave. Valori, in his private capacity, wrote an Adieu;[2] and in his public, as the fact stood, That he was gone without Adieu."

And the Dauphiness, daughter of those injured Polish Majesties, fell on her knees (Pompadour permitting and encouraging) at the feet of Most Christian Majesty; on her knees, all in passion of tears; craved help and protection to her loved old Mother, in the name of Nature and of all Kings: could any King resist? And his Pompadour was busy: "Think of that noble Empress, who calls me *Cousin and dear Princess;* think of that insolent Prussian Robber: Ah, your Majesty:" — and King Louis, though not a hating man, did privately dislike Friedrich; and evil speeches of Friedrich's had been reported to him. And, in short, the upshot was: King Louis, bound only to 24,000 for help of Austria, determined to send, and did send, above 100,000 across the Rhine, next Year, for that object; as will be seen. And all Frenchmen — all except Belleisle, who is old — are charmed with these new energetic measures, and beautiful new Austrian connections.

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[1] Valori, ii. 349, 209, 353 ("Wednesday, 6th October," the day of it, seemingly); ib. i. 312, &c.

[2] Friedrich's kind Letter in answer to it, "2d November, 1756," in Valori, i. 313.

Certain it is, the Austrians are coming, her Imperial Majesty bent with all her might on relief of those Saxon martyrs; which indeed is relief of herself, as she well perceives: "Courage, my friends; endure yet a little!" Messengers smuggle themselves through the Mountain paths, and go and return, though with difficulty.

Since September 19th, the Correspondence with Polish Majesty has ceased: no persuading of the Polish Majesty. Winterfeld went twice to him; conferred at large, Brühl forbidden to be there, on the actual stringencies and urgencies of Fact between the Two Countries; but it was with no result at all. Polish Majesty has not the least intention that Saxony shall be even a Highway for Friedrich, if at any time Polish Majesty can hinder it: "Neutrality," therefore, will not do for Friedrich; he demands Alliance, practical Partnership; and to that his Polish Majesty is completely abhorrent. Diplomatizing may cease; nothing but wrestle of fight will settle this matter.

Friedrich, able to get nothing from the Sovereign of Saxony, is reduced to grasp Saxony itself: and we can observe him doing it; always the closer, always the more carefully, as the complicacy deepens, and the obstinacy becomes more dangerous and provoking. What alternative is there? On first entering Saxony, Friedrich had made no secret that he was not a mere bird of passage there. At Torgau, there was at once a "Field-Commissariat" established, with Prussian Officials of eminence to administer, the Military Chest to be deposited there, and Torgau to be put in a state of defence. Torgau, our Saxon Metropolis of War-Finance, is becoming more and more the Metropolis of Saxon Finance in general. Saxon Officials were liable, from the first, to be suspended, on Friedrich's order. Saxon Finance-Officials, of all kinds, were from the first instructed, that till farther notice there must be no disbursements without King Friedrich's sanction. And, in fact, King Friedrich fully intends that Saxony is to help him all it can; and that it either will or else shall, in this dire pressure of perplexity, which is due in such a degree to the conduct of the Saxon Government for twelve years past. Would Saxony go with him in any form of consent, how much more convenient to Friedrich! But Saxony will not; Polish Majesty, not himself suffering hunger, is obstinate as the decrees of Fate (or as sheep, when too much put upon), regardless of considerations; —and, in fine, here is Browne actually afoot; coming to relieve Polish Majesty! — The Austrians had uncommonly bestirred themselves: —

The activity, the zeal of all ranks, ever since this expedition into Saxony, and clutching of Saxony by the throat, contemporary witnesses declare to have been extraordinary. "Horses for Piccolomini's Cavalry, — they had scarcely got their horses, not to speak of training them, not to speak of cannon and the heavier requisites, when Schwerin began marching out of Glatz on Piccolomini. As to the cannon for Browne and him, draught-cattle seem absolutely unprocurable. Whereupon Maria Theresa flings open her own Imperial Studs: 'There, yoke these to our cannon; let them go their swiftest;' — which awoke such an enthusiasm, that noblemen and peasants crowded forward with their coach-horses and their cart-horses, to relay Browne, all through Bohemia, at different stages; and the cannon and equipments move to their places at the gallop, in a manner,"[1] — and even Browne, at the base of the Metal Mountains, has got most of his equipments. And is astir towards Pirna (Army of 60,000, rumor says), for relief of the Saxon martyrs. Friedrich's complexities are getting day by day more stringent.

From the middle of September, Marshal Keith, as was observed, with Half of the Prussians, Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick under him, has been on the Bohemian slope of the Metal Mountains; securing the roads, towns and passes thereabouts, and looking out for the advance of Marshal Browne from the interior parts. Town of Aussig, and the River-road (castle of Tetschen, on its high rock known to Tourists, which always needs to be taken on such occasions), these Keith has secured. Lies encamped from Peterswalde to Aussig, the middle or main strength of him being in the Hamlet of Johnsdorf (discoverable, if readers like): there lies Keith, fifteen miles in length; like a strap, or bar, thrown across the back of that Metal-Mountain Range, — or part of its back; for the range is very broad, and there is much inequality, and many troughs, big and little, partial and general, in the crossing of it. A tract which my readers and I have crossed before now, by the "Pascopol" or Post-road and otherwise; and shall often have to cross!

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[1] Archenholtz, i. 24.

Browne, vigorously astir in the interior (cannon and equipments coming by relays at such a pace), is daily advancing, with his best speed: in the last days of September, Browne is encamped at Budin; may cross the Eger River any day, and will then be within two marches of Keith. His intentions towards Pirna Country are fixed and sure; but the plan or route he will take is unknown to everybody, and indeed to Browne himself, till he see near at hand and consider. Browne's problem, he himself knows, is abundantly abstruse, — bordering on the impossible; but he will try his best. To get within reach of the Saxons is almost impossible to Browne, even were there no Keith there. As good as impossible altogether, by any line of march, while Keith is afoot in those parts. By Aussig, down the River, straight for the interior of their Camp, it is flatly impossible: by the south or southeast corner of their Camp (Gottleube way), or by the northeast (by Schandau way, right bank of Elbe), it is virtually so, — at least without beating Keith. Could one beat Keith indeed; — but that will not be easy! And that, unluckily, is the preliminary to everything.

"By the Hellendorf-Hennersdorf side, in the wastes where Gottleube Brook gathers itself, Browne might have a chance. There, on that southeast corner of their Camp, were he once there to attack the Prussians from without, while the Saxons burst up from within, — there," thinks a good judge, "is much the favorablest place. But unless Browne's Army had wings, how is it ever to get there? Across those Metal-Mountain ranges, barred by Keith: — by Aussig, with the rocks overhanging Elbe River and him, he cannot go in any case. Were there no Keith, indeed (but there always is, standing ready on the spring), one might hold to leftward, and by stolen marches, swift, far round about — !

"By Schandau region, north side of the Elbe, is Browne's easiest, and indeed one feasible, point of approach, — no Prussians at present between him and that; the road open, though a far circuit northward for Browne, — were he to cross the Elbe in Leitmeritz circle, and march with velocity? That too will be difficult, — nearly impossible in sight of Keith. And were that even done, the egress for the Saxons, by Schandau side, is through strait mountain gorges, intricate steep passes, crossings of the Elbe: what force of Saxons or of Austrians will drive the Prussians from their redoubts and batteries there?"[1]

Browne's problem is none of the feasiblest: but his orders are strict, "Relieve the Saxons, at all risks." And Browne, one of the ablest soldiers living ("Your Imperial Majesty's best general," said the dying Khevenhüller long since), will do his utmost upon it. Friedrich does not think the enterprise very dangerous, — beating of Keith the indispensable preliminary to it; but will naturally himself go and look into it.

Tuesday, September 28th, Friedrich quits Pirna Country by the Prag Highway; making due inspection of his Posts as he goes along; and, the outmost of these once past, drives rapidly up the Mountains; gets, with small escort, through Peterswalde on to Johnsdorf that night. Does not think this Keith position good; breaks up this "Camp of Johnsdorf" bodily next morning; and marches down the Mountains, direct towards Browne; who, we hear, is about crossing the Eger (his Pontoons now come at last), and will himself be on the advance. From Türmitz, a poor mountain hamlet in the hollow of the Hills, which is head-quarters that night, the march proceeds again; Friedrich with the vanguard; Army, I think, on various country-roads, on both hands; till all get upon the Great Road again, — Prag-Töplitz-Dresden Post-road; which is called, specially in this part of it, and loosely in whole, "The Pascopol," and leads down direct to Budin and Browne.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 86, 93, 96.

"A 'Pascopol' famed in military annals," says our Tourist. "It is a road with many windings, many precipitous sweeps of up and down; road precipitous in structure; — offers views to the lover of wild Nature: huge lonesome Hills scattered in the distance; waste expanses nearer hand, and futile attempts at moorish agriculture; but little else that is comfortable. In times of Peace, you will meet, at long intervals, some post-vehicle struggling forward under melancholy circumstances; some cart, or dilapidated mongrel between cart and basket, with a lean ox harnessed to it, and scarecrow driver, laden with pit-coal, — which you wish safe home, and that the scarecrow were getting warmed by it. But in War-time the steep road is livelier; the common Invasion road between Saxony and Bohemia; whole Armies sweeping over it, and their thousand-fold wagons and noises making clangor enough. . . . One of those Hollows, on the Pascopol, is Joachimsthal, with its old Silver Mines; yielding coins which were in request with traders, the silver being fine. 'Let my ducat be a Joachimsthal one, then!' the old trader would say: '*a Joachimsthal-er;*' or, for brevity, a '*Thal-er;*' whence *Thaler*, and at last *Dollar* (almighty and otherwise), — now going round the world![1] Pascopol finishes in Welmina Township. From the last hamlet in Welmina, at the neck of the last Hill, step downward one mile, holding rather to the left, you will come on the innocent Village of Lobositz, its poor corn-mills and huckster-shops all peaceably unknown as yet, which is soon to become very famous."

The Country-roads where Friedrich's Army is on march, I should think, are mostly on the mounting hand. For here, from Türmitz, is a trough again; though the last considerable one; and on the crest of that, we shall look down upon the

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[1] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 178.

Bohemian Plains and the grand Basin of the Elbe, — through various scrubby villages which are not nameworthy; through one called Kletschen, which for a certain reason is. Crossing the shoulder of Kletschenberg (*Hill* of this Kletschen), which abuts upon the Pascopol, — yonder in bright sunshine is your beautiful expansive Basin of the Elbe, and the green Bohemian Plains, revealed for a moment. Friedrich snatches his glass, not with picturesque object: "See, yonder is Feldmarschall Browne, then! In camp yonder, down by Lobositz, not ten miles from us, — [it is most true; Browne marched this morning, long before the Sun; crossed Eger, and pitched camp at noon] — Good!" thinks Friedrich. And pushes down into the Pascopol, into the hollows and minor troughs, which hide Browne henceforth, till we are quite near.

Quite near, through Welmina and a certain final gap of the Hills, Friedrich with the vanguard does emerge, "an hour before sunset;" overhanging Browne; not above a mile from the Camp of Browne. A very large Camp, that of Browne's, flanked to right by the Elbe; goes from Sulowitz, through Lobositz, to Welhoten close on Elbe; — and has properties extremely well worth studying just now! "Friedrich," the Books say, "bivouacs by a fire of sticks," short way down on the southern slope of the Hill; and till sunset and after, has eye-glass, brain, and faculties and activities sufficiently occupied for the rest of the night; — his Divisions gradually taking post behind him, under arms; "not till midnight, the very rearmost of them."[1]

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[1] "Tuesday, 28th September, left the Camp at Sedlitz, with 8 battalions 20 squadrons, to Johnsdorf: 29th, to Türmitz, — Browne is to pass the Eger tomorrow. From the tops of the Pascopol (30th), *see* an Austrian Camp in the Plain of Lobositz. Vanguard bivouacs in the 'neck' of the two Hills or a little beyond." *Prussian Account of Campaign* 1756 (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 844–845, 840–858); Anonymous of Hamburg; &c. &c.

CHAPTER VI.

BATTLE OF LOBOSITZ.

WELMINA, — or Reschni-Aujest, last pertinent of Welmina (but we will take Friedrich's name for it), offers to the scrutinizing eye nothing, in our day, but some bewildered memory of "Alte Fritz" clinging obstinately even to the Peasant mind thereabouts. A sleepy littery place; some biggish haggard untrimmed trees, some broken-backed sleepy-looking thatched houses, not in contact, and each as far as might be with its back turned on the other, and cloaked in its own litter and privacy. Probably no human creature will be visible, as you pass through. Much straw lying about, chiefly where the few gaunt trees look down on it (cattle glad of any shelter): in fact, it is mainly an extinct tumult of straw; nothing alive, as you pass, but a few poor oxen languidly sauntering up and down, finding much to trample, little to eat. The Czech Populations (were it not for that "Question of the Nationalities") are not very beautiful!

Close south of this poor Hamlet is a big Hill, conspicuous with three peaks; quite at the other base of which, a good way down, lies Lobositz, the main Village in those parts; a place now of assiduous corn-mill and fruit trade; and one of the stations on the Dresden-Prag Railway. This Hill is what Lloyd calls the Lobosch;[1] twin to which, only flatter, is Lloyd's "Homolka Hill" (Hill of *Radostitz* in more modern Plans and Books). Conspicuous Heights, and important to us here, — though I did not find the Peasants much know them under those names. By the southern shoulder of this Lobosch Hill runs the road from Welmina to Lobositz, with branches towards many other villages. To your right or southern hand, short way southward, rises the other Hill, which Lloyd calls Homolka Hill; the gap or interval between Homolka and Lobosch, perhaps a furlong in extent, is essentially the *pass* through those uplands. This pass, Friedrich, at the first moment, made sure of; filling the same with battalions, there to bivouac. He likewise promptly laid hold of the two Hills, high Lobosch to his left, and lower Homolka to right; which precautionary measure it is reckoned a fault in Browne to have neglected, that night; fault for which he smarted on the morrow.

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[1] Major-General Lloyd, *History of the late War in Germany*, 1756–1759 (3 vols. 4to, London, 1781), i. 2–11.

From this upland pass, or neck between the two Mountains, Friedrich's battalions would have had a fine view, had the morning shone for them: Lobositz, Leitmeritz, Melnick; a great fertile Valley, or expanse of fruitful country, many miles in breadth and length; Elbe, like a silver stripe, winding grandly through the finest of all his countries, before ducking himself into the rock-tumults of that Pirna district. The mountain gorges of Prag and Moldau River, south of Melnick, lie hidden under the horizon, or visible only as peaks, thirty miles and more to southeastward; a bright country intervening, sprinkled with steepled towns. To northwestward, far away, are the Lausitz Mountains, ranked in loose order, but massive, making a kind of range: and as outposts to them in their scattered state, Hills of good height and aspect are scattered all about, and break the uniformity of the Plain. Nowhere in North Germany could the Prussian battalions have a finer view,—if the morning were fine, and if views were their object.

The morning, first in October, was not fine; and it was far other than scenery that the Prussian battalions had in hand!—Friday, 1st October, 1756, Day should have broken: but where is day? At seven in the morning (and on till eleven), thick mist lay over the plain; thin fog to the very hill-tops; so that you cannot see a hundred yards ahead. Lobositz is visible only as through a crape; farther on, nothing but gray sea; under which, what the Austrians are doing, or whether there are any Austrians, who can say? Leftward on the Lobosch-

Hill side, as we reconnoitre, some Pandours are noticeable, nestled in the vineyards there: — that sunward side of the Lobosch is all vineyards, belonging to the different Lobositzers: scrubby vineyards, all in a brown plucked state at this season. Vineyards parted by low stone walls, say three or four feet high (parted by hurdles, or by tiny trenches, in our day, and the stone walls mere stone facings): there are the Pandours crouched, and give fire in a kneeling posture when you approach. Lower down, near Lobositz itself, flickerings as of Horse squadrons, probably Hussar parties, twinkle dubious in the wavering mist. Problem wrapt in mist; nothing to be seen; and all depends on judging it with accuracy! Seven by the clock: Deploy, at any rate; let us cover our post; and be in readiness for events.

Friedrich's vanguard of itself nearly fills that neck, or space between the Lobosch and Homolka Hills. He spreads his Infantry and "hundred field-pieces," in part, rightwards along the Homolka Hill; but chiefly leftwards along the Lobosch, where their nearest duty is to drive off those Pandours. Always as a new battalion, pushing farther leftward, comes upon its ground, the Pandours give fire on it; and it on the Pandours; till the Left Wing is complete, and all the Lobosch is, in this manner, a crackling of Pandour musketry and anti-musketry. Right Wing, steady to its guns on the Homolka, has as yet nothing to do. Those wings of Infantry are two lines deep; the Cavalry, in three lines, is between them in the centre; no room for Cavalry elsewhere, except on the outskirts some fringing of light horse, to be ready for emergencies.

The Pandour firing, except for the noise of it, does not amount to much; they can take no aim, says Lloyd, crouching behind their stone fences; and the Prussian Battalions, steadily pushing downwards, trample out their sputtering, and clear the Lobosch of them to a safe distance. But the ground is intricate, so wrapt in mist for the present. That crackling lasts for hours; decisive of nothing; and the mist also, and one's anxious guessings and scrutinizings, lasts in a wavering fitful manner.

Once, for some time, in the wavering of the mist, there was seen, down in the plain opposite our centre, a body of Cavalry. Horse for certain: say ten squadrons of them, or 1,500 Horse; continually manœuvring, changing shape; now in more ranks, now in fewer; sometimes "checkerwise," formed like a draught-board; shooting out wings: they career about, one sees not whither, or vanish again into the mist behind. "Browne's rear-guard this, that we are come upon," thinks Friedrich; "these squatted Pandours, backed by Horse, must be his rear-guard, that are amusing us: Browne and the Army are off; crossing the Elbe, hastening towards the Schandau, the Pirna quarter, while we stand bickering and idly sputtering here!" — Weary of such idle business, Friedrich orders forward Twenty of his Squadrons from the centre station: "Charge me those Austrian Horse, and let us finish this." The Twenty Squadrons, preceded by a pair of field-pieces, move down hill; storm in upon the Austrian party, storm it furiously into the mist; are furiously chasing it, — when unexpected cannon-batteries, destructive case-shot, awaken on their left flank (batteries from Lobositz, one may guess); and force them to draw back. To draw back, with some loss; and rank again, in an indignantly blown condition, at the foot of their Hill. Indignant; after brief breathing, they try it once more.

"Don't try it!" Friedrich had sent out to tell them: for the mist was clearing; and Friedrich, on the higher ground, saw new important phenomena: but it was too late. For the Twenty Squadrons are again dashing forward; sweeping down whatever is before them: in spite of cannon-volleys, they plunge deeper and deeper into the mist; come upon "a ditch twelve feet broad" (big swampy drain, such as are still found there, grass-green in summer-time); clear said ditch; forward still deeper into the mist: and after three hundred yards, come upon a second far worse "ditch;" plainly impassable this one, — "ditch" they call it, though it is in fact a vile sedgy Brook, oozing along there (the *Morell Bach,* considerable Brook, lazily wandering towards Lobositz, where it disembogues in rather swifter fashion); — and are saluted with cannon, from the farther side; and see serried ranks under the gauze of mist: Browne's Army, in fact! The Twenty Squadrons have to recoil out of shot-range, the faster the better; with a loss of a good many men, in those two charges. Friedrich orders them up Hill again; much regretful of this second charge, which he wished to hinder; and posts them to rearward, — where they stand silent, the unconscious stoic-philosophers in buff, and have little farther service through the rest of the day.

It is now 11 o'clock; the mist all clearing off; and Friedrich, before that second charge, had a growing view of the Plain and its condition. Beyond question, there is Browne; not in retreat, by any means; but in full array; numerous, and his position very strong. Ranked, unattackable mostly, behind that oozy Brook, or *Bach* of Morell; which has only two narrow Bridges, cannon plenty on both: one Bridge from the south parts to Sulowitz (*our* road to Sulowitz and it would be by Radostitz and the Homolka); and then one other Bridge, connecting Sulowitz with Lobositz, — which latter is Browne's own Bridge, uniting right wing and left of Browne, so to speak; and is still more unattackable, in the circumstances. What will Friedrich decide on attempting?

That oozy Morell Brook issues on Browne's side of Lobositz, cutting Browne in two; but is otherwise all in Browne's favor. Browne extends through Lobositz; and beyond it, curves up to Welhoten on the River-brink; at Lobositz are visible considerable redoubts, cannon-batteries and much regular infantry. Browne will be difficult to force yonder, in the Lobositz part; but yonder alone can he be tried. He is pushing up more Infantry that way; conscious probably of that fact, — and that the Lobosch Hill is not his, but another's. What would not Browne now give for the Lobosch Hill! Yesternight he might have had it gratis, in a manner; and indeed did try slightly, with his Pandour people (durst not at greater expense), — who have now ceased sputtering, and cower extinct in the lower vineyards there. Browne, at any rate, is rapidly strengthening his right wing, which has hold of Lobositz; pushing forward in that quarter, — where the Brook withal is of firmer bottom and more wadable. Thither too is Friedrich bent. So that Lobositz is now the key of the Battle; there will the tug of war now be.

Friedrich's cavalry is gone all to rearward. His right wing holds the Homolka Hill, — that too would now be valuable to Browne; and cannot be had gratis, as yesternight! Friedrich's left wing is on the Lobosch; Pandours pretty well extinct before it, but now from Welhoten quarter new Regulars coming on thither, — as if Browne would still take the Lobosch? Which would be victory to him; but is not now possible to Browne. Nor will long seem so; — Friedrich having other work in view for him; — meaning now to take Lobositz, instead of losing the Lobosch to him! Friedrich pushes out his Left Wing still farther leftward, leftward and downward withal, to clear those vineyard-fences completely of their occupants, Pandour or Regular, old or new. This is done; the vineyard-fences swept; — and the sweepings driven, in a more and more stormy fashion, towards Welhoten and Lobositz; the Lobosch falling quite desperate for Browne.

Henceforth Friedrich directs all his industry to taking Lobositz; Browne, to the defending of it, which he does with great vigor and fire; his batteries, redoubts, doing their uttermost, and his battalions rushing on, mass of them after mass, at quick march, obstinate, fierce to a degree, in the height of temper; and showing such fight as we never had of them before. Friedrich's Left Wing and Browne's Right now have it to decide between them; — any attempt Browne makes with his Left through Sulowitz (as he once did, and once only) is instantly repressed by cannon from the Homolka Hill. And the rest of the Battle, or rather the Battle itself, — for all hitherto has been pickeering and groping in the mist, — may be made conceivable in few words.

Friedrich orders the second line of his Left Wing to march up and join with the first; Right Wing, shoving *its* two lines into one, is now to cover the Lobosch as well. Left Wing, in condensed condition, shall fall down on Lobositz, and do its best. They are now clear of the vineyard-works; the ground is leveller, though still sloping, — a three furlongs from the

Village, and somewhat towards the Elbe, when Browne's battalions first came extensively to close grips; fierce enough (as was said); the toughest wrestle yet had with those Austrians, — coming on with steady fury, under such force of cannon; with iron ramrods too, and improved ways, like our own. But nothing could avail them; the counter-fury being so great. They had to go at the Welhoten part, and even to run, — plunging into Elbe, a good few of them, and drowning there, in the vain hope to swim. "Never have my troops," says Friedrich, "done such miracles of valor, cavalry as well as infantry, since I had the honor to command them. By this dead-lift achievement (*tour de force*) I have seen what they can do." [1]

In fine, after some three hours more of desperate tugging and struggling, cannon on both sides going at a great rate, and infinite musketry ("ninety cartridges a man on our Prussian side, and ammunition falling done"), not without bayonet-pushings, and smitings with the butt of your musket, the Austrians are driven into Lobositz; are furiously pushed there, and, in spite of new battalions coming to the rescue, are fairly pushed through. These Village-streets are too narrow for new battalions from Browne; "much of the Village should have been burnt beforehand," say cool judges. And now, sure enough, it does get burnt; Lobositz is now all on fire, by Prussian industry. So that the Austrians have to quit it instantly; and rush off in great disorder; key of the Battle, or Battle itself, quite lost to them.

[1] Letter to Schwerin, "Lobositz, 2d August, 1756" (Retzow, i. 64); *Relation de la Campagne*, 1756, that is, *Prussian Account* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 848. Lloyd, *ut suprà*, i. 2–11 (who has solid information at first hand, having been an actor in these Wars. A man of great natural sagacity and insight; decidedly luminous and original, though of somewhat crabbed temper now and then; a man well worth hearing on this and on whatever else he handles). Tempelhof, *Geschichte des siebenjährigen Krieges* (which is at first a mere Translation of Lloyd, nothing new in it but certain notes and criticisms on Lloyd; when Lloyd ends, Tempelhof, Prussian Major and Professor, a learned, intelligent, but diffuse man, of far inferior talent to Lloyd, continues and completes on his own footing: six very thin 4tos, Berlin, 1794), i. 38 (Battle, with *footnotes*), and ib. 51 (*criticism* of Lloyd). Prussian and Austrian Accounts in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 800 et seq. Many Narratives in *Feldzüge*, and the *Beylage* to Seyfarth; &c. &c.

The Prussian infantry, led by the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern ("Governor of Stettin," one of the Duke-Ferdinand cousinry, frugal and valiant), gave the highest satisfaction; seldom was such firing, such furious pushing; they had spent ninety cartridges a man; were at last quite out of cartridges; so that Bevern had to say, "Strike in with bayonets, *meine Kinder;* butt-ends, or what we have; *heran!*" Our Grenadiers were mainly they that burnt Lobositz. "How salutary now would it have been," says Epimetheus Lloyd, "had Browne had a small battery on the other side of the Elbe;" whereby he might have taken them in flank, and shorn them into the wind! Epimetheus marks this battery on his Plan; and is wise behindhand, at a cheap rate.

Browne's Right Wing, and probably his Army with it, would have gone much to perdition, now that Lobositz was become Prussian,—had not Browne, in the nick of the moment, made a masterly movement: pushed forward his Centre and Left Wing, numerous battalions still fresh, to interpose between the chasing Prussians and those fugitives. The Prussians, infantry only, cannot chase on such terms; the Prussian cavalry, we know, is far rearward on the high ground. Browne retires a mile or two,—southward, Budin-ward,—not chased; and there halts, and rearranges himself; thinking what farther he will do. His aim in fighting had only been to defend himself; and in that humble aim he has failed. Chase of the Prussians over that Homolka-Lobosch country, with the high grounds rearward and the Metal Mountains in their hands, he could in no event have attempted.

The question now is: Will he go back to Budin; or will he try farther towards Schandau? Nature points to the former course, in such circumstances; Friedrich, by way of assisting, does a thing much admired by Lloyd;—detaches Bevern with a strong party southward, out of Lobositz, which is now his, to lay hold of Tschirskowitz, lying Budin-ward, but beyond the Budin Road. Which feat, when Browne hears of it, means to him, "Going to cut me off from Budin, then? From my ammunition-stores, from my very bread-cupboard!" And he marches that same midnight, silently, in good order, back to Budin. He is not much ruined; nay the Prussian loss is numerically greater: "3,308 killed and wounded, on the Prussian side; on the Austrian, 2,984, with three cannon taken and two standards." Not ruined at all; but foiled, frustrated; and has to devise earnestly, "What next?" Once rearranged, he may still try.

The Battle lasted seven hours; the last four of it very hot, till Lobositz was won and lost. It was about 5 P.M. when Browne fired his retreat-cannon: — cannon happened to be loaded (say the Anecdote-Books, mythically given now and then); Friedrich, wearied enough, had flung himself into his carriage for a moment's rest, or thankful reflection; and of all places, the ball of the retreat-cannon lighted *there*. Between Friedrich's feet, as he lay reclining, — say the Anecdote-Books, whom nobody is bound to believe.

On the strength of those two Prussian charges, which had retired from case-shot on their flank, and had not wings, for getting over sedge and ooze, Austria pretended to claim the victory. "Two charges repelled by our gallant horse; Lobositz, indeed, was got on fire, and we had nothing for it but to withdraw; but we took a new position, and only left that for want of water;" — with the like excuses. "Essentially a clear victory," said the Austrians; and sang *Te-deum* about it; — but profited nothing by that piece of melody. The fact, considerable or not, was, from the first, too undeniable: Browne beaten from the field. And beaten from his attempt too (the Saxons not relievable by this method); and lies quiet in Budin again, — with his water sure to him; but what other advantages gained?

Here are two Letters, brief both, which we may as well read: —

1°. *Friedrich to Wilhelmina* (at Baireuth).

"LOBOSITZ, 4th October, 1756.

"MY DEAR SISTER, — Your will is accomplished. Tired out by these Saxon delays, I put myself at the head of my Army of Bohemia [Keith's hitherto]; and marched from Aussig to

— a Name which seemed to me of good augury, being yours, — to the Village of Welmina [Battle was called *of Welmina*, by the Prussians at first]. I found the Austrians here, near Lobositz; and, after a Fight of seven hours, forced them to run. Nobody of your acquaintance is killed, except Generals Lüderitz and Œrzen [who are not of ours].

"I return you a thousand thanks for the tender part you take in my lot. Would to Heaven the valor of my Army might procure us a stable Peace! That ought to be the aim of War. Adieu, my dear Sister; I embrace you tenderly, assuring you of the lively affection with which I am — F." [1]

2°. *Prince of Prussia to Valori* (who is still at Berlin, but soon going as it proves, — Broglio's explosion at the Lines of Gross-Sedlitz being on hand, during the King's absence, in these very hours [2]).

"CAMP OF LOBOSITZ, 5th October, 1756.

"You will know the news of the day; and I am persuaded you take part in it. All you say to me betokens the conspiracy there is for the destruction of our Country. If that is determined in the Book of Fate, we cannot escape it.

"Had my advice been asked, a year ago, I should have voted to preserve the Alliance [with *you*] which we had been used to for sixteen years [strictly for twelve, though in substance ever since 1740], and which was by nature advantageous to us. But if my advice were asked just now, I should answer, That the said method being now impossible, we are in the case of a ship's captain who defends himself the best he can, and when all resources are exhausted, has, rather than surrender on shameful conditions, to fire the powder-magazine, and blow up his ship. You remember that of your François I." — *Fors l'honneur;* ah yes, very well! — "Perhaps it will be my poor Children who will be the victims of these past errors," — for such I still think them, I for my part.

"The Gazettes enumerate the French troops that are to besiege Wesel, Geldern [Wesel they will get gratis, poor Geldern

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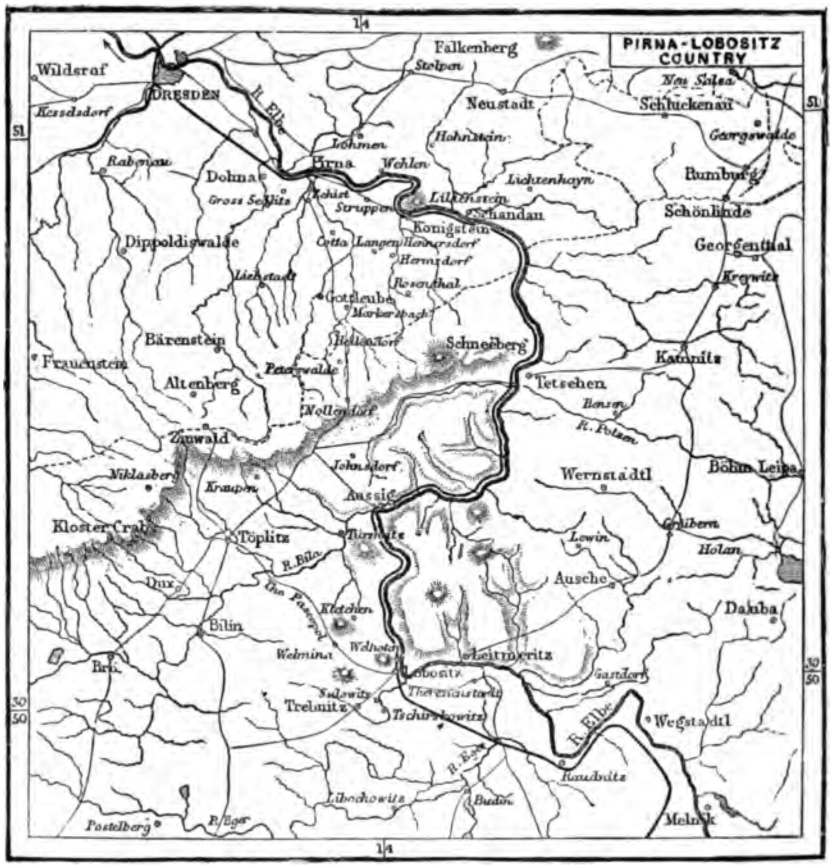
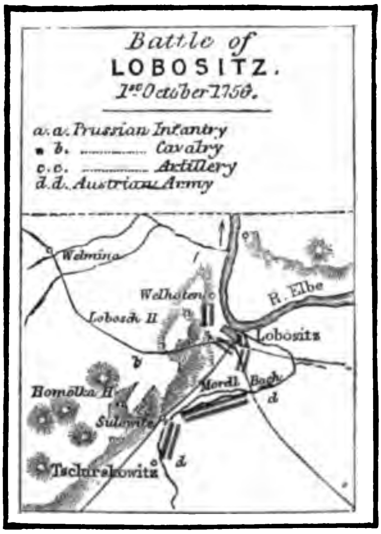
[1] *Œuvres*, xxvii. i. 291.

[2] "5th–6th October" (Valori, ii. 353).


PIRNA-LOBOSITZ COUNTRY

14
Falkenberg
Stolpen
Wildsruf
Dresden
Kesselsdorf
R. Elbe
Neustadt
Schluckenau
Neu Salza
Georgswalde
Lohmen
Hohnstein
Rabenau
Dohna
Pirna
Wehlen
Lichtenhayn
Rumburg
Gross Sedlitz
Zehist
Struppen
Lilienstein
Schandau
Schönlinde
Königstein
Dippoldiswalde
Cotta
Langen Hennersdorf
Hermsdorf
Georgenthal
Liebstadt
Rosenthal
Kreywitz
Gottleube
Markersbach
Bärenstein
Hellendorf
Schneeberg
Kamnitz
Frauenstein
Peterswalde
Altenberg
Tetschen
Nollendorf
Bensen
Zinwald
R. Polzen
Johnsdorf
Wernstadtl
Böhm. Leipa
Niklasberg
Kraupen
Aussig
Kloster Grab
Töplitz
Türmitz
Graber
Lewin
R. Bila
Holan
Dux
Auscha
The Paschkopole
Kletchen
Dauba
Bilin
Welmina
Welhoten
Leitmeritz
Brüx
Lobositz
Gasdorf
Sulowitz
Theresienstadt
Trebnitz
Tschischkowitz
Wegstädtl
R. Elbe
R. Eger
Raudnitz
Libochowitz
Budin
Postelberg
R. Eger
Melnik
51
50


Battle of
LOBOSITZ.
1st October 1756.

a. a. Prussian Infantry
b. .... Cavalry
c. c. .... Artillery
d. d. Austrian Army
Welmina
Welhoten
R. Elbe
Lobosch H.
Lobositz
b
Morell Bach
Homolka H.
Sulowitz
d
Tschischkowitz
d

will almost break their heart first], and take possession of Ost-Friesland; the Russian Declaration [Manifesto not worth reading] tells us Russia's intentions for the next year [most truculent intentions]: we will defend ourselves to the last drop of our blood, and perish with honor. If you have any counsel farther, I pray you give it me.

"Remain always my friend; and believe that in all situations I will remain yours; and trying to do what my duty is, will not forfeit the sentiments on your part which have been so precious to me. Your servant, GUILLAUME."[1]

"Pity this good Prince contemplating the downfall of his House," suggests Valori: "He deserved a better fate! He would be in despair to think I had sent this Letter to your Excellency; but I thought perhaps you would show it to the King," — and that it might do good one day.[2] The Prussians lay in their "Camp of Lobositz," posted up and down in that neighborhood, for a couple of weeks more; waiting whether Browne would attempt anything farther in the fighting way; and, in fine, whether the solution of the crisis would fall out hereabouts, or on the other side of the Hills.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SAXONS GET OUT OF PIRNA ON DISMAL TERMS.

THE disaster of October 1st — for which they were trying to sing *Te-deums* at Vienna — fell heavier on the poor Saxons, in their cage at Pirna: "Alas, where is our deliverance now?" Friedrich's people, in their lines here, gave them such a "joy-firing" for Lobositz as Retzow has seldom heard; huge volleyings, salvoings, running-fires, starting out, artistically timed and stationed, thunderous, high; and borne by the echoes, gloomily reverberative, into every dell and labyrinth of the Pirna Country; — intended to strike a deeper damp into them, thinks he.[1] But Imperial Majesty was mindful, too; and straightway sent Browne positive order, "Deliver me these poor Saxons at any price!" And in the course of not quite a week from Lobositz, there arrives a confidential Messenger from Browne: "Courage still, ye caged Saxons; I will try it another way! Only you must hold out till the 11th; on the 11th stand to your tools, and it shall be done."

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[1] Valori, ii. 204–206.

[2] Valori (to the French Minister, "12th October, 1756"), ii. 204.

Browne is to take a succinct Detachment, 8,000 picked men, horse and foot; to make a wider sweep with these, well eastward by the foot of Lausitz Hills, and far enough from all Prussian parties and scouts; to march, with all speed and silence, "through Böhm-Leipa, Kamnitz, Rumburg, Schluckenau; and come in upon the Schandau region, quite from the northeast side; say, at Lichtenhayn; an eligible Village, which is but seven miles or so from the Königstein, with the chasmy country and the river intervening. Monday, October 11th, Browne will arrive at Lichtenhayn (sixty miles of circling march from Budin); privately post himself near Lichtenhayn; Prussian posts, of no great strength, lying ahead of him there. You, indignant extenuated Saxons, are to get yourselves across, — near the Königstein it will have to be, under cover of the Königstein's cannon, — on the front or riverward side of those same Prussian posts: crossing-place (Browne's Messenger settles) can be Thürmsdorf Hamlet, opposite the Lilienstein, opposite the Hamlets of Ebenheit and Halbstadt there. Königstein fire will cover your bridge and your building of it.

"Monday night next, I say, post yourselves there, with hearts resolute, with powder dry; there, about the eastern roots of the Lilienstein [beautiful Show Mountain, with stair-steps cut on it for Tourist people, by August the Strong], and avoid the Prussian battery and abatis which is on it just now! You at Ebenheit, I at Lichtenhayn, trimmed and braced for action, through that Monday night. Tuesday morning, the Königstein, at your beckoning, shall fire two cannon-shots; which shall mean, 'All ready here!' Then forward, you, on those Prussian posts by the front; I will attack them by the rear. With right fury, both of us! I am told, they are but weak in those posts; surely, by double impetus, and dead-lift effort from us both, they *can* be forced? Only force them, — you are in the open field again; and you march away with me, colors flying; your hunger-cage and all your tribulations left behind you!" —

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[1] Retzow, i. 67.

This is Browne's plan. The poor Saxons accept, — what choice have they? — though the question of crossing and bridge-building has its intricacies; and that inevitable item of "postponement till the 11th" is a sore clause to them; for not only are there short and ever shorter rations, but grim famine itself is advancing with large strides. The "daily twenty ounces of meal" has sunk to half that quantity; the "ounce or so of butcher's-meat once a week" has vanished, or become *horse* of extreme leanness. The cavalry horses have not tasted oats, nothing but hay or straw (not even water always); the artillery horses had to live by grazing, brown leaves their main diet latterly. Not horses any longer; but walking trestles, poor animals! And the men, — well, they are fallen pale; but they are resolute as ever. The nine corn-mills, which they have in this circuit of theirs, grind now night and day; and all the cavalry are set to thresh whatever grain can be found about; no hind or husbandman shall retain one sheaf: in this way, they hope, utter hunger may be staved off, and the great attempt made.[1]

Browne skilfully and perfectly did his part of the Adventure. Browne arrives punctually at Lichtenhayn, evening of the 11th; bivouacs, hidden in the Woods thereabouts, in cold damp weather; stealthily reconnoitres the Prussian Villages ahead, and trims himself for assault, at sound of the two cannons to-morrow. But there came no cannon-signal on the morrow; far other signallings and messagings to-morrow, and next day, and next, from the Königstein and neighborhood! "Wait, Excellency Feldmarschall [writes Brühl to him, Note after Note, instead of signalling from the Königstein]: do wait a very little! You run no risk in waiting; we, even if we *must* yield, will make that our first stipulation!" "*You* will?" grumbles Browne; and waits, naturally, with extreme impatience. But the truth is, the Adventure, on the Saxon side of it, has already altogether misgone; and becomes, from this point onwards, a mere series of failures, futilities and disastrous miseries, tragical to think of. Worth some record here, since there are Documents abundant; — especially as Feldmarschall Rutowski (who is General-in-Chief, an old, *not* esteemed, friend of ours) has produced, or caused to be produced, a Narrative, which illuminates the Business from within as well.[1] The latter is our main Document here: —

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[1] *Précis de la Retraite de l'Armée Saxonne de son Camp de Pirna* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 482–494).

I know not how much of the blame was General Rutowski's: one could surmise some laxity of effort, and a rather slovenly survey of facts, in that quarter. The Enterprise, from the first, was flatly impossible, say judges; and it is certain, poor Rutowski's execution was not first-rate. "How get across the Elbe?" Rutowski had said to himself, perhaps not quite with the due rigor of candor proportionate to the rigorous fact: "How get across the Elbe? We have copper pontoons at Pirna; but they will be difficult to cart. Or we might have a boat-bridge; boats planked together two and two. At Pirna are plenty of boats; and by oar and track-rope, the River itself might be a road for them? Boats or pontoons to Königstein, by water or land, they must be got. Eight miles of abysmal roads, our horses all extenuated? Impossible to cart these pontoons!" said Rutowski to himself. — Pity he had not tried it. He had a week to do those eight bad miles in; and 2,000 lean horses, picking grass or brown leaves, while their riders threshed. "We will drag our pontoons by water, by the Elbe tow-path," thought Rutowski, "that will be easier;" — and forthwith sets about preparing for it, secretly collecting boats at Pirna, steersmen, towing-men, bridge-tackle and what else will be necessary.

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[1] *Précis*, &c. (just cited); compare *Tagebuch der Einschliessung des Sächsischen Lagers bey Pirna* ("Diary," &c., which is the Prussian Account: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*), ii. 22-48.

Rutowski made, at least, no delay. Browne's messenger, we find, had come to him, "Thursday, 7th:" and on Friday night Rutowski has a squad of boatmen, steersmen and twoscore of towing peasants ready; and actually gets under way. They are escorted by the due battalions with field-pieces; — who are to fire upon the Prussian batteries, and keep up such a blaze of musketry and heavier shot, as will screen the boats in passing. Surely a ticklish operation, this; — arguing a sanguine temper in General Rutowski! The south bank of the River is ours; but there are various Prussian batteries, three of them very strong, along the north bank, which will not fail to pelt us terribly as we pass. No help for it; — we must trust in luck! Here is the sequel, with dates adjusted.

Elbe River, Night of October 8th–9th. Friday night, accordingly, so soon as Darkness (unusually dark this night) has dropt her veil on the business, Rutowski sets forth. The Prussian battery, or bridge-head (*tête-de-pont*), at Pirna, has not noticed him, so silent was he. But, alas, the other batteries do not fail to notice; to give fire; and, in fact, on being answered, and finding it a serious thing, to burst out into horrible explosion; unanswerable by the Saxon field-pieces; and surely perilous to human nature steering and towing those big River-Boats. "Loyal to our King, and full of pity for him; that are we;" — but towing at a rate, say of two shillings per head! Before long, the forty towing peasants fling down their ropes, first one, then more, then all, in spite of efforts, promises, menaces; and vanish among the thickets, — forfeiting the two shillings, on view of imminent death. Soldiers take the towing-ropes; try to continue it a little; but now the steersmen also manage to call halt: "We won't! Let us out, let us out! We will steer you aground on the Prussian shore if you don't!" making night hideous. And the towing enterprise breaks down for that bout; double barges mooring on the Saxon shore, I know not precisely at what point, nor is it material.

Saturday Night, October 9th–10th, New boatmen, forty new towmen have been hired at immense increase of wages; say four shillings for the night: but have you much good probability, my General, that even for that high guerdon imminence of death can be made indifferent to towmen? No, you have n't. The matter goes this night precisely as it did last: towmen vanishing in the horrible cannon tumult; steersmen shrieking, "We will ground you on the Prussian shore;" very soldiers obliged to give it up; and General Rutowski himself obliged to wash his hands of it, as a thing that cannot be done. In fact, a thing which need not have been tried, had Rutowski been rigorously candid with himself and his hopes, as the facts now prove to be. "Twenty-four hours lost by this bad business" (says he; "thirty-six," as I count, or, to take it rigorously, "forty-eight" even): and now, Sunday morning instead of Friday, at what, in sad truth, is metaphorically "the eleventh hour," Rutowski has to bethink him of his copper pontoons; and make the impossible carting method possible in a day's time, or do worse.

Sunday, Monday, October 10*th*–11*th*, By unheard-of exertions, all hands and all spent-horses now at a dead-lift effort night and day, Rutowski does get his pontoons carted out of the Pirna storehouse; lands them at Thürmsdorf, — opposite the Lilienstein, — a mile or so short of Königstein, where his Bridge shall be. It is now the 11th, at night. And our pontoons are got to the ground, nothing more. Every man of us, at this hour, should have been across, and trimming himself to climb, with bayonet fixed! Browne is ready, expecting our signal-shot to storm in on his side. And our bridge is not built, only the pontoons here. "All things went perverse," adds Rutowski, for farther comfort: "we [Saxon Home-Army] had with us, except Officers, only Four Pontoniers, or trained Bridge-builders; all the rest are at Warsaw:" sad thought, but too late to think it!

Tuesday, till Wednesday early (12*th*–13*th*), Bridge, the Four Pontoniers, with Officers and numb soldiers doing their best, is got built; — Browne waiting for us, on thorns, all day; Prussians extensively beginning to strengthen their posts, about the Lilienstein, about Lichtenhayn, or where risk is; and in fact pouring across to that northern side, quite aware of Rutowski and Browne.

That same night, 12th–13th, while the Bridge was struggling to complete itself, — rain now falling, and tempests broken out, — the Saxon Army, from Pirna down to Hennersdorf, had lifted itself from its Lines, and got under way towards Thürmsdorf, and the crossing-place. Dark night, plunging rain; all the elements in uproar. The worst roads in Nature; now champed doubly; "such roads as never any Army marched on before." Most of their cannon are left standing; a few they had tried to yoke, broke down, "and choked up the narrow road altogether; so that the cavalry had to dismount, and lead their horses by side-paths," — figure what side-paths! Distance to Thürmsdorf, from any point of the Saxon Lines, cannot be above six miles: but it takes them all that night and all next day. Such a march as might fill the heart with pity. Oh, ye Rutowskis, Brühls, though never so decorated by twelve tailors, what a sight ye are at the head of men! Dark night, wild raging weather, labyrinthic roads worn knee-deep. It is broad daylight, Wednesday, 13th, and only the vanguard is yet got across, trailing a couple of cannons; and splashes about, endeavoring to take rank there, in spite of wet and hunger; rain still pouring, wind very high.

Nothing of Browne comes, this Wednesday; but from the opposite Gross-Sedlitz and Gottleube side, the Prussians are coming. This morning, at daylight, struck by symptoms, "the Prussians mounted our empty redoubts:" they are now in full chase of us, Ziethen with Hussars as vanguard. A difficult bit of marching, even Ziethen and his light people find it; sprawling forward, at their cheeriest, with daylight to help, and in chase, not chased, through such intricacies of rock and mud. Ziethen's company did not assist the Saxons! They wheel round, show fight, and there is volleying and bickering all day; the Saxon march getting ever more perturbed. Nearly all the baggage has to be left. Ziethen takes into the woods near Thürmsdorf; giving fire as the poor wet Saxons, now much in a pell-mell condition, pass to their Bridge.[1] Heavier Prussians are striding on to rear; these, from some final hill-top, do at last belch out two cannon-shots: figure the confusion at that Bridge, the speed now becoming delirious there! Towards evening, rain still violent, the Saxons, baggage-less, and rushing quite pell-mell the latter part of them, are mostly across, still countable to 14,000 or so; — upon which they cut their Bridge adrift, and let the river take it. At Raden, a few miles lower, the Prussians fished it out; rebuilt it more deliberately, — and we shall find it there anon. This day Friedrich, hearing what is afoot, has returned in person from the Lobositz Country; takes Struppen as his head-quarter, which was lately the Polish Majesty's.

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[1] *Prussian Account* (in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*), i. 852.

From Browne there has nothing come this Wednesday; but to-morrow morning at seven there comes a Letter from him, written this night at ten; to the effect: —

"Head-quarter, Lichtenhayn, Wednesday, October 13th, 10 p.m.

"Excellenz, — Have [omitting the I] waited here at Lichtenhayn since Tuesday, expecting your signal-cannon; hearing nothing of it, conclude you have by misfortune not been able to get across; and that the Enterprise is up. My own position being dangerous [Prussians of double my strength intrenched within few miles of me], I turn homewards to-morrow at nine A.M.: ready for whatever occurs *till* then; and sorrowfully say adieu." [1]

Dreadful weather for Browne in his bivouac, and wearisome waiting, with Prussians and perils accumulating on him! Browne was ill of lungs; coughing much; lodging, in these violent tempests, on the cold ground. A right valiant soldier and man, as does appear; the flower of all the Irish Brownes (though they have quite forgotten him in our time), and of all those Irish Exiles then tragically spending themselves in Austrian quarrels! "You saw the great man," says one who seems to have been present, "how he sacrificed himself to this Enterprise. What Austrian Field-marshal but himself would ever have lowered his loftiness to lead, in person, so insignificant a Detachment, merely for the public good! I have seen staff-officers, distinguished only by their sasheries and insignia, who would not have stirred to inspect a vedette without 250 men. Our Field-marshal was of another turn. Sharing with his troops all the hardships, none excepted, of these critical days; and in spite of a violent cough, which often brought the visible blood from his lungs, and had quite worn him down; exposing himself, like the meanest of the Army, to the tempests of rainy weather. Think what a sight it was, going to your very heart, and summoning you to endurance of every hardship, — that evening [not said which], when the Field-marshal, worn out with his fatigues and his disorder, sank out of fainting-fits into a sleep! The ground was his bed, and the storm of clouds his coverlid. In crowds his brave war-comrades gathered round; stripped their cloaks, their coats, and strove in noble rivalry which of them should have the happiness to screen the Father of the Army at their own cost of exposure, and by any device keep the pelting of the weather from that loved head!"[1] There is a picture for you, in the heights of Lichtenhayn, as you steam past Schandau, in contemplative mood; and perhaps think of "Justice to Ireland!" among other sad thoughts that rise.

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[1] *Précis* (ut suprà), p. 493; *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 940; &c.

From Thürmsdorf to the Pontoon-Bridge there was a kind of road; down which the Saxons scrambled yesterday; and, by painful degrees, got wriggled across. But, on the other shore, forward to the Hamlets of Halbstadt and Ebenheit, there is nothing but a steep slippery footpath: figure what a problem for the 14,000 in such weather! Then at Ebenheit, close behind, Browne-wards, were Browne now there, rises the Lilienstein, abrupt rocky mountain, its slopes on both hands washed by the River (River making its first elbow here, closely girdling this Lilienstein): on both these slopes are Prussian batteries, each with its abatis; needing to be stormed: — that will be your first operation. Abatis and slopes of the Lilienstein once stormed, you fall into a valley or hollow, raked again by Prussian batteries; and will have to mount, still storming, out of the valley, sky-high across the Ziegenrück (*Goat's-back*) ridge: that is your second preliminary operation.

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[1] Cogniazzo, *Geständnisse eines Œsterreichischen Veterans*, ii. 251.

After which you come upon the work itself; namely, the Prussian redoubts at Lichtenhayn, and 12,000 men on them by this time! A modern Tourist says, reminding or informing:

"From the Königstein to Pirna, Elbe, if serpentine, is like a serpent rushing at full speed. Just past the Königstein, the Elbe, from westward, as its general course is, turns suddenly to northward; runs so for a mile and a half; then, just before getting to the *Bastei* at Raden, turns suddenly to westward again, and so continues. Tourists know Raden," — where the Prussians have just fished out a Bridge for themselves, — "with the *Bastei* high aloft to west of it. The Old Inn, hospitable though sleepless, stands pleasantly upon the River-brink, overhung by high cliffs: close on its left side, or in the intricacies to rear of it, are huts and houses, sprinkled about, as if burrowed in the sandstone; more comfortably than you could expect. The site is a narrow dell, narrow chasm, with labyrinthic chasms branching off from it; narrow and gloomy as seen from the River, but opening out even into cornfields as you advance inwards: work of a small Brook, which is still industriously tinkling and gushing there, and has in Pre-Adamite times been a lake, and we know not what. Nieder-Raden, this, on the north side of the River; of Ober-Raden, on the south side, there is nothing visible from your Inn windows," — nor have we anything to do with it farther. An older Guide of Tourists yields us this second Fraction (capable of condensation): —

. . . "To Halbstadt, thence to Ebenheit, your path is steeper and steeper; from Ebenheit to the Lilienstein you take a guide. The Mountain is conical; coarse *red* sandstone; steps cut for you where needed: August the Strong's Hunting-Lodge (*Jagd-hütte*) is here (August went thither in a grand way, 1708, with his Wife); Lodge still extant, by the side of a wood; — Lilienstein towering huge and sheer, solitary, grand, like some colossal Pillar of the Cyclops, from this round Pediment of Country which you have been climbing; tops of Lilienstein plumed everywhere with fir and birch, Pediment also very green and woody. August the Strong, grandly visiting here, 1708, on finish of those stair-steps cut for you, set up an Ebenezer, or

Column of Memorial at this Hunting-Hut, with Inscription which can still be read, though now with difficulty in its time-worn state: —

"*Friedericus Augustus, Rex* [of what? Dare not say *of Poland* just now, for fear of Charles XII.], *et Elector Sax., ut Fortunam virtute, ita asperam hanc Rupem primus* [*primus* not of men, but of Saxon Electors] *superavit, Aditumque faciliorem reddi curavit. Anno* 1708." — "*Ut Fortunam virtute,* As his fortune by valor, *so* he conquered this rugged rock by" — Poor devil, only hear him: — and think how good Nature is (for the time being) to poor devils and their 354 bastards![1]

Brühl and the Polish Majesty, safe enough they, and snug in the Königstein, are clear for advancing: "Die like soldiers, for your King and Country!" writes Polish Majesty, "Thursday, two in the morning:" that also Rutowski reads; and I think still other Royal Autographs, sent as Postscripts to that. From the Königstein they duly fire off the two Cannon-shot, as signal that we are coming; signal which Browne, just in the act of departing, never heard, owing to the piping of the winds and rattling of the rain. "Advance, my heroes!" counsel they: "You cannot drag your ammunitions, say you; your poor couple of big guns? Here are his Majesty's own royal horses for that service!" — and, in effect, the royal stud is heroically flung open in this pressure; and a splashing column of sleek quadrupeds, "150 royal draught-horses, early in the forenoon,"[2] swim across to Ebenheit accordingly, if that could encourage. And, "about noon, there is strong cannonading from the Königstein, as signal to Browne," who is off. Polish Majesty looking with his spy-glass in an astonished manner.

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[1] M.(agister) Wilhelm Lebrecht Götzinger, *Schandau und seine Umgebungen, oder Beschreibung der Sächsischen Schweitz* (Dresden, 1812), pp. 145–148. Götzinger, who designates himself as "Pastor at Neustadt near Stolpen" (northwest border of the Pirna Country), has made of this (which would now be called a *Tourist's Guide*, and has something geological in it) a modest, good little Book, put together with industry, clearness, brevity. Gives interesting Narrative of our present Business too, as gathered from his "Father" and other good sources and testimonies.

[2] Götzinger, p. 156.

In vain! Rutowski and his Council of War — sitting wet in a hut of Ebenheit, with 14,000 starved men outside, who have stood seventy-two hours of rain, for one item — see nothing for it but "surrender on such terms as we can get."

"In fact," independently of weather and circumstances, "the Enterprise," says Friedrich, "was radically impossible; nobody that had known the ground could have judged it other." Rutowski had not known it, then? Browne never pretended to know it. Rutowski was not candid with the conditions; the conditions never known nor candidly looked at; and *they* are now replying to him with candor enough. From the first his Enterprise was a final flicker of false hope; going out, as here, by spasm, in the rigors of impossibility and flat despair.

That column of royal horses sent splashing across the River, — that was the utmost of self-sacrifice which I find recorded of his Polish Majesty in this matter. He was very obstinate; his Brühl and he were. But his conduct was not very heroic. That royal Autograph, "General Rutowski, and ye true Saxons, attack these Prussian lines, then; sell your lives like men" (not like Brühl and me), must have fallen cold on the heart, after seventy-two hours of rain! Rutowski's wet Council of War, in the hut at Ebenheit, rain still pouring, answers unanimously, "That it were a leading of men to the butchery;" that there is nothing for it but surrender. Brühl and Majesty can only answer: "Well-a-day; it must be so, then!" — Winterfeld, Prussian Commander hereabouts, grants Armistice, grants liberal "wagon-loads of bread" first of all; terms of Capitulation to be settled at Struppen to-morrow.

Friday, October 15th, Rutowski goes across to Struppen, the late Saxon head-quarter, now Friedrich's; — Friday gone a fortnight was the day of Lobositz. Winterfeld and he are the negotiators there; Friedrich ratifying or refusing by marginal remarks. The terms granted are hard enough: but they must be accepted. First preliminary of all terms has already been accepted: a gift of bread to these poor Saxons; their haversacks are empty, their cartridge-boxes drowned; it has rained on them three days and nights. Last upshot of all terms is still well known to everybody: That the 14,000 Saxons are compelled to become Prussian, and "forced to volunteer"!

That had been Friedrich's determination, and reading of his rights in the matter, now that hard had come to hard. "You refused all terms; you have resisted to death (or death's-*door*); and are now at discretion!" Of the question, What is to be done with those Saxons? Friedrich had thought a great deal, first and last; and had found it very intricate, — as readers too will, if they think of it. "Prisoners of War, — to keep them locked up, with trouble and expense, in that fashion? They can never be exchanged: Saxony has now nothing to exchange them with; and Austria will not. Their obstinacy has had costs to me; who of us can count what costs! In short, they shall volunteer!"

"Never did I, for my poor part, authorize such a thing," loudly asseverated Rutowski afterwards. And indeed the Capitulation is not precise on that interesting point. A lengthy Document, and not worth the least perusal otherwise; we condense it into three Articles, all grounding on this general Basis, not deniable by Rutowski: "The Saxon Army, being at such a pass, ready to die of hunger, if we did *not* lift our finger, has, so to speak, become our property; and we grant it the following terms:" —

"1°. Kettle-drums, standards and the like insignia and matters of honor, — carry these to the Königstein, with my regretful respects to his Polish Majesty. Königstein to be a neutral Fortress during this War. Polish Majesty at perfect liberty to go to Warsaw [as he on the instant now did, and never returned].

"2°. Officers to depart on giving their parole, Not to serve against us during this War [Parole given, nothing like too well kept].

"3°. Rest of the Army, with all its equipments, munitions, soul and body (so to speak), is to surrender utterly, and be ours, as all Saxony shall for the present be."[1]

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[1] In *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 920–928, at full length, — with Friedrich's *marginalia* noticeably brief.

That is, in sum, the Capitulation of Struppen. Nothing articulate in it about the one now interesting point, — and in regard to that, I can only fancy Rutowski might interject, interrogatively, perhaps at some length: "Our soldiers to be Prisoners of War, then?" "Prisoners; yes, clearly, — unless they choose to volunteer, and have a better fate! Prisoners can volunteer. They are at discretion; they would die, if we did *not* lift our finger!" thus I suppose Winterfeld would rejoin, if necessary; — and that, in the Winterfeld-Rutowski Conferences, the thing had probably been kept in a kind of *chiaroscuro* by both parties.

Very certain it is, Sunday, 17th October, 1756, Capitulation being signed the night before, Friedrich goes across at Nieder-Raden (where the Pilgrim of the Picturesque now climbs to see the *Bastei;* where the Prussians have, by this time, a Bridge thrown together out of those Pontoons), — goes across at Nieder-Raden, up that chasmy Pass; rides to the Heights of Waltersdorf, in the opener country behind; and pauses there, while the captive Saxon Army defiles past him, laying down its arms at his feet. Unarmed, and now under Prussian word of command, these Ex-Saxon soldiers go on defiling; march through by that Chasm of Nieder-Raden; cross to Ober-Raden; and, in the plainer country thereabouts, are — in I know not what length of hours, but in an incredibly short length, so swift is the management — changed wholly into Prussian soldiers: "obliged to volunteer," every one of them!

That is the fact; fact loudly censured; fact surely questionable, — to what intrinsic degree I at this moment do not know. Fact much blamable before the loose public of mankind; upon which I leave men to their verdict. It is not a fact which invites imitation, as we shall see! Fact how accomplished; by what methods? that would be the question with me; but even that is left dark. "The horse regiments, three of heavy horse, he broke; and distributed about, a good few in his own Garde-du-Corps." Three other horse regiments were in Poland, the sole Saxon Army now left, — of whom, at least of one man among whom, we may happen to hear. "Ten foot regiments [what was reckoned a fault] he left together; in Prussian uniform, with Prussian Officers. They were scattered up and down; put in garrisons; not easy handling them: they deserted by whole companies at a time in the course of this War."[1] Not a measure for imitation, as we said! — How Friedrich defended such hard conduct to the Saxons? Reader, I know only that Destiny and Necessity, urged on by Saxons and others, was hard as adamant upon Friedrich at this time; and that Friedrich did not the least dream of making any defence; — and will have to take your verdict, such as it may be.

Moritz of Dessau had a terrible Winter of it, organizing and breaking in these Saxon people, — got by press-gang in this way. Polish Majesty, "with 500 of suite," had driven instantly for Warsaw; post-horses most politely furnished him, and all the Prussian posts and soldiers well kept out of his road, — road chosen for him to that end. Poor soul, he never came back. For six years coming, he saw, from Warsaw in the distance (amid anarchy and *Nie-pozwalam*, which he never lacked there), the wide War raging, in Saxony especially; and died soon after it was done. Nor did Brühl return, except broken by that event, and to die in few months after. Let us pity the poor fat-goose of a Majesty (not ill-natured at all, only stupid and idle): some pity even to the doomed-phantasm Brühl, if you can; — and thank Heaven to have got done with such a pair! —

Friedrich's treatment of the Saxon Troops, Saxon Majesty and Country: who shall say that it was wise in all points? It would be singular treatment, if it were! In all things, *After* is so different from *Before* and *During*. The truth is, Friedrich hoped long to have made some agreement with the Saxons. And readers now, in the universal silence, have no notion of Friedrich's complexities from fact, and of the loud howl of hostile rumor, which was piping through all journals, diplomacies and foreign human throats, against him at that time.

"The essential passages of War and Peace," says a certain

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[1] Preuss, ii. 22, 135; in Stenzel (v. 16–20) more precise details.

Commentator, "during those Five weeks of Pirna, can be made intelligible in small compass. But how the world argued of them then and afterwards, and rang with hot Gazetteer and Diplomatic logic from side to side, no reader will now ever know. A world-tornado extinct, gone: — think of the sounds uttered from human windpipes, shrill with rage some of them, hoarse others with ditto; of the vituperations, execrations, printed and vocal, — grating harsh thunder upon Friedrich and this new course of his. Huge melody of Discords, shrieking, droning, grinding on that topic, through the afflicted Universe in general, for certain years. The very Pamphlets printed on it, — cannot Dryasdust give me the number of tons weight, then? Dead now every Pamphlet of them; a thing fallen horrible to human nature; extinct forever, as is the wont in such cases."

I will give only this of Voltaire; a mild Epigram, done at The *Délices*, in pleasant view of Ferney and good things coming. A bolt shot into the storm-tost Sea and its wreckages, by a Mariner now cheerily drying his clothes on the shore there; — in fact, an indifferent Epigram, on Kings Friedrich and George, which is now flying about in select circles: —

"Rivaux du Vainqueur de l'Euphrate,
L'Oncle et le Neveu,
L'un fait la guerre en pirate,
L'autre en parti bleu."

"Rivals of Alexander the Great, this Uncle and Nephew make war, the one as a Pirate [seizure of those French ships], the other [Saxony stolen] as Captain of an Accidental Thieving-Squad," —*parti bleu,* as the French soldiers call it.[1]

Pirna was no sooner done than Friedrich returned to the "Camp at Lobositz," where his victorious Keith-Army has been lying all this while. The Camp of Lobositz, and all Camps Prussian and Austrian, are about to strike their tents, and proceed to Winter-quarters, to prepare against next Spring. Friedrich set off thither October 18th (the very day after that of Waltersdorf); with intent to bring home Keith's Army,

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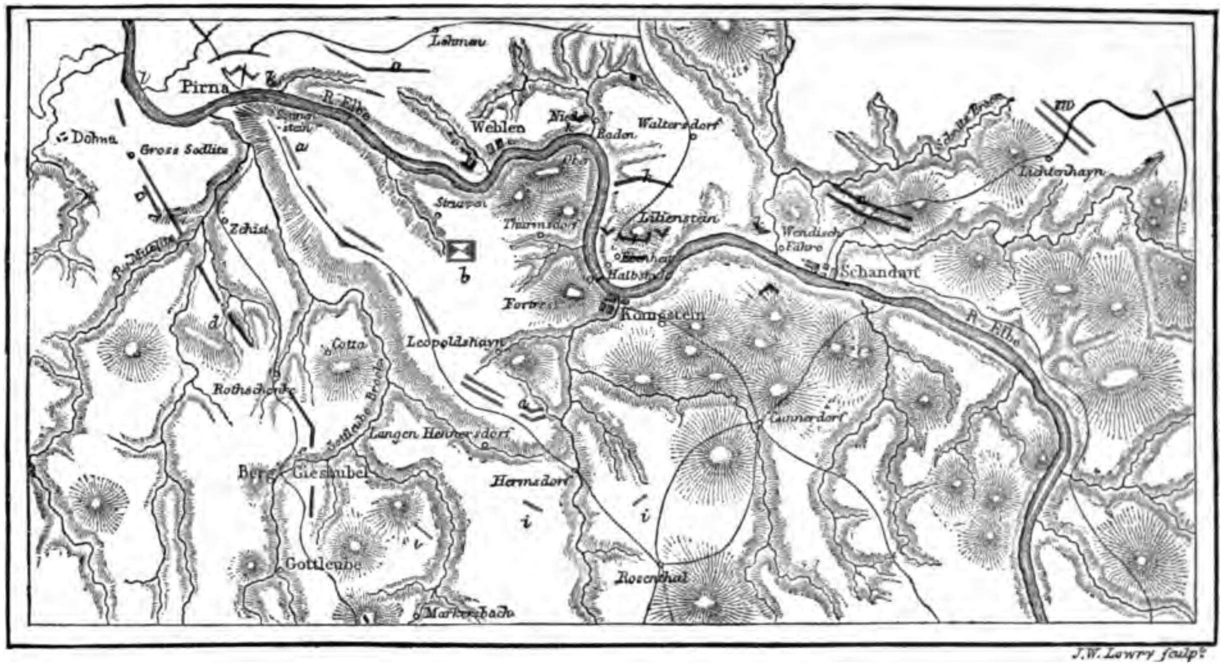
[1] Walpole's *Letters*, "To Sir Horace Mann, 8th December, 1756."


Pirna
R. Elbe
Lohmen
Dohna
Gross Sedlitz
Sonnenstein
Wehlen
Walters dorf
Raden
Struppen
Thurnsdorf
Lilienstein
Halbstadt
Fortress
Königstein
Wendisch Fähre
Schandau
Lichtenhayn
Zehist
Cotta
Rothschonberg
Leopoldshayn
Langen Hennersdorf
Berg Giesshubel
Hermsdorf
Gottleube
Rosenthal
Gunnersdorf
Markersbach
R. Elbe
a
b
d
e
i
i
k
m
n
J.W. Lowry sculpt.

Camp of
PIRNA.
1st Septr. _ 17th Octr. 1756.

a.a. Saxon Lines.
b. Saxon Head Quarters.
c. King's division of Prussian Army
d. Prince Karl's.
e. Duke of Brunswick's
f. Lestowitz's
g. Duke of Beverns.
h. Winterfeld's.
i.i. Prussian Hussars.
k.k. Prussian Batteries.
l. Prussian Bridge of Pontoons.
m. Austrians under Browne.
n. Prussians sent against them.
o. Where the Saxons crossed.

and see if Browne meant anything farther (which Browne did not, or does only in the small Tolpatch way); also to meet Schwerin, whom he had summoned over from Silesia for a little conference there. Schwerin, after eating Königsgrätz Country well, — which was all he could do, as Piccolomini would not come out, and we know how strong the ground is, — had retired to Silesia again, in due season (snapping up, in a sharply conclusive manner, any Tolpatcheries that attempted chase of him); taken Winter cantonments in Silesia, head-quarter Schweidnitz; and is now getting his Instructions, here personally, in the Metal Mountains, for a day or two.[1]

Friedrich brought his Keith-Army home to Gross-Sedlitz, to join the other Force there; and distributed the whole into their Winter-quarters. Cantoned far and wide, spreading out from Pirna on both hands: on the left or western hand, by Zwickau, Freyberg, Chemnitz, up to Leipzig, Torgau; and on the right or northeast hand, by Zittau, Görlitz, Bautzen, to protect the Lausitz against Austrian inroads, — while a remote Detachment, under Winterfeld, watches the Bober River with similar views.[2] All which done, or settled to be done, Friedrich quits Gross-Sedlitz, November 14th; and takes up his abode at Dresden for this Winter.

CHAPTER VIII.

WINTER IN DRESDEN.

THE Saxon Army is incorporated, then; its King gone under the horizon; the Saxon Country has a Prussian Board set over it, to administer all things of Government, especially to draw taxes and recruits from Saxony. Torgau, seat of this new Board, has got fortified; "1,500 inhabitants were requisitioned as spademen for that end, at first with wages," — latterly, I almost fear, without! The Saxon Ministers are getting drilled, cashiered if necessary; and on all hands, rigorous methods going forward; — till Saxony is completely under grasp; in which state it was held very tight indeed, for the six years coming. There is no detailing of all that; details, were they even known to an Editor at such distance, would weary every reader. Enough to understand that Friedrich has not on this occasion, as he did in 1744, omitted to disarm Saxony, to hobble it in every limb, and have it, at discretion, tied as with ropes to his interests and him.[1] His management was never accounted cruel; and it was studiously the reverse of violent or irregular: but it had to be rigorous as the facts were; — nor was it the worst, or reckoned the worst, of Saxony's miseries in this time.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 946, 948.

[2] In *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 948 et seq., a minute List by Place and Regiment.

Poor Country, suffering for its Brühl! In the Country, except for its Brühl, there was no sin against Prussia; the reverse rather. The Saxon population, as Protestants, have no good-will to Austria and its aims of aggrandizement. In Austrian spy-letters, now and afterwards, they are described to us as "*gut Preussisch;*" "strong for Prussia, the most of them, even in Dresden itself."

Whether Friedrich could have had much real hope to end the War this Year, or scare it off from beginning, may be a question. If he had, it is totally disappointed. The Saxon Government has brought ruin on itself and Country, but it has been of great damage to Friedrich. Would Polish Majesty have consented to disband his soldiers, and receive Friedrich with a *bonâ-fide* "Neutrality," Friedrich could have passed the Mountains still in time for a heavy stroke on Bohemia, which was totally unprepared for such a visit. And he might — from the Towers of Prag, for instance — have, far more persuasively, held out the olive-branch to an astonished Empress-Queen: "Leave me alone, Madam; will you, then! Security for that; I wanted and want nothing more!" But Polish Majesty, taking on him the character of Austrian martyr, and flinging himself into the gulf, has prevented all that; has turned all that the other way.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte,* iii. 946–956.

Austria, it appears, is quite ungrateful: "Was n't he bound?" thinks Austria, — as its wont rather is. Forgetful of the great deliverance wrought for it by poor Polish Majesty; whom it could not deliver — except into bottomless wreck! Austria, grateful or not, stands unscathed; has time to prepare its Armaments, its vocal Arguments: Austria is in higher provocation than ever; and its very Arguments, highly vocal to the Reich and the world, "Is not this man a robber, and enemy of mankind?" do Friedrich a great deal of ill. Friedrich's sudden Campaign, instead of landing him in the heart of the Austrian States, there to propose Peace, has kindled nearly all Europe into flames of rage against him, — which will not consist in words merely! Never was misunderstanding of a man at a higher pitch: "Such treatment of a peaceable Neighbor and Crowned Head, — witness it, ye Heavens and thou Earth!" Dauphiness falling on her knees to Most Christian Majesty; "Princess and dearest Sister" to Most Christian Majesty's Pompadour; especially no end of Pleading to the German Reich, in a furious, Delphic-Pythoness or quasi-inspired tone: all this goes on.

From the time when Pirna was blockaded, Kaiser Franz, his high Consort and sense of duty urging him, has been busy in the Reich's-Hofrath (kind of Privy-Council or Supreme Court of the Reich, which sits at Vienna); busy there, and in the Reich's Diet at Regensburg; busy everywhere, with utmost diligence over Teutschland, — forging Reich thunder. Manifestoes, *Hof-Decrets*, *Dehortatoriums*, *Excitatoriums;* so goes it, exploding like Vesuvius, shock on the back of shock: — 20th September it began; and lasts, *crescendo*, through Winter and onwards, at an extraordinary rate.[1] Of all which, leaving readers to imagine it, we will say nothing, — except that it points towards "Armed Interference by the Reich," "Reich's Execution Army;" nay towards "Ban of the Reich" (total excommunication of this Enemy of Mankind, and giving of him up to Satan, by bell, book and candle), which is a kind of thunder-bolt not heard of for a good few ages past! Thunder-bolt thought to be gone mainly to *rust* by the judicious; — which, however, the poor old Reich did grasp again, and attempt to launch. As perhaps we shall have to notice by and by, among the miracles going.

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[1] In *Helden-Geschichte* (iv. 163-174; iii. 956; and indeed *passim* through those Volumes), the Originals in frightful superabundance.

France too, urged by the noblest concern, feels itself called upon. France magnanimously intimates to the Reich's Diet, once and again, "That Most Christian Majesty is guarantee of the Treaty of Westphalia; Most Christian Majesty cannot stand such procedures;" and then the second time, "That Most Christian Majesty will interfere practically," — by 100,000 men and odd.[1] In short, the sleeping world-whirlwinds are awakened against this man. General Dance of the Furies; there go they, in the dusky element, those Eumenides, "giant-limbed, serpent-haired, slow-pacing, circling, torch in hand" (according to Schiller), — scattering terror and madness. At least, in the Diplomatic Circles of mankind; — if haply the Populations will follow suit! —

Friedrich, abundantly contemptuous of Reich's-thunder in the rusted kind, and well able to distinguish sound from substance in the Reich or elsewhere, recognizes in all this sufficiently portentous prophecies of fact withal; and understands, none better, what a perilous position he has got into. But he cannot mend it; — can only, as usual, do his own utmost in it. As readers will believe he does; and that his vigilance and diligence are very great. Continual, ubiquitous and at the top of his bent, one fancies his effort must have been, — though he makes no noise on the subject. Considerable work he has with Hanover, this Winter; with the poor English Government, and their "Army of Observation," which is to appear in the Hanover parts, *versus* those 100,000 French, next Spring. To Hanover he has sent Schmettau (the Younger Schmettau, Elder is now dead) in regard to said Army; has made a new and closer Treaty with England (impossible to be fulfilled on poor England's part); — and laments, as Mitchell often does, the tragically embroiled condition of that Country, struggling so vehemently, to no purpose, to get out of bed, and not unlike strangling or smothering itself in its own blankets, at present! With and in regard to Saxony, his work is of course extremely considerable; and in regard to his own Army, and its coming Business, considerablest of all. Counter-Manifesto work, to state his case in a distinct manner, and leave it with the Populations if the Diplomacies are deaf: this too, is copiously proceeding; under Artists who probably do not require much supervision. In fact, no King living has such servants, in the Civil or the Military part, to execute his will. And no King so little wastes himself in noises; a King who has good command of him*self*, first of all; not to be thrown off his balance by any terror, any provocation even, though his temper is very sharp.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 340 ("26th March, 1757").

Friedrich in person is mainly at Dresden, lodged in the Brühl Palace; — endless wardrobes and magnificences there; three hundred and sixty-*four* Pairs of Breeches hanging melancholy, in a widowed manner: *C'est assez de culottes; montrez-moi des vertus!* Brühl is far away, in Poland; Madam Brühl has still her Apartments in this Palace, — a frugal King needs only the necessary spaces. Madam Brühl is very busy here; and not to good purpose, being well seen into. "She had a cask of wine sent her from Warsaw," says Friedrich; "orders were given to decant for her every drop of the wine, but to be sure and bring us the cask." Cask was found to have two bottoms, intermediate space filled with spy-correspondence. Madam Brühl protests and pleads, Friedrich not unpolite in reply; his last Letter to her says, "Madam, it is better that you go and join your Husband."

Another high Dame gets sausages from Bohemia; — some of Friedrich's light troops have an appetite, beyond strict law, for sausages; break in, find Letters along with the other stuffing.[1] Friedrich has a good deal of watching and coercing to do in that kind, — some arresting, conveyance even to Cüstrin for a time, though nothing crueler proved needful. To the poor Queen he keeps up civilities, but is obliged to be strict as Argus; — she made him a Gift too, the *Night* of Correggio, admired *Notte* of Correggio; having heard that he sat before it silent for half an hour, on entering that fine Gallery, — which is due to our Sovereign Lord and his Brühl, alas! On the other hand, Friedrich had to take from her Majesty's Royal Abode those Hundred Swiss of Body-guard; to discharge the same, and put Prussians in their stead. Nay, at one time, on loud outcry from her Majesty, and great private cause of complaint against her, there was talk of sending the poor Royal lady to Warsaw, after her Husband; but her objection being violent, nothing came of that: Winter following, her poor Majesty died,[1] and gave nobody any farther trouble.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 108; Mitchell, "27th March, 1757" (Raumer, p. 321).

Friedrich's outposts, especially in the Lausitz, are a good deal disturbed by Austrian Tolpatcheries; and do feats, heroic in the small way, in smiting down that rabble. A valuable Officer or two is lost in such poor service, poor but indispensable;[2] and the troops have not always the repose which is intended them. Lieutenant-Colonel Loudon (Scotch by kindred, and famous enough before long) is the soul of these Croat enterprises, — and gets his Colonelcy by them, in a month or two; Browne recommending. Loudon had arrived too late for Lobositz, but had been with Browne to Schandau; and, on the march homewards, did a bright feat of the Croat kind: — surprisal, very complete, of that Hill-Castle of Tetschen and considerable Hussar Party there; done in a style which caught the eye of Browne; and was the beginning of great things to poor Loudon, after his twenty years of painful eclipse under the Indigo Trencks, and miscellaneous Doggeries, Austrian and Russian.[3]

Tetschen, therefore, will again need capture by the Prussians, if they again intend that way. And in the mean while, Friedrich, to counterpoise those mischievous Croat people, has bethought him of organizing a similar Force of his own; — Foot chiefly, for, on hint of former experience, he already has Hussars in quantity. And, this Winter, there are accordingly, in different Saxon Towns, three Irregular Regiments getting ready for him; three "Volunteer Colonels" busily enlisting each his "Free Corps," such the title chosen; — chief Colonel of them one Mayer, now in Zwickau neighborhood, with 6 or 700 loose handy fellows round him, getting formed into strict battalion there:[1] of whom, and of whose soldiering, we shall hear farther. For the plan was found to answer; and extended itself year after year; and the "Prussian Free Corps," one way and another, made considerable noise in the world.

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[1] 27th November, 1757.

[2] Funeral Discourses (of a very curious, ponderous and serious tone), in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, ii. 458, 464, &c.

[3] *La Vie du Feldmaréchal Baron de Loudon* (Translation of one Pezzl's German: à Vienne et à Paris, 1792), i. 1–32.

Outwardly Friedrich's Life is quiet; busy, none can be more so; but to the on-looker, placid, polite especially. He hears sermon once or twice in the Kreuz-Kirche (Protestant High Church); then next day will hear good music, devotional if you call it so, in the Catholic Church, where her Polish Majesty is. Daily at the old hour he has his own Concert, now and then assisting with his own flute. Makes donations to the Poor, and such like, due from Saxon Sovereignty while held by him; on the other hand, reduces salaries at a sad rate: Guarini, Queen's Confessor, from near £2,000 to little more than £300, for one instance; — cuts off about £25,000 in all under this head.[2] And is heavy with billeting, as new Prussians arrive. Billets at length in the very Ambassadors' Hotels, — and by way of apology to the Excellencies, signifies to them in a body: "Sorry for the necessity, your Excellencies: but ought not you to go to Warsaw rather? Your credentials are to his Polish Majesty. He is not here; nor coming hither, for some time!" Which hint, I suppose, the Excellencies mostly took. From his own Forests there came by the Elbe great rafts of firewood, to warm his soldiers in their quarters. Once or twice he makes excursions, of a day, of two days; to the Lausitz, to Leipzig (through Freyberg, where he has a post of importance); — very gracious to the University people: "Students be troubled with soldiering? Far from it, ye learned Gentlemen, servants of the Muses! Recruitment, a lamentable necessity, is to go on under your own Official people, and wholly by the old methods."[1]

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[1] Pauli (our old diffuse friend), *Leben grosser Helden des gegenwärtigen Krieges* (9 vols., Halle, 1759-1764), iii. 159, § Mayr.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 306 ("December, 1756").

Once, and once only, he made a run to Berlin, January 4th–13th, 1757: the last for six years and more. Came with great despatch, Brother Henri with him, whole journey in one day; got "to his Mother's about 11 at night."[2] A joyful meeting, for the kindred: cheerful light-gleam in the dark time, so suddenly eclipsed to them and others by those hurricanes that have risen. His Majesty seems to be in perfect health; and wears no look of gloom. At Berlin is no Carnival this year; all are grave, sunk in sad contemplations of the future. Of his businesses in this interval, which were many, I will say nothing; only of one little Act he did, the day before his departure: the writing of this *Secret Letter of Instructions* to Graf Finck von Finkenstein, his chief Home Minister, one of his old boy-comrades, as readers may recollect. The Letter was read by Count Finck with profound attention, 11th January, 1757, and conned over till he knew every point of it; after which he sealed it up, inscribing on the Cover: "*Höchsteigenhändige und ganz geheime*" — that is, "Highest-Autographic and altogether Secret Instructions, by the King, which, with the Appendixes, were delivered to me, Graf von Finkenstein, the 12th of January, 1757." In this docketing it lay, sealed for many years (none knows how many), then unsealed, still in strict keeping, in the Private Royal Archives,[3] — till on Friedrich's Birthday, 24th January, 1854, it was, with some solemnity, lithographed at Berlin, and distributed to a select public, — as readers shall see.

"*Secret Instruction for the Graf von Finck.*

"BERLIN, 10th January, 1757.

"In the critical situation our affairs are in, I ought to give you my orders, so that in all the disastrous cases which are in the possibility of events, you be authorized for taking the necessary steps.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 303–313; *Universitätsanschlag zu Leipzig, wegen der Werbung* ("University-Placard about Enlisting:" in *Gesammelte Nachrichten*, i. 811).

[2] Ib. iv. 308.

[3] Preuss, i. 449.

"1°. If it chanced (which Heaven forbid) that one of my Armies in Saxony were totally beaten; or that the French should drive the Hanoverians from their Country [which they failed not to do], and establish themselves there, and threaten us with an invasion into the Altmark; or that the Russians should get through by the Neumark,—you are to save the Royal Family, the principal *Dicasteria* [Land-Schedules, Lists of Tax-dues], the Ministries and the Directorium [which is the central Ministry of all]. If it is in Saxony on the Leipzig side that we are beaten, the fittest place for the removal of the Royal Family, and of the Treasure, is to Cüstrin: in such case the Royal Family and all above named must go, escorted by the whole Garrison" of Berlin, "to Cüstrin. If the Russians entered by the Neumark, or if a misfortune befell us in the Lausitz, it would be to Magdeburg that all would have to go: in fine, the last refuge is Stettin,—but you must not go till the last extremity. The Garrison, the Royal Family and the Treasure are inseparable, and go always together: to this must be added the Crown Diamonds, the Silver Plate in the Grand Apartments,—which, in such case, as well as the Gold Plate, must be at once coined into money.

"If it happened that I were killed, the Public Affairs must go on without the smallest alteration, or its being noticeable that they are in other hands: and, in this case, you must hasten forward the Oaths and Homagings, as well here as in Preussen; and, above all, in Silesia. If I should have the fatality to be taken prisoner by the Enemy, I prohibit all of you from paying the least regard to my person, or taking the least heed of what I might write from my place of detention. Should such misfortune happen me, I wish to sacrifice myself for the State; and you must obey my Brother,—who, as well as all my Ministers and Generals, shall answer to me with their heads, Not to offer any Province or any Ransom for me, but to continue the War, pushing their advantages, as if I never had existed in the world.

"I hope, and have ground to believe, that you, Count Finck, will not need to make use of this Instruction: but in case of misfortune, I authorize you to employ it; and, as mark that it is, after a mature and sound deliberation, my firm and constant will, I sign it with my Hand and confirm it with my Seal."

Or, in Friedrich's own spelling &c., so far as our possibilities permit: —

"*Instruction Secrete Pour le Conte de finc.*

"Berlin, ce 10 de Janv. 1757.

"Dans La Situation Critique ou se trouvent nos affaires je dois Vous donnér mes Ordres pour que dans tout Les Cas Malheureux qui sont dans la possibilité des Evenemens vous Soyéz autorissé aux partis quil faut prendre. 1)[1] Sil arivoit (de quoi le Ciel preserve) qu'une de mes Armées en Saxse fut totallement battûe, oubien que Les français chassassent Les Hanovryeins de Leur païs et si etablissent et nous menassassent d'un Invassion dans la Vieille Marche, ou que les Russes penetrassent par La Nouvelle Marche, il faut Sauvér la famille Royale, les principeaux Dicasteres les Ministres et le Directoire. Si nous somes battus en Saxse du Coté de leipssic Le Lieu Le plus propre pour Le transport de La famille et du Tressor est a Custrin, il faut en ce Cas que la famille Royalle et touts cidesus noméz aillent esCortéz de toute La Guarnisson a Custrin. Si les Russes entroient par la Nouvele Marche ou quil nous arivat un Malheur en Lusace, il faudroit que tout Se transportat a Magdebourg, enfin Le Derniér refuge est a Stetein, mais il ne faut y allér qu'a La Derniere exstremité La Guarnisson la famille Royalle et le Tressort sont Inseparables et vont toujours ensemble il faut y ajoutér les Diamans de la Couronne, et L'argenterie des Grands Apartements qui en pareil cas ainsi que la Veselle d'or doit etre incontinant Monoyée Sil arivoit que je fus tué, il faut que Les affaires Continuent Leur train sans la Moindre allteration et Sans qu'on s'apersoive qu'elles sont en d'autre Mains, et en ce Cas il faut hater Sermens et homages tant ici qu'en prusse et surtout en Silesie. Si j'avois la fatalité d'etre pris prissoniér par L'Enemy, je Defend qu'on Aye le Moindre egard pour ma perssonne ni qu'on fasse La Moindre reflextion sur ce que je pourois ecrire de Ma Detention, Si pareil Malheur m'arivoit je Veux me Sacriffiér pour L'Etat et il faut qu'on obeisse a Mon frere le quel ainsi que tout Mes Ministres et Generaux me reponderont de leur Tette qu'on offrira ni province ni ransson pour moy et que lou Continuera la Guerre en poussant Ses avantages tout Com̄e si je n'avais jamais exsisté dans le Monde. J'espere et je dois Croire que Vous Conte finc n'auréz pas bessoin de faire usage de Cette Instruction mais en ças de Malheur je Vous autorisse a L'Employér, et Marque que C'est apres Une Mure et saine Deliberation Ma ferme et Constante Volonté je le Signe de Ma Main et la Muni de mon Cachet

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[1] Yes; but there follows no "2)" anywhere, such the haste!

"FEDERIC R."[1]

These, privately made law in this manner, are Friedrich's fixed feelings and resolutions; — how fixed is now farther apparent by a fact which was then still more private, guessable long afterwards only by one or two, and never clearly known so long as Friedrich lived: the fact that he had (now most probably, though the date is not known) provided poison for himself, and constantly wore it about his person through this War. "Five or six small pills, in a small glass tube, with a bit of ribbon to it:" that stern relic lay, in a worn condition, in some drawer of Friedrich's, after Friedrich was gone.[2] For the Facts are peremptory; and a man that will deal with them must be equally so.

Two days after this Finck missive, Friday, 12th, Friedrich took farewell at Berlin, drove to Potsdam that night with his Brother, to Dresden next day. Adieu, Madam; Adieu, O Mother! said the King, in royal terms, but with a heart altogether human. "May God above bless you, my Son!" the old Lady would reply: — and the Two had seen one another for the last time; Mother and Son were to meet no more in this world.

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[1] Fac simile of Autograph (Berlin, 24th January, 1854), where is some indistinct History of the Document. Printed also in *Œuvres*, xxv. 319-323.

[2] Preuss, ii. 175, 315 n.

BOOK XVIII.

SEVEN-YEARS WAR RISES TO A HEIGHT.

1757–1759.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAMPAIGN OPENS.

SELDOM was there seen such a combination against any man as this against Friedrich, after his Saxon performances in 1756. The extent of his sin, which is now ascertained to have been what we saw, was at that time considered to transcend all computation, and to mark him out for partition, for suppression and enchainment, as the general enemy of mankind. "Partition him, cut him down," said the Great Powers to one another; and are busy, as never before, in raising forces, inciting new alliances and calling out the general *posse comitatus* of mankind, for that salutary object. What tempestuous fulminations in the Reichstag, and over all Europe, England alone excepted, against this man!

Latterly the Swedes, who at first had compunctions on the score of Protestantism, have agreed to join in the Partitioning adventure: "It brings us his Pommern, all Pommern ours!" cry the Swedish Parliamentary Eloquences (with French gold in their pocket): "At any rate," whisper they, "it spites the Queen his Sister!"—and drag the poor Swedish Nation into a series of disgraces and disastrous platitudes it was little anticipating. This precious French-Swedish Bargain ("Swedes to invade with 25,000; France to give fair subsidy," and bribe largely) was consummated in March;[1] but did not become known to Friedrich for some months later; nor was it of the importance he then thought it, in the first moment of surprise and provocation. Not indeed of importance to anybody, except, in the reverse way, to poor Sweden itself, and to the French, who had spent a great deal of pains and money on it, and continued to spend, with as good as no result at all. For there never was such a War, before or since, not even by Sweden in the Captainless state! And the one profit the copartners reaped from it, was some discountenance it gave to the rumor which had risen, more extensively than we should now think, and even some nucleus of fact in it as appears, That Austria, France and the Catholic part of the Reich were combining to put down Protestantism. To which they could now answer, "See, Protestant Sweden is with us!"—and so weaken a little what was pretty much Friedrich's last hold on the public sympathies at this time.

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[1] "21st March, 1757" (Stenzel, v. 38; &c.).

As to France itself,—to France, Austria, Russia,—bound by such earthly Treaties, and the call of very Heaven, shall they not, in united puissance and indignation, rise to the rescue? France, touched to the heart by such treatment of a Saxon Kurfürst, and bound by Treaty of Westphalia to protect all members of the Reich (which it has sometimes, to our own knowledge, so carefully done), is almost more ardent than Austria itself. France, Austria, Russia; to these add Polish Majesty himself; and latterly the very Swedes, by French bribery at Stockholm: these are the Partitioning Powers;—and their shares (let us spare one line for their shares) are as follows.

The Swedes are to have Pommern in whole; Polish-Saxon Majesty gets Magdeburg, Halle, and opulent slices thereabouts; Austria's share, we need not say, is that jewel of a Silesia. Czarish Majesty, on the extreme East, takes Preussen, Königsberg-Memel Country in whole; adds Preussen to her as yet too narrow Territories. Wesel-Cleve Country, from the other or Western extremity, France will take that clipping, and make much of it. These are quite serious business-engagements, engrossed on careful parchment, that Spring, 1757, and I suppose not yet boiled down into glue, but still to be found in dusty corners, with the tape much faded. The high heads, making preparation on the due scale, think them not only executable, but indubitable, and almost as good as done. Push home upon him, as united Posse Comitatus of Mankind; in a sacred cause of Polish Majesty and Public Justice, how can one malefactor resist? "*Ah, ma très-chère reine*," and "Oh, my dearest Princess and Cousin," what a chance has turned up!

It is computed that there are arrayed against this one King, under their respective Kings, Empress-Queens, Swedish Senates, Catins and Pompadours, populations to the amount of above 100 millions, — in after stages, I remember to have seen "150 millions" loosely given as the exaggerated cipher. Of armed soldiers actually in the field against him (against Hanover and him), in 1757, there are, by strict count, 430,000. Friedrich's own Dominions at this time contain about Five Millions of Population; of Revenue somewhat less than Two Millions sterling. New taxes he cannot legally, and will not, lay on his People. His *Schatz* (ready-money Treasure, or Hoard yearly accumulating for such end) is, I doubt not, well filled, — express amount not mentioned. Of drilled men he has, this Year, 150,000 for the field; portioned out thriftily, — as well beseems, against Four Invasions coming on him from different points. In the field, 150,000 soldiers, probably the best that ever were; and in garrison, up and down (his Country being, by nature, the least defensible of all Countries), near 40,000, which he reckons of inferior quality. So stands the account.[1] These are, arithmetically precise, his resources, — *plus* only what may lie in his own head and heart, or funded in the other heads and hearts, especially in those 150,000, which he and his Fathers have been diligently disciplining, to good perfection, for four centuries come the time.

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[1] Stenzel, iv. 308, 306, v. 39; Ranke, iii. 415; Preuss, ii. 389, 43, 124; &c. &c.; — substantially true, I doubt not; but little or nothing of it so definite and conclusively distinct as it ought, in all items, to have been by this time, — had poor Dryasdust known what he was doing.

France, urged by Pompadour and the enthusiasms, was first in the field. The French Army, in superb equipment, though privately in poorish state of discipline, took the road early in March; "March 26th and 27th," it crossed the German Border, Cleve Country and Köln Country; had been rumored of since January and February last, as terrifically grand; and here it now actually is, above 100,000 strong, — 110,405, as the Army-Lists, flaming through all the Newspapers, teach mankind.[1] Bent mainly upon Prussia, it would seem; such the will of Pompadour. Mainly upon Prussia; Maréchal d'Estrées, crossing at Köln, made offers even to his Britannic Majesty to be forgiven in comparison; "Yield us a road through your Hanover, merely a road to those Halberstadt-Magdeburg parts, your Hanover shall have neutrality!" "Neutrality to Hanover?" sighed Britannic Majesty: "Alas, am not I pledged by Treaty? And, alas, withal, how is it possible, with that America hanging over us?" and stood true. Nor is this all, on the part of magnanimous France: there is a Soubise getting under way withal, Soubise and 30,000, who will reinforce the Reich's Armament, were it on foot, and be heard of by and by! So high runs French enthusiasm at present. A new sting of provocation to Most Christian Majesty, it seems, has been Friedrich's conduct in that Damiens matter (miserable attempt, by a poor mad creature, to assassinate, or at least draw blood upon the Most Christian Majesty[2]); about which Friedrich, busy and oblivious, had never, in common politeness, been at the pains to condole, compliment, or take any notice whatever. And will now take the consequences, as due! —

The Wesel-Cleve Countries these French find abandoned: Friedrich's garrisons have had orders to bring off the artillery and stores, blow up what of the works are suitable for blowing up; and join the "Britannic Army of Observation" which is getting itself together in those regions. Considerable Army,

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 391; iii. 1073.

[2] "Evening of 5th January, 1757" (exuberantly plentiful details of it, and of the horrible Law-procedures which followed on it: in Adelung, viii. 197–220; Barbier, &c. &c.).

Britannic wholly in the money part: new Hanoverians so many, Brunswickers, Bückeburgers, Sachsen-Gothaers so many; add those precious Hanoverian-Hessian 20,000, whom we have had in England guarding our liberties so long, — who are now shipped over in a lot; fair wind and full sea to them. Army of 60,000 on paper; of effective more than 50,000; Head-quarters now at Bielefeld on the Weser; — where, "April 16th," or a few days later, Royal Highness of Cumberland comes to take command; likely to make a fine figure against Maréchal d'Estrées and his 100,000 French! But there was no helping it. Friedrich, through Winter, has had Schmettau earnestly flagitating the Hanoverian Officialities: "The Weser is wadable in many places, you cannot defend the Weser!" and counselling and pleading to all lengths, — without the least effect. "Wants to save his own Halberstadt lands, at our expense!" Which was the idea in London, too: "Don't we, by Apocalyptic Newswriters and eyesight of our own, understand the man?" Pitt is by this time in Office, who perhaps might have judged a little otherwise. But Pitt's seat is altogether temporary, insecure; the ruling deities Newcastle and Royal Highness, who withal are in standing quarrel. So that Friedrich, Schmettau, Mitchell pleaded to the deaf. Nothing but "Defend the Weser," and ignorant Fatuity ready for the Impossible, is to be made out there. "Cannot help it, then," thinks Friedrich, often enough, in bad moments; "Army of Observation will have its fate. Happily there are only 5,000 Prussians in it, Wesel and the other garrisons given up!"

Only 5,000 Prussians: by original Engagement, there should have been 25,000; and Friedrich's intention is even 45,000 if he prosper otherwise. For in January, 1757 (Anniversary, or nearly so, of that *Neutrality Convention* last year), there had been — encouraged by Pitt, as I could surmise, who always likes Friedrich — a definite, much closer *Treaty of Alliance*, with "Subsidy of a million sterling," Anti-Russian "Squadron of Observation in the Baltic," "25,000 Prussians," and other items, which I forget. Forget the more readily, as, owing to the strange state of England (near suffocating in its Constitutional bedclothes), the Treaty could not be kept at all, or serve as rule to poor England's exertions for Friedrich this Year; exertions which were of the willing-minded but futile kind, going forward pell-mell, not by plan, and could reach Friedrich only in the lump, — had there been any "lump" of them to sum together. But Pitt had gone out; — we shall see what, in Pitt's absence, there was! So that this Treaty 1757 fell quite into the waste-basket (not to say, far deeper, by way of "pavement" we know where!), — and is not mentioned in any English Book; nor was known to exist, till some Collector of such things printed it, in comparatively recent times.[1] A Treaty 1757, which, except as emblem of the then quasi-enchanted condition of England, and as Foreshadow of Pitt's new Treaty in January, 1758, and of three others that followed and *were* kept to the letter, is not of moment farther.

Reich's Thunder, slight Survey of it; with Question, Whitherward, if any-whither?

The thunderous fulminations in the Reich's-Diet — an injured Saxony complaining, an insulted Kaiser, after vain *Dehortatoriums*, reporting and denouncing "Horrors such as these: What say you, O Reich?" — have been going on since September last; and amount to boundless masses of the liveliest Parliamentary Eloquence, now fallen extinct to all creatures.[2] The Kaiser, otherwise a solid pacific gentleman, intent on commercial operations (furnishes a good deal of our meal, says Friedrich), is Officially extremely violent in behalf of injured Saxony, — that is to say, in fact, of injured Austria, which is one's own. Kur-Mainz, Chairman of the Diet (we remember how he was got, and a Battle of Dettingen fought in consequence, long since); Kur-Mainz is admitted to have the most decided Austrian leanings: Britannic George, Austria being now in the opposite scale, finds him an unhandy Kur-Mainz, and what profit it was to introduce false weights into the Reich's balance that time! Not for long generations before, had the poor old semi-imaginary Reich's-Diet risen into such paroxysms; nor did it ever again after. Never again, in its terrestrial History, was there such agonistic parliamentary struggle, and terrific noise of parliamentary palaver, witnessed in the poor Reich's-Diet. Noise and struggle rising ever higher, peal after peal, from September, 1756, when it started, till August, 1757, when it had reached its acme (as perhaps we shall see), though it was far from ending then, or for years to come.

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[1] "M. Koch in 1802," not very perfectly (Schöll, iii. 30 n.; who copies what Koch has given).

[2] Given, to great lengths, in *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. iv. (and other easily avoidable Books).

Contemporary by-standers remark, on the Austrian part, extraordinary rage and hatred against Prussia; which is now the one point memorable. Austria is used to speak loud in the Diet, as we have ourselves seen: and it is again (if you dive into those old Æolus'-Caves, at your peril) unpleasantly notable to what pitch of fixed rage, and hot sullen hatred Austria has now gone; and how the tone has in it a potency of world-wide squealing and droning, such as you nowhere heard before. Omnipotence of droning, edged with shrieky squealing, which fills the Universe, not at all in a melodious way. From the depths of the gamut to the shrieky top again,—a droning that has something of porcine or wild-boar character. Figure assembled the wild boars of the world, all or mostly all got together, and each with a knife just stuck into its side, by a felonious individual too well known,—you will have some notion of the sound of these things. Friedrich sometimes remonstrates: "Cannot you spare such phraseology, unseemly to Kings? The quarrels of Kings have to be decided by the sword; what profit in unseemly language, Madam?"—but, for the first year and more, there was no abatement on the Austrian part.

Friedrich's own Delegate at Regensburg, a Baron von Plotho, come of old Brandenburg kindred, is a resolute, ready-tongued, very undaunted gentleman; learned in Diplomacies and Reich's Law; carries his head high, and always has his story at hand. Argument, grounded on Reich's Law and the nature of the case, Plotho never lacks, on spur of the hour: and is indeed a very commendable parliamentary mastiff; and honorable and melodious in the bark of him, compared with those infuriated porcine specimens. He has Kur-Hanover for ally on common occasions, and generally from most Protestant members individually, or from the *Corpus Evangelicorum* in mass, some feeble whimper of support. Finds difficulty in getting his Reich's Pleadings printed; — dangerous, everywhere in those Southern Parts, to print anything whatever that is not Austrian: so that Plotho, at length, gets printers to himself, and sets up a Printing-Press in his own house at Regensburg. He did a great deal of sonorous pleading for Friedrich; proud, deep-voiced, ruggedly logical; fairly beyond the Austrian quality in many cases, — and always far briefer, which is another high merit. October coming, we purpose to look in upon Plotho for one minute; "October 14th, 1757;" which may be reckoned essentially the acme or turning-point of these unpleasant thunderings.[1]

What good he did to Friedrich, or could have done with the tongue of angels in such an audience, we do not accurately know. Some good he would do even in the Reich's-Diet there; and out of doors, over a German public, still more; and is worth his frugal wages, — say £1,000 a year, printing and all other expense included! This is a mere guess of mine, Dryasdust having been incurious: but, to English readers it is incredible for what sums Friedrich got his work done, no work ever better. Which is itself an appreciable advantage, computable in pounds sterling; and is the parent of innumerable others which no Arithmetic or Book-keeping by Double Entry will take hold of, and which are indeed priceless for Nations and for persons. But this poor old bedridden Reich, starting in agonistic spasm at such rate: is it not touching, in a Corpus moribund for so many Centuries past! The Reich is something; though it is not much, nothing like so much as even Kaiser Franz supposes it. Much or not so much, Kaiser Franz wishes to secure it for himself; Friedrich to hinder him, — and it must be a poor something, if not worth Plotho's wages on Friedrich's part.

It would insult the patience of every reader to go into these spasmodic tossings of the poor paralytic Reich; or to mention the least item of them beyond what had some result, or fraction of result, on the world's real affairs. We shall say only, therefore, that after tempests not a few of porcine squealing, answered always by counter-latration on the vigilant Plotho's part; — squealing, chiefly, from the Reich's-Hofrath at Vienna, the Head Tribunal of Imperial Majesty, which sits judging and denouncing there, touched to the soul, as if by a knife driven into its side, by those unheard-of treatments of Saxony and disregard to our *Dehortatoriums*, and which bursts out, peal after peal, filling the Universe, Plotho not unvigilant; — the poor old Reich's-Diet did at last get into an acting posture, and determine, by clear majority of 99 against 60, that there should be a "Reich's Execution Army" got on foot. Reich's Execution Army to coerce, by force of arms, this nefarious King of Prussia into making instant restitution to Saxony, with ample damages on the nail; that right be done to Kurfürsts of this Reich. To such height of vigor has the Reich's-Diet gone; — and was voting it at Regensburg January 10th, 1757;[1] that very day when nefarious Friedrich at Berlin, case-hardened in iniquity to such a pitch, sat writing his *Instruction to Count Finck*, which we read not long since. Simultaneous movements, unknown to one another, in this big wrestle.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 745-749.

Reich's-Diet perfected its Vote; had it quite through, and sanctioned by the Kaiser's Majesty, January 29th: "Arming to be a *triplum*" (triple contingent required of you this time); with Romish-months (*Römermonate*) of cash contributions from all and sundry (rigorously gathered, I should hope, where Austria has power), so many as will cover the expense. Army to be got on actual foot hastily, instantly if possible: an "*eilende Reichs-Executions-Armee;*" so it ran, but the word *eilende* (speedy) had a mischance in printing, and was struck off into *elende* (contemptibly wretched): so that on all Market-Squares and Public Places of poor Teutschland, you read flaming Placards summoning out, not a speedy or immediate, but "a *miserable* Reich's Execution Army!" A word which, we need not say, was laughed at by the unfeeling part of the public; and was often called to mind by the Reich's Execution Army's performances, when said *speedy* Army did at last take the field.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 252, 302, 330; Stenzel, v. 32.

For the Reich performed its Vote; actually had a Reich's Execution Army; the last it ever had in this world, not by any means the worst it ever had, for they used generally to be bad. Commanders, managers are named, Römermonate are gathered in, or the sure prospect of them; and, through May-June, 1757, there is busy stir, of drumming, preparing and enlisting, all over the Reich. End of July, we shall see the Reich's Army in Camp; end of August, actually in the field; and later on, a touch of its fighting withal. Many other things the Reich tried against unfortunate Friedrich, — gradual advance, in fact, to Ban of the Reich (or total anathema and cutting-off from fire and water): but in none of these, in Ban as little as any, did it come to practical result at all, or acquire the least title to be remembered at this day. Finis of Ban, some eight months hence, has something of attractive as futility, the curious Death of a Futility. Finis of Ban (October 14th, already indicated) we may for one moment look in upon, if there be one moment to spare; the rest — readers may fancy it; and read only of the actuality and fighting part, which will itself be enough for them on such a matter.

Friedrich suddenly marches on Prag.

Four Invasions, from their respective points of the compass, northeast, northwest, southeast and southwest: here is a formidable outlook for the one man against whom they are all advancing open-mouthed. The one man — with nothing but a Duke of Cumberland and his Observation Army for backing in such duel — had need to look to himself! Which, we well know, he does; wrapt in profoundly silent vigilance, with his plans all laid. Of the Four Invasions, three, the Russian, French, Austrian, are very large; and the two latter, especially the last, are abundantly formidable. The Swedish, of which there is rumoring, he hopes may come to little, or not come at all. Nor is Russia, though talking big, and actually getting ready above 100,000 men, so immediately alarming. Friedrich always hopes the English, with their guineas and their managements, will do something for him in that quarter; and he knows, at worst, that the Russian Hundred Thousand will be a very slow-moving entity. The Swedish Invasion Friedrich, for the present, leaves to chance: and against Russia, he has sent old Marshal Lehwald into those Baltic parts; far eastward, towards the utmost Memel Frontier, to put the Country upon its own defence, and make what he can of it with 30,000 men, — West-Prussian militias a good few of them. This is all he can spare on the Swedish-Russian side: Austria and France are the perilous pair of entities; not to be managed except by intense concentration of stroke; and by going on them in succession, if one have luck! —

Friedrich's motions and procedures in canton-quarters, through Winter and in late months, have led to the belief that he means to stand on the defensive; that the scene of the Campaign will probably be Saxony; and that Austria, for recovering injured Saxony, for recovering dear Silesia, will have to take an invasive attitude. And Austria is busy everywhere preparing with that view. Has Tolpatcheries, and advanced Brigades, still harassing about in the Lausitz. A great Army assembling at Prag, — Browne forward towards the Metal Mountains securing posts, gathering magazines, for the crossing into Saxony there. There, it is thought, the tug of war will probably be. Furious, and strenuous, it is not doubted, on this Friedrich's part: but against such odds, what can he do? With Austrians in front, with Russians to left, with French to right and arear, not to mention Swedes and appendages: surely here, if ever, is a lost King! —

It is by no means Friedrich's intention that Saxony itself shall need to be invaded. Friedrich's habit is, as his enemies might by this time be beginning to learn, not that of standing on the defensive, but that of *going* on it, as the preferable method wherever possible. March 24th, Friedrich had quitted Dresden City; and for a month after (head-quarters Lockwitz, edge of the Pirna Country), he had been shifting, redistributing, his cantoned Army, — privately into the due

Divisions, due readiness for march. Which done, on fixed days, about the end of April, the whole Army, he himself from Lockwitz, April 20th, — to the surprise of Austria and the world, Friedrich in three grand Columns, Bevern out of the Lausitz, King himself over the Metal Mountains, Schwerin out of Schlesien, is marching with extraordinary rapidity direct for Prag; in the notion that a right plunge into the heart of Bohemia will be the best defence for Saxony and the other places under menace.

This is a most unexpected movement; which greatly astonishes the world-theatre, pit, boxes and gallery alike (as Friedrich's sudden movements often do); and which is, above all, interesting on the stage itself, where the actors had been counting on a quite opposite set of entries and activities! Feldmarschall Browne and General Königseck (not our old friend Königseck, who used to dry-nurse in the Netherlands, but his nephew and heir) may cease gathering Magazines, in those Lausitz and Metal-Mountain parts: happy could they give wings to those already gathered! Magazines, for Austrian service, are clearly not the things wanted there. One does not burn one's Magazines till the last extremity; but wings they have none; and such is the enigmatic velocity of those Prussian movements, one seldom has time even to burn them, in the last crisis of catastrophe! Considerable portions of that provender fell into the Prussian throat; as much as "three months' provision for the whole Army," count they, — adding to those Frontier sundries the really important Magazine which they seized at Jung-Bunzlau farther in.[1] It is one among their many greater advantages from this surprisal of the enemy, and sudden topsy-turvying of his plans. Browne and Königseck have to retire on Prag at their swiftest; looking to more important results than Magazines.

It is Friedrich's old plan. Long since, in 1744, we saw a march of this kind, Three Columns rushing with simultaneous rapidity on Prag; and need not repeat the particulars on this occasion. Here are some Notes on the subject, which will sufficiently bring it home to readers: —

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 6-13; &c.

"The Three Columns were, for a part of the way, Four; the King's being, at first, in two branches, till they united again, on the other side of the Hills. For the King," what is to be noted, "had shot out, three weeks before, a small preliminary branch, under Moritz of Dessau; who marched, well westward, by Eger (starting from Chemnitz in Saxony); and had some tussling with our poor old friend Duke d'Ahremberg, Browne's subordinate in those parts. D'Ahremberg, having 20,000 under him, would not quit Eger for Moritz; but pushed out Croats upon him, and sat still. This, it was afterwards surmised, had been a feint on Friedrich's part; to give the Austrians pleasant thoughts: 'Invading us, is he? Would fain invade us, but cannot!' Moritz fell back from Eger; and was ready to join the King's march, 'at Linay, April 23d' (third day from Lockwitz, on the King's part). Onwards from which point the Columns are specifically Three; in strength, and on routes, somewhat as follows: —

1°. "The *First* Column, or King's, — which is 60,000 after this junction, 45,000 foot, 15,000 horse, — quitted Lockwitz (head-quarter for a month past), *Wednesday, April 20th.* They go by the Pascopol and other roads; through Pirna, for one place: through Karbitz, Aussig, are at Linay on the 23d; where Moritz joins: 24th, in the united state, forward again (leave Lobositz two miles to left); to Trebnitz, 25th, and rest there one day.

"At Aussig an unfortunate thing befell. Zastrow, respectable old General Zastrow, was to drive the Austrians out of Aussig: Zastrow does it, April 22d–23d, drives them well over the heights; April 25th, however, marching forward towards Lobositz, Zastrow is shot through both temples (Pandour hid among the bushes and cliffs, *other* side of Elbe), and falls dead on the spot. Buried in *Gottleube* Kirk, 1st May."

In these Aussig affairs, especially in recapturing the Castle of Tetschen near by, Colonel Mayer, father of the new "Free-Corps," did shining service; — and was approved of, he and they. And, a day or two after, was detached with a Fifteen Hundred of that kind, on more important business: First, to pick up one or two Bohemian Magazines lying handy; after which, to pay a visit to the Reich and its bluster about Execution-Army, and teach certain persons who it is they are thundering against in that awkwardly truculent manner! Errand shiningly done by Mayer, as perhaps we may hear, — and certainly as all the Newspapers loudly heard, — in the course of the next two months.

At crossing of the Eger, Friedrich's Column had some chasing of poor D'Ahremberg; attempting to cut him off from his Bridges, Bridge of Koschlitz, Bridge of Budin; but he made good despatch, Browne and he; and, except a few prisoners of Ziethen's gathering, and most of his Magazines unburnt, they did him no damage. The chase was close enough; more than once, the Austrian head-quarter of to-night was that of the Prussians to-morrow. Monday, May 2d, Friedrich's Column was on the Weissenberg of Prag; Browne, D'Ahremberg, and Prince Karl, who is now come up to take command, having hastily filed through the City, leaving a fit garrison, the day before. Except his Magazines, nothing the least essential went wrong with Browne; but Königseck, who had not a Friedrich on his heels, — Königseck, trying more, as his opportunies were more, — was not quite so lucky.

2°. "Column *Second*, to the King's left, comes from the Lausitz under Brunswick-Bevern, — 18,000 foot, 5,000 horse. This is the Bevern who so distinguished himself at Lobositz last year; and he is now to culminate into a still brighter exploit, — the last of his very bright ones, as it proved. Bevern set out from about Zittau (from Grottau, few miles south of Zittau), the same day with Friedrich, that is April 20th; — and had not well started till he came upon formidable obstacles. Came upon General Königseck, namely: a Königseck manœuvring ahead, in superior force; a Maguire, Irish subordinate of Königseck's, coming from the right to cut off our baggage (against whom Bevern has to detach); a Lacy, coming from the left; — or indeed, Königseck and Lacy in concert, intending to offer battle. Battle of Reichenberg, which accordingly ensued, April 21st," — of which, though it was very famous for so small a Battle, there can be no account given here.

The short truth is, Königseck falling back, Parthian-like, with a force of 30,000 or more, has in front of him nothing but Bevern; who, as he issues from the Lausitz, and till he can unite with Schwerin farther southward, is but some 20,000 odd: cannot Königseck call halt, and bid Bevern return, or do worse? Königseck, a diligent enough soldier, determines to try; chooses an excellent position, — at or round Reichenberg, which is the first Bohemian Town, one march from Zittau in the Lausitz, and then one from Liebenau, which latter would be Bevern's *second* Bohemian stage on the Prag road, if he continued prosperous. Reichenberg, standing nestled among hills in the Neisse Valley (one of those Four Neisses known to us, the Neisse where Prince Karl got exploded, in that signal manner, Winter, 1745, by a certain King), offers fine capabilities; which Königseck has laid hold of. There is especially one excellent Hollow (on the left or western bank of Neisse River, that is, *across* from Reichenberg), backed by woody hills, nothing but hills, brooks, woods all round; Hollow scooped out as if for the purpose; and altogether of inviting character to Königseck. There, "Wednesday, April 20th," Königseck posts himself, plants batteries, fells abatis; plenty of cannon, of horse and foot, and, say all soldiers, one of the best positions possible.

So that Bevern, approaching Reichenberg at evening, evening of his first march, Wednesday, April 20th, finds his way barred; and that the difficulties may be considerable. "Nothing to be made of it to-night," thinks Bevern; "but we must try to-morrow!" and has to take camp, "with a marshy brook in front of him," some way on the hither side of Reichenberg; and study overnight what method of unbarring there may be. Thursday morning early, Bevern, having well reconnoitred and studied, was at work unbarring. Bevern crossed his own marshy brook; courageously assaulted Königseck's position, left wing of Königseck; stormed the abatis, the batteries, plunged in upon Königseck, man to man, horse to horse, and after some fierce enough but brief dispute, tumbled Königseck out of the ground. Königseck made some attempt to rally; attempted twice, but in vain; had fairly to roll away, and at length to run, leaving 1,000 dead upon the field, about 500 prisoners; one or two guns, and I forget how many standards, or whether any kettle-drums. This was thought to be a decidedly bright feat on Bevern's part (rather mismanaged latterly on Königseck's);[1] — much approved by Friedrich, as he hears of it, at Linay, on his own prosperous march Prag-ward. A comfortable omen, were there nothing more.

Königseck and Company, torn out of Reichenberg, and set running, could not fairly halt again and face about till at Liebenau, twenty miles off, where they found some defile or difficult bit of ground fit for them; and this too proved capable of yielding pause for a few hours only. For Schwerin, with his Silesian Column, was coming up from the northeast, threatening Königseck on flank and rear: Königseck could only tighten his straps a little at this Liebenau, and again get under way; and making vain attempts to hinder the junction of Schwerin and Bevern, to defend the Jung-Bunzlau Magazine, or do any good in those parts, except to detain the Schwerin-Bevern people certain hours (I think, one day in all), had nothing for it but to gird himself together, and retreat on Prag and the Ziscaberg, where his friends now were.

The Austrian force at Reichenberg was 20,000; would have been 30 and odd thousands, had Maguire come up (as he might have done, had not the appearances alarmed him too much); Bevern, minus the Detachment sent against Maguire, was but 15,000 in fight; and he has quite burst the Austrians away, who had plugged his road for him in such force: is it not a comfortable little victory, glorious in its sort; and a good omen for the bigger things that are coming? Bevern marched composedly on, after this inspiriting tussle, through Liebenau and what defiles there were; April 24th, at Turnau, he falls into the Schwerin Column; incorporates himself therewith, and, as subordinate constituent part, accompanies Schwerin thenceforth.

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[1] Tempelhof, i. 100; *Helden-Geschichte*, iii. 1077 (Friedrich's own Account, "Linay in Böhmen, 24th April, 1757"); &c. &c. There is, in Büsching's *Magazin* (xvi. 139 et seq.), an intelligible sketch of this Action of Reichenberg, with satirical criticisms, which have some basis, on Lacy, Maguire and others, by an Anonymous Military Cynic, — who gives many such in *Büsching* (that of Fontenoy, for example), not without force of judgment, and signs of wide study and experience in his trade.

3°. "Column *Third* was Schwerin's, out of Schlesien; counted to be 32,000 foot, 12,000 horse. Schwerin, gathering himself, from Glatz and the northerly country, at Landshut, — very careless, he, of the pleasant Hills, and fine scattered peaks of the Giant Mountains thereabouts, — was completely gathered foremost of all the Columns, having farthest to go. And on Monday, 18th April, started from Landshut, Winterfeld leading one division. In our days, it is the finest of roads; high level Pass, of good width, across the Giant Range; pleasant painted hamlets sprinkling it, fine mountain ridges and distant peaks looking on; Schneekoppe (*Snow*fell, its head bright-white till July come) attends you, far to the right, all the way: — probably Sprite Rübezahl inhabits there; and no doubt River Elbe begins his long journey there, trickling down in little threads over yonder, intending to float navies by and by: considerations infinitely indifferent to Schwerin. 'The road,' says my Tourist, 'is not Alpine; it reminds you of Derbyshire-Peak country; more like the road from Castletown to Sheffield than any I could name;' — we have been in it before, my reader and I, about Schatzlar and other places. Trautenau, well down the Hills, with swift streams, more like torrents, bound Elbe-wards, watering it, is a considerable Austrian Town, and the Bohemian end of the Pass, — Sohr only a few miles from it: heartily indifferent to Schwerin at this moment; who was home from the Army, in a kind of disfavor, or mutual pet, at the time Sohr was done. Schwerin's March we shall not give; his junction with Bevern (at Turnau, on the Iser, April 24th), then their capture of Jung-Bunzlau Magazine, and crossing of the Elbe at Melnick, these were the important points; and, in spite of Königseck's tusslings, these all went well, and nothing was lost except one day of time."

The Austrians, some days ago, as we observed, filed *through* Prag, — Sunday, May 1st, not a pleasant holiday-spectacle to the populations; — and are all encamped on the Ziscaberg high ground, on the other side of the City. Had they been alert, now was the time to attack Friedrich, who is weaker than they, while nobody has yet joined him. They did not think of it, under Prince Karl; and Browne and the Prince are said to be in bad agreement.

CHAPTER II.

BATTLE OF PRAG.

MONDAY morning, 2d May, 1757, the Vanguard, or advanced troops of Friedrich's Column, had appeared upon the Weissenberg, northwest corner of Prag (ground known to them in 1744, and to the poor Winter-King in 1620): Vanguard in the morning; followed shortly by Friedrich himself; and, hour after hour, by all the others, marching in. So that, before sunset, the whole force lay posted there; and had the romantic City of Prag full in view at their feet. A most romantic, high-piled, many-towered, most unlevel old City; its skylights and gilt steeple-cocks glittering in the western sun, — Austrian Camp very visible close beyond it, spread out miles in extent on the Ziscaberg Heights, or eastern side; — Prag, no doubt, and the Austrian Garrison of Prag, taking intense survey of this Prussian phenomenon, with commentaries, with emotions, hidden now in eternal silence, as is fit enough. One thing we know, "Head-quarter was in Welleslawin:" there, in that small Hamlet, nearly to north, lodged Friedrich, the then busiest man of Europe; whom Posterity is still striving for a view of, as something memorable.

Prince Karl, our old friend, is now in chief command yonder; Browne also is there, who was in chief command; their scheme of Campaign gone all awry. And to Friedrich, last night, at his quarters "in the Monastery of Tuchomirsitz," where these two Gentlemen had lodged the night before, it was reported that they had been heard in violent altercation;[1] — both of them, naturally, in ill-humor at the surprising turn things had taken; and Feldmarschall Browne firing up, belike, at some platitude past or coming, at some advice of his rejected, some imputation cast on him, or we know not what. Prince Karl is now chief; and indignant Browne, as may well be the case, dissents a good deal, — as he has often had to do. Patience, my friend, it is near ending now! Prince Karl means to lie quiet on the Ziscaberg, and hold Prag; does not think of molesting Friedrich in his solitary state; and will undertake nothing, "till Königseck, from Jung-Bunzlau, come in," victorious or not; or till perhaps even Daun arrive (who is, rather slowly, gathering reinforcement in Mähren): "What can the enemy attempt on us, in a Post of this strength?" thinks Prince Karl. And Browne, whatever his insight or convictions be, has to keep silence.

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 11 (exact "Diary of the march" given there).

"Weissenberg," let readers be reminded, "is on the hither or western side of Prag: the Hradschin [pronounce Rad*sheen*, with accent on the last syllable, as in "Schwer*in*" and other such cases], the Hradschin, which is the topmost summit of the City and of the Fashionable Quarter, — old Bohemian Palace, still occasionally habitable as such, and in constant use as a *Downing Street*, — lies on the slope or shoulder of the Weissenberg, a good way from the top; and has a web of streets rushing down from it, steepest streets in the world; till they reach the Bridge, and broad-flowing Moldau (broad as Thames at half-flood, but nothing like so deep); after which the streets become level, and spread out in intricate plenty to right and to left, and ahead eastward, across the River, till the Ziscaberg, with frowning precipitous brow, suddenly puts a stop to them in that particular direction. From Ziscaberg top to Weissenberg top may be about five English miles; from the Hradschin to the foot of Ziscaberg, northwest to southeast, will be half that distance, the greatest length of Prag City. Which is rather rhomboidal in shape, its longer diagonal this that we mention. The shorter diagonal, from northmost base of Ziscaberg to southmost of Hradschin, is perhaps a couple of miles. Prag stands nestled in the lap of mountains; and is not in itself a strong place in war: but the country round it, Moldau ploughing his rugged chasm of a passage through the piled table-land, is difficult to manœuvre in.

"Moldau Valley comes straight from the south, crosses Prag; and — making, on its outgate at the northern end of Prag (end of 'shortest diagonal' just spoken of), one big loop, or bend and counter-bend, of horse-shoe shape," which will be notable to us anon — "again proceeds straight northward and Elbe-ward. It is narrow everywhere, especially when once got fairly north of Prag; and runs along like a Quasi-Highland Strath, amid rocks and hills. Big Hill-ranges, not to be called barren, yet with rock enough on each hand, and fine side valleys opening here and there: the bottom of your Strath, which is green and fertile, with pleasant busy Villages (much intent on water-power and cotton-spinning in our time), is generally of few furlongs in breadth. And so it lasts, this pleasant Moldau Valley, mile after mile, on the northern or Lower Moldau, generally straight north, though with one big bend eastward just before ending; and not till near Melnick, or the mouth of Moldau, do we emerge on that grand Elbe Valley, — glanced at once already, from Pascopol or other Height, in the Lobositz times."

Friedrich's first problem is the junction with Schwerin: junction not to be accomplished south of Ziscaberg in the present circumstances; and which Friedrich knows to be a ticklish operation, with those Austrians looking on from the high grounds there. Tuesday, 3d May, in the way of reconnoitring, and decisively on Wednesday, 4th, Friedrich is off northward, along the western heights of Lower Moldau, proper force following him, to seek a fit place for the pontoons, and get across in that northern quarter. "How dangerous that Schwerin is a day too late!" murmurs he; but hopes the Austrians will undertake nothing. Keith, with 30,000, he has left on the Weissenberg, to straiten Prag and the Austrian Garrison on that side: our wagon-trains arrive from Leitmeritz on that side, Elbe-boats bring them up to Leitmeritz; very indispensable to guard that side of Prag. Friedrich's fixed purpose also is to beat the Austrians, on the other side of it, and send them packing; but for that, there are steps needful!

Up so far as Lissoley, the first day, Friedrich has found no fit place; but on the morrow, Thursday, 5th, farther up, at a place called Seltz, Friedrich finds his side of the Strath to be "a little higher than the other," — proper, therefore, for cannonading the other, if need be; — and orders his pontoons to be built together there. He knows accurately of the Schwerin Column, of the comfortable Bevern Victory at Reichenberg, and how they have got the Jung-Bunzlau Magazine, and are across the Elbe, their bridges all secured, though with delay of one day; and do now wait only for the word, — for the three cannon-shot, in fact, which are to signify that Friedrich is actually crossing to their side of Lower Moldau.

Friedrich's Bridge is speedily built (trained human hands can be no speedier), his batteries planted, his precautions taken: the three cannon-shot go off, audible to Schwerin; and Friedrich's troops stream speedily across, hardly a Pandour to meddle with them. Nay, before the passage was complete — what light-horse squadrons are these? Hussars, seen to be Seidlitz's (missioned by Schwerin), appear on the outskirts: a meeting worthy of three cheers, surely, after such a march on both sides! Friedrich lies on the eastern Hilltops that night (Hamlet of Czimitz his Head-quarter, discoverable if you wish it, scarcely three miles north of Prag); and accurate appointment is made with Schwerin as to the meeting-place to-morrow morning. Meeting-place is to be the environs of Prossik Village, southeastward over yonder, short way north of the Prag-Königsgrätz Highway; and rather nearer Prag than we now are, in Czimitz here: time at Prossik to be 6 A.M. by the clock; and Winterfeld and Schwerin to come in person and speak with his Majesty. This is the program for Friday, May 6th, which proves to be so memorable a day.

Schwerin is on foot by the stroke of midnight; comes along, "over the heights of Chaber," by half a dozen, or I know not how many roads; visible in due time to Friedrich's people, who are likewise punctually on the advance: in a word, the junction is accomplished with all correctness. And, while the Columns are marching up, Schwerin and Winterfeld ride about in personal conference with his Majesty; taking survey, through spy-glasses, of those Austrians encamped yonder on the broad back of their Zisca Hill, a couple of miles to southward. "What a set of Austrians," exclaim military critics, "to permit such junction, without effort to devour the one half or the other, in good time!" Friedrich himself, it is probable, might partly be of the same opinion; but he knew his Austrians, and had made bold to venture. Friedrich, we can observe, always got to know his man, after fighting him a month or two; and took liberties with him, or did not take, accordingly. And, for most part, — not quite always, as one signal exception will show, — he does it with perfect accuracy; and often with vital profit to his measures. "If the Austrian cooking-tents are a-smoke before eight in the morning," notes he, "you may calculate, in such case, the Austrians will march that day."[1] With a surprising vividness of eye and mind (beautiful to rival, if one could), he watches the signs of the times, of the hours and the days and the places; and prophesies from them; reads men and their procedures, as if they were mere handwriting, not too cramp for him. — The Austrians have, by this time, got their Königseck home, very unvictorious, but still on foot, all but a thousand or two: they are already stronger than the Prussians by count of heads; and till even Daun come up, what hurry in a Post like this? The Austrians are viewing Friedrich, too, this morning; but in the blankest manner: their outposts fire a cannon-shot or two on his group of adjutants and him, without effect; and the Head people send their cavalry out to forage, so little prophecy have they from signs seen.

Zisca Hill, where the Austrians now are, rises sheer up, of well-nigh precipitous steepness, though there are trees and grass on it, from the eastern side of Prag, say five or six hundred feet. A steep, picturesque, massive green Hill; Moldau River, turning suddenly to right, strikes the northwest corner of it (has flowed well to west of it, till then), and winds eastward round its northern base. As will be noticed presently. The ascent of Ziscaberg, by roads, is steep and tedious: but once at the top, you find that it is precipitous on two sides only, the City or westward side, and the Moldau or northward. Atop it spreads out, far and wide, into a waving upland level; bare of hedges; ploughable all of it, studded with littery hamlets and farmsteadings; far and wide, a kind of Plain, sloping with extreme gentleness, five or six miles to eastward, and as far to southward, before the level perceptibly rise again.

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[1] *Military Instructions.*

Another feature of the Ziscaberg, already hinted at, is very notable: that of the Moldau skirting its northern base, and scarping the Hill, on that side too, into a precipitous, or very steep condition. Moldau having arrived from southward, fairly past the end of Ziscaberg, had, so to speak, made up his mind to go right eastward, quarrying his way through the lower uplands there. And he proceeds accordingly, hugging the northern base of Ziscaberg, and making it steep enough; but finds, in the course of a mile or so, that he can no more; upland being still rock-built, not underminable farther; and so is obliged to wind round again, to northward, and finally straight westward, the way he came, or parallel to the way he came; and has effected that great Horse-shoe Hollow we heard of lately. An extremely pretty Hollow, and curious to look upon; pretty villas, gardens, and a "Belvedere Park," laid out in the bottom part; with green mountain-walls rising all round it, and a silver ring of river at the base of them: length of Horse-shoe, from heel to toe, or from west to east, is perhaps a mile; breadth, from heel to heel, perhaps half as much. Having arrived at his old distance to west, Moldau, like a repentant prodigal, and as if ashamed of his frolic, just over against the old point he swerved from, takes straight to northward again. Straight northward; and quarries out that fine narrow valley, or Quasi-Highland Strath, with its pleasant busy villages, where he turns the overshot machinery, and where Friedrich and his men had their pontoons swimming yesterday.

It is here, on this broad back of the Ziscaberg, that the Austrians now lie; looking northward over to the King, and trying cannon-shots upon him. There they have been encamping, and diligently intrenching themselves for four days past; diligent especially since yesterday, when they heard of

Friedrich's crossing the River. Their groups of tents, and batteries at all the good points, stretch from near the crown of Ziscaberg, eastward to the Villages of Hlaupetin, Kyge, and their Lakes, near four miles; and rearward into the interior one knows not how far; — Prince Karl, hardly awake yet, lies at Nussel, near the Moldau, near the Wischerad or south-eastmost point of Prag; six good miles west-by-south of Kyge, at the other end of the diagonal line. About the same distance, right east from Nussel, and a mile or more to south of Kyge, over yonder, is a littery Farmstead named Sterbohol, which is not yet occupied by the Austrians, but will become very famous in their War-Annals, this day! —

Where the Austrian Camp or various Tent-groups were, at the time Friedrich first cast eye on them, is no great concern of his or ours; inasmuch as, in two or three hours hence, the Austrians were obliged, rather suddenly, to take Order of Battle; and that, and not their camping, is the thing we are curious upon. Let us step across, and take some survey of that Austrian ground, which Friedrich is now surveying from the distance, fully intending that it shall be a battle-ground in few hours; and try to explain how the Austrians drew up on it, when they noticed the Prussian symptoms to become serious more and more. By nine in the morning, — some two hours after Friedrich began his scanning, and the Austrian outposts their firing of stray cannon-shots on him, — it is Battle-lines, not empty Tents (which there was not time to strike), that salute the eye over yonder.

From behind that verdant Horse-shoe Chasm we spoke of, buttressed by the inaccessible steeps, and the Moldau, double-folded in the form of Horse-shoe, all along the brow of that sloping expanse, stands (by 9 A.M. "foragers all suddenly called in") the Austrian front; the second line and the reserve, parallel to it, at good distances behind. Ranked there; say 65,000 regulars (Prussian force little short of the same), on the brow of Ziscaberg slope, some four miles long. Their right wing ends, in strong batteries, in intricate marshes, knolls, lakelets, between Hlaupetin and Kyge: the extreme of their left wing looks over on that Horse-shoe Hollow, where

Moldau tried to dig his way, but could not and had to turn back. They have numerous redoubts, in front and in all the good places; and are busy with more, some of them just now getting finished, treble-quick, while the Prussians are seen under way. As many as sixty heavy cannon in battery up and down: of field-pieces they have a hundred and fifty. Excellent always with their Artillery, these Austrians; plenty of it, well-placed and well-served: thanks to Prince Lichtenstein's fine labors within these ten years past.[1] The villages, the farmsteads, are occupied; every rising ground especially has its battery, — Homoly Berg, Tabor Berg, "Mount of Tabor;" say *Knoll* of Tabor (nothing like so high as Battersea Rise, hardly even as Constitution Hill), though scriptural Zisca would make a Mount of it; — these, and other *Bergs* of the like type.

That is the Austrian Battle Order (as it stood about 9, though it had still to change a little, as we shall see): their first line, straight or nearly so, looking northward, stands on the brow of the Zisca Slope; their second and their third, singularly like it, at the due distances behind; — in the intervals, their tents, which stand scattered, in groups wide apart, in the ample interior to southward. The cavalry is on both wings; left wing, behind that Moldau Chasm, cannot attack nor be attacked, — except it were on hippogriffs, and its enemy on the like, capable of fighting in the air, overhead of these Belvedere Pleasure-grounds: perhaps Prince Karl will remedy this oversight; fruit of close following of the orthodox practice? Prince Karl, supreme Chief, commands on the left wing; Browne on the right, where he can attack or be attacked, *not* on hippogriffs. As we shall see, and others will! Light horse, in any quantity, hang scattered on all outskirts. With foot, with cannon batteries, with horse, light or heavy, they cover in long broad flood the whole of that Zisca Slope, to near where it ceases, and the ground to eastward begins perceptibly to rise again.

In this latter quarter, Zisca Slope, now nearly ended, begins to get very swampy in parts; on the eastern border of the

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (in several places); see Hormayr, § Lichtenstein.

Austrian Camp, at Kyge, Hostawitz, and beyond it southward, about Sterbohol and Michelup, there are many little lakelets; artificial fish-ponds, several of them, with their sluices, dams and apparatus: a ragged broadish lacing of ponds and lakelets (all well dried in our day) straggles and zigzags along there, connected by the miserablest Brook in nature, which takes to oozing and serpentizing forward thereabouts, and does finally get emptied, now in a rather livelier condition, into the Moldau, about the *toe*-part of that Horse-shoe or Belvedere region. It runs in sight of the King, I think, where he now is; this lower livelier part of it: little does the King know how important the upper oozing portion of it will be to him this day. Near Michelup are lakelets worth noticing; a little under Sterbohol, in the course of this miserable Brook, is a string of fish-ponds, with their sluices open at this time, the water out, and the mud bottom sown with herb-provender for the intended carps, which is coming on beautifully, green as leeks, and nearly ready for the fish getting to it again.

Friedrich surveys diligently what he can of all this, from the northern verge. We will now return to Friedrich; and will stay on his side through the terrible Action that is coming. Battle of Prag, one of the furious Battles of the World; loud as Doomsday; — the very Emblem of which, done on the Piano by females of energy, scatters mankind to flight who love their ears! Of this great Action the Narratives old and modern are innumerable; false some of them, unintelligible well-nigh all. There are three in Lloyd, known probably to some of my readers. Tempelhof, with criticisms of these three, gives a fourth, — perhaps the one Narrative which human nature, after much study, can in some sort understand. Human readers, especially military, I refer to that as their finale.[1] Other interest than military-scientific the

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[1] In Lloyd, i. 38 et seq. (the Three): in Tempelhof, i. 123 (the Fourth); ib. i. 144 (strength of each Army), 105–149 (*remarks* of Tempelhof). — The "*History*," or Series of Lectures on the Battles &c. of this War, "*by the Royal Staff-Officers*," — which, for the last thirty or forty years, is used as Text-Book, or Military *Euclid*, in the Prussian Cadet-Schools, — appears to possess the fit professorial lucidity and amplitude; and, in regard to all Official details, enumerations and the like, is received as of *canonical* authority: it is not

Action now has not much. The stormy fire of soul that blazed that day (higher in no ancient or modern Fight of men) is extinct, hopeless of resuscitation for English readers. Approximately what the thing to human eyes might be like; what Friedrich's procedure, humor and physiognomy of soul was in it: this, especially the latter head, is what we search for,— had lazy Dryasdust given us almost anything on this latter head! What little can be gleaned from him on both heads let us faithfully give, and finish our sad part of the combat.

Friedrich, with his Schwerin and Winterfeld, surveying these things from the northern edge, admits that the Austrian position is extremely strong; but he has no doubt that it must be, by some good method, attacked straightway, and the Austrians got beaten. Indisputably the enterprise is difficult. Unattackable clearly, the Austrians, on that left wing of theirs; not in the centre well attackable, nor in the front at all, with that stiff ground, and such redoubts and points of strength: but round on their right yonder; take them in flank, — cannot we? On as far as Kyge, the Three have ridden reconnoitring; and found no possibility upon the front; nor at Kyge, where the front ends in batteries, pools and quagmires, is there any. "Difficult, not undoable," persists the King: "and it must be straightway set about and got done." Winterfeld, always for action, is of that opinion, too: and, examining farther down along their right flank, reports that there the thing is feasible.

Feasible perhaps: "but straightway?" objects Schwerin. His men have been on foot since midnight, and on forced marches for days past: were it not better to rest for this one day? "Rest: — and Daun, coming on with 30,000 of reinforcement to them, might arrive this night? Never, my good Feldmarschall;" —and as the Feldmarschall was a man of stiff notions, and had a tongue of some emphasis, the Dialogue

accessible to the general Public, — though liberally enough conceded in special cases; whereby, in effect, the main results of it are now become current in modern Prussian Books. By favor in high quarters, I had once possession of a copy, for some months; but not, at that time, the possibility of thoroughly reading any part of it.

went on, probably with increasing emphasis on Friedrich's side too, till old Schwerin, with a quite emphatic flash of countenance, crushing the hat firm over his brow, exclaims: "Well, your Majesty: the fresher fish the better fish (*frische Fische, gute Fische*): straightway, then!" and springs off on the gallop southward, he too, seeking some likely point of attack. He too, —conjointly or not with Winterfeld, I do not know: Winterfeld himself does not say; whose own modest words on the subject readers shall see before we finish. But both are mentioned in the Books as searching, at hand-gallop, in this way: and both, once well round to south, by the Podschernitz[1] quarter, with the Austrian right flank full in view, were agreed that here the thing was possible. "Infantry to push from this quarter towards Sterbohol yonder, and then plunge into their redoubts and them! Cavalry may sweep still farther southward, if found convenient, and even take them in rear." Both agree that it will do in this way: ground tolerably good, slightly downwards for us, then slightly upwards again; tolerable for horse even: — the intermediate lacing of dirty lakelets, the fish-ponds with their sluices drawn, Schwerin and Winterfeld either did not notice at all, or thought them insignificant, interspersed with such beautiful "pasture-ground," — of unusual verdure at this early season of the year.

The deployment, or "marching up (*Aufmarschiren*)" of the Prussians was wonderful; in their squadrons, in their battalions, horse, foot, artillery, wheeling, closing, opening; strangely checkering a country-side, — in movements intricate, chaotic to all but the scientific eye. Conceive them, flowing along, from the Heights of Chaber, behind Prossik Hamlet (right wing of infantry plants itself at Prossik, horse westward of them); and ever onwards in broad many-checkered tide-stream, eastward, eastward, then southward ("our artillery went through Podschernitz, the foot and horse a little on this westward side of it"): intricate, many-glancing tide of coming battle; which, swift, correct as clock-work, becomes two lines, from Prossik to near Chwala ("baggage well behind at

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[1] "Podschernitz" is pronounced Pot*sh*ernitz (should we happen to mention it again); "Kyge," *Keega.*

Gbell"); thence round by Podschernitz quarter; and descends, steady, swift, tornado-storm so beautifully hidden in it, towards Sterbohol, there to grip to. Gradually, in stirring up those old dead pedantic record-books, the fact rises on us: silent whirlwinds of old Platt-Deutsch fire, beautifully held down, dwell in those mute masses; better human stuff there is not than that old Teutsch (Dutch, English, Platt-Deutsch and other varieties); and so disciplined as here it never was before or since. "In an hour and half," what military men may count almost incredible, they are fairly on their ground, motionless the most of them by 9 A.M.; the rest wheeling rightward, as they successively arrive in the Chwala-Podschernitz localities; and, descending diligently, Sterbohol way; and will be at their harvest-work anon.

Meanwhile the Austrians, seeing, to their astonishment, these phenomena to the north, and that it is a quite serious thing, do also rapidly bestir themselves; swarming like bees; —bringing in their foraging Cavalry, "No time to change your jacket for a coat:" rank, double-quick! Browne is on that right wing of theirs: "Bring the left wing over hither," suggests Browne; "cavalry is useless yonder, unless they had hippogriffs!"—and (again Browne suggesting) the Austrians make a change in the position of their right wing, both horse and foot: change which is of vital importance, though unnoted in many Narratives of this Battle. Seeing, namely, what the Prussians intend, they wheel their right wing (say the last furlong or two of their long Line of Battle) half round to right; so that the last furlong or two stands at right angles ("*en potence*," gallows-wise, or joiner's-square-wise to the rest); and, in this way, make front to the Prussian onslaught,—front now, not flank, as the Prussians are anticipating. This is an important wheel to right, and formation in joiner's-square manner; and involves no end of interior wheeling, marching and deploying; which Austrians cannot manage with Prussian velocity. "Swift with it, here about Sterbohol at least, my men! For here *are* the Prussians within wind of us!" urges Browne. And here straightway the hurricane does break loose.

Winterfeld, the van of Schwerin's infantry (Schwerin's own regiment, and some others, with him), is striding rapidly on Sterbohol; Winterfeld catches it before Browne can. But near by, behind that important post, on the Homoly Hill (*Berg* or "Mountain," nothing like so high as Constitution Mountain), are cannon-batteries of devouring quality; which awaken on Winterfeld, as he rushes out double-quick on the advancing Austrians; and are fatal to Winterfeld's attempt, and nearly to Winterfeld himself. Winterfeld, heavily wounded, sank in swoon from his horse; and awakening again in a pool of blood, found his men all off, rushing back upon the main Schwerin body; "Austrian grenadiers gazing on the thing, about eighty paces off, not venturing to follow." Winterfeld, half dead, scrambled across to Schwerin, who has now come up with the main body, his front line fronting the Austrians here. And there ensued, about Sterbohol and neighborhood, led on by Schwerin, such a death-wrestle as was seldom seen in the Annals of War. Winterfeld's miss of Sterbohol was the beginning of it: the exact course of sequel none can describe, though the end is well known.

The Austrians now hold Sterbohol with firm grip, backed by those batteries from Homoly Hill. Redoubts, cannon-batteries, as we said, stud all the field; the Austrian stock of artillery is very great; arrangement of it cunning, practice excellent; does honor to Prince Lichtenstein, and indeed is the real force of the Austrians on this occasion. Schwerin must have Sterbohol, in spite of batteries and ranked Austrians, and Winterfeld's recoil tumbling round him: — and rarely had the oldest veteran such a problem. Old Schwerin (fiery as ever, at the age of 73) has been in many battles, from Blenheim onwards; and now has got to his hottest and his last. "Vanguard could not do it; main body, we hope, kindling all the hotter, perhaps may!" A most willing mind is in these Prussians of Schwerin's: fatigue of over-marching has tired the muscles of them; but their hearts, — all witnesses say, these (and through these, their very muscles, "always fresh again, after a few minutes of breathing-time") were beyond comparison, this day!

Schwerin's Prussians, as they "march up" (that is, as they front and advance upon the Austrians), are everywhere saluted by case-shot, from Homoly Hill and the batteries northward of Homoly; but march on, this main line of them, finely regardless of it or of Winterfeld's disaster by it. The general Prussian Order this day is: "By push of bayonet; no firing, none, at any rate, till you see the whites of their eyes!" Swift, steady as on the parade-ground, swiftly making up their gaps again, the Prussians advance, on these terms; and are now near those "fine sleek pasture-grounds, unusually green for the season." Figure the actual stepping upon these "fine pasture-grounds:" — mud-tanks, verdant with mere "bearding oat-crop" sown there as carp-provender! Figure the sinking of whole regiments to the knee; to the middle, some of them; the steady march become a wild sprawl through viscous mud, mere case-shot singing round you, tearing you away at its ease! Even on those terrible terms, the Prussians, by dams, by footpaths, sometimes one man abreast, sprawl steadily forward, trailing their cannon with them; only a few regiments, in the footpath parts, cannot bring their cannon. Forward; rank again, when the ground will carry; ever forward, the case-shot getting ever more murderous! No human pen can describe the deadly chaos which ensued in that quarter. Which lasted, in desperate fury, issue dubious, for above three hours; and was the crisis, or essential agony, of the Battle. Foot-chargings, (once the mud-transit was accomplished), under storms of grape-shot from Homoly Hill; by and by, Horse-chargings, Prussian against Austrian, southward of Homoly and Sterbohol, still farther to the Prussian left; huge whirlpool of tumultuous death-wrestle, every species of spasmodic effort, on the one side and the other; — King himself present there, as I dimly discover; Feldmarschall Browne eminent, in the last of his fields; and, as the old *Niebelungen* has it, "a murder grim and great" going on.

Schwerin's Prussians, in that preliminary struggle through the mud-tanks (which Winterfeld, I think, had happened to skirt, and avoid), were hard bested. This, so far as I can learn, was the worst of the chaos, this preliminary part. Intolerable to human nature, this, or nearly so; even to human nature of the Platt-Teutsch type, improved by Prussian drill. Winterfeld's repulse we saw; Schwerin's own Regiment in it. Various repulses, I perceive, there were, — "fresh regiments from our Second Line" storming in thereupon; till the poor repulsed people "took breath," repented, "and themselves stormed in again," say the Books. Fearful tugging, swagging and swaying is conceivable, in this Sterbohol problem! And after long scanning, I rather judge it was in the wake of that first repulse, and not of some other farther on, that the veteran Schwerin himself got his death. No one times it for us; but the fact is unforgettable; and in the dim whirl of sequences, dimly places itself there. Very certain it is, "at sight of his own regiment in retreat," Feldmarschall Schwerin seized the colors, — as did other Generals, who are not named, that day. Seizes the colors, fiery old man: "*Heran, meine Kinder* (This way, my sons)!" and rides ahead, along the straight dam again; his "sons" all turning, and with hot repentance following. "On, my children, *Heran!*" Five bits of grape-shot, deadly each of them, at once hit the old man; dead he sinks there on his flag; and will never fight more. "*Heran!*" storm the others with hot tears; Adjutant von Platen takes the flag; Platen, too, is instantly shot; but another takes it. "*Heran*, On!" in wild storm of rage and grief: — in a word, they manage to do the work at Sterbohol, they and the rest. First line, Second line, Infantry, Cavalry (and even the very Horses, I suppose), fighting inexpressibly; conquering one of the worst problems ever seen in War. For the Austrians too, especially their grenadiers there, stood to it toughly, and fought like men; — and "every grenadier that survived of them," as I read afterwards, "got double pay for life."

Done, that Sterbohol work; — those Foot-chargings, Horse-chargings; that battery of Homoly Hill; and, hanging upon that, all manner of redoubts and batteries to the rightward and rearward: — but how it was done no pen can describe, nor any intellect in clear sequence understand. An enormous *mêlée* there: new Prussian battalions charging, and ever new, irrepressible by case-shot, as they successively get up; Marshal

Browne too sending for new battalions at double-quick from his left, disputing stiffly every inch of his ground. Till at length (hour not given), a cannon-shot tore away his foot; and he had to be carried into Prag, mortally wounded. Which probably was a most important circumstance, or the most important of all.

Important too, I gradually see, was that of the Prussian Horse of the Left Wing. Prussian Horse of the extreme left, as already noticed, had, in the mean while, fallen in, well southward, round by certain lakelets about Michelup, on Browne's extreme right; furiously charging the Austrian Horse, which stood ranked there in many lines; breaking it, then again half broken by it; but again rallying, charging it a second time, then a third time, "both to front and flank, amid whirlwinds of dust" (Ziethen busy there, not to mention indignant Warnery and others); — and at length, driving it wholly to the winds: "beyond Nussel, towards the Sazawa Country;" never seen again that day. Prince Karl (after Browne's death-wound, or before, I never know) came galloping to rally that important Right Wing of horse. Prince Karl did his very utmost there; obtesting, praying, raging, threatening: — but to no purpose; the Zietheners and others so heavy on the rear of them: — and at last there came a cramp, or intolerable twinge of spasm, through Prince Karl's own person (breast or heart), like to take the life of him: so that he too had to be carried into Prag to the doctors. And his Cavalry fled at discretion; chased by Ziethen, on Friedrich's express order, and sent quite over the horizon. Enough, "by about half-past one," Sterbohol work is thoroughly done: and the Austrian Battle, both its Commanders gone, has heeled fairly downwards, and is in an ominous way.

The whole of this Austrian Right Wing, horse and foot, batteries and redoubts, which was put *en potence*, or square-wise, to the main battle, is become a ruin; gone to confusion; hovers in distracted clouds, seeking roads to run away by, which it ultimately found. Done all this surely was; and poor Browne, mortally wounded, is being carried off the ground; but in what sequence done, under what exact vicissitudes of aspect, special steps of cause and effect, no man can say; and only imagination, guided by these few data, can paint to itself. Such a chaotic whirlwind of blood, dust, mud, artillery-thunder, sulphurous rage, and human death and victory, — who shall pretend to describe it, or draw, except in the gross, the scientific plan of it?

For, in the mean time, — I think while the dispute at Sterbohol, on the extreme of the Austrian right wing "in joiner's-square form," was past the hottest (but nobody will give the hour), — there has occurred another thing, much calculated to settle that. And, indeed, to settle everything; — as it did. This was a volunteer exploit, upon the very elbow or angle of said "joiner's-square;" in the wet grounds between Hlaupetin and Kyge, a good way north of Sterbohol. Volunteer exploit; on the part of General Mannstein, our old Russian friend; which Friedrich, a long way off from it, blames as a rash fault of Mannstein's, made good by Prince Henri and Ferdinand of Brunswick running up to mend it; but which Winterfeld, and subsequent good judges, admit to have been highly salutary, and to have finished everything. It went, if I read right, somewhat as follows.

In the Kyge-Hlaupetin quarter, at the corner of that Austrian right wing *en potence*, there had, much contrary to Browne's intention, a perceptible gap occurred; the corner is open there; nothing in it but batteries and swamps. The Austrian right wing, wheeling southward, there to form *potence;* and scrambling and marching, then and subsequently, through such ground at double-quick, had gone too far (had thinned and lengthened itself, as is common, in such scrambling, and double-quick movement, thinks Tempelhof), and left a little gap at elbow; which always rather widened as the stress at Sterbohol went on. Certain enough, a gap there is, covered only by some half-moon battery in advance: into this, General Mannstein has been looking wistfully a long time: "Austrian Line fallen out at elbow yonder; clouted by some battery in advance?" — and at length cannot help dashing loose on it with his Division. A man liable to be rash, and always too impetuous in battle-time.

He would have fared ill, thinks Friedrich, had not Henri and Ferdinand, in pain for Mannstein (some think, privately in preconcert with him), hastened in to help; and done it altogether in a shining way; surmounting perilous difficulties not a few. Hard fighting in that corner, partly on the Sterbohol terms; batteries, mud-tanks; chargings, re-chargings: "Comrades, you have got honor enough, *Kameraden, ihr habt Ehre genug* [the second man of you lying dead]; let us now try!" said a certain Regiment to a certain other, in this business.[1] Prince Henri shone especially, the gallant little gentleman: coming upon one of those mud-tanks with battery beyond, his men were spreading file-wise, to cross it on the dams; "*Bursche*, this way!" cried the Prince, and plunged in middle-deep, right upon the battery, and over it, and victoriously took possession of it. In a word, they all plunge forward, in a shining manner; rush on those half-moon batteries, regardless of results; rush over them, seize and secure them. Rush, in a word, fairly into that Austrian hole-at-elbow, torrents more following them, — and irretrievably ruin both fore-arm and shoulder-arm of the Austrians thereby.

Fore-arm (Austrian right wing, if still struggling and wriggling about Sterbohol) is taken in flank; shoulder-arm, or main line, the like; we have them both in flank; with their own batteries to scour them to destruction here: — the Austrian Line, throughout, is become a ruin. Has to hurl itself rapidly to rightwards, to rearwards, says Tempelhof, behind what redoubts and strong points it may have in those parts; and then, by sure stages (Tempelhof guesses three, or perhaps four), as one redoubt after another is torn from the loose grasp of it, and the stand made becomes ever weaker, and the confusion worse, — to roll pell-mell into Prag, and hastily close the door behind it. The Prussians, Sterbohol people, Mannstein-Henri people, left wing and right, are quite across the Zisca Back, on by Nussel (Prince Karl's head-quarter that was), and at the Moldau Brink again, when the thing ends. Ziethen's Hussars have been at Nussel, very busy plundering there, ever since that final charge and chase from Sterbohol. Plundering; and, I am ashamed to say, mostly drunk: "Your Majesty, I cannot rank a hundred sober," answered Ziethen (doubtless with a kind of blush), when the King applied for them. The King himself has got to Branik, farther up stream. Part of the Austrian foot fled, leftwards, southwards, as their right wing of horse had all done, up the Moldau. About 16,000 Austrians are distractedly on flight that way. Towards the Sazawa Country; to unite with Daun, as the now advisable thing. Near 40,000 of them are getting crammed into Prag; in spite of Prince Karl, now recovered of his cramp, and risen to the frantic pitch; who vainly struggles at the Gate against such inrush, and had even got through the Gate, conjuring and commanding, but was himself swum in again by those panic torrents of ebb-tide.

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[1] Archenholtz, i. 75; Tempelhof, &c.

Rallying within, he again attempted, twice over, at two different points, to get out, and up the Moldau, with his broken people; but the Prussians, Nussel-Branik way, were awake to him: "No retreat up the Moldau for you, Austrian gentlemen!" They tried by another Gate, on the other side of the River; but Keith was awake too: "In again, ye Austrian gentlemen! Closed gates here too. What else?" Browne, from his bed of pain (death-bed, as it proved), was for a much more determined outrush: "In the dead of night, rank, deliberately adjust yourselves; storm out, one and all, and cut your way, night favoring!" That was Browne's last counsel; but that also was not taken. A really noble Browne, say all judges; died here in about six weeks, — and got away from Kriegs-Hofraths and Prince Karls, and the stupidity of neighbors, and the other ills that flesh is heir to, altogether.

At Branik the victorious King had one great disappointment: Prince Moritz of Dessau, who should have been here long hours ago, with Keith's right wing, a fresh 15,000, to fall upon the enemy's rear; — no Moritz visible; not even now, when the business is to chase! "How is this?" "Ill luck, your Majesty!" Moritz's Pontoon Bridge would not reach across, when he tried it. That is certain: "just three poor pontoons wanting," Rumor says: — three or more; spoiled, I am told, in some narrow road, some short-cut which Moritz had commanded for them: and now they are not; and it is as if three hundred had been spoiled. Moritz, would he die for it, cannot get his Bridge to reach: his fresh 15,000 stand futile there; not even Seidlitz with his light horse could really swim across, though he tried hard, and is fabled to have done so. Beware of short-cuts, my Prince: your Father that is gone, what would he say of you here! It was the worst mistake Prince Moritz ever made. The Austrian Army might have been annihilated, say judges (of a sanguine temper), had Moritz been ready, at his hour, to fall on from rearward; — and where had their retreat been? As it is, the Austrian Army is not annihilated; only bottled into Prag, and will need sieging. The brightest triumph has a bar of black in it, and might always have been brighter. Here is a flying Note, which I will subjoin: —

Friedrich's dispositions for the Battle, this day, are allowed to have been masterly; but there was one signal fault, thinks Retzow: That he did not, as Schwerin counselled, wait till the morrow. Fault which brought many in the train of it; that of his "tired soldiers," says Retzow, being only a first item, and small in comparison. "Had he waited till the morrow, those fish-ponds of Sterbohol, examined in the interim, need not have been mistaken for green meadows; Prince Moritz, with his 15,000, would have been a fact, instead of a false hope; the King might have done his marching down upon Sterbohol in the night-time, and been ready for the Austrians, flank, or even rear, at daybreak: the King might" — In reality, this fault seems to have been considerable; to have made the victory far more costly to him, and far less complete. No doubt he had his reasons for making haste: Daun, advancing Prag-ward with 30,000, was within three marches of him; General Beck, Daun's vanguard, with a 10,000 of irregulars, did a kind of feat at Brandeis, on the Prussian post there (our Saxons deserting to him, in the heat of action), this very day, May 6th; and might, if lucky, have taken part at Ziscaberg next day. And besides these solid reasons, there was perhaps another. Retzow, who is secretly of the Opposition-party, and well worth hearing, knows personally a curious thing. He says: —

"Being then [in March or April, weeks before we left Saxony] employed to translate the *Plan of Operations* into French, for Marshal Keith's use, who did not understand German, I well know that it contained the following three main objects: 1°. 'All Regiments cantoning in Silesia as well as Saxony march for Bohemia on one and the same day. 2°. Whole Army arrives at Prag May 4th [Schwerin was a day later, and got scolded in consequence]; if the Enemy stand, he is attacked May 6th, and beaten. 3°. So soon as Prag is got, Schwerin, with the gross of the Army, pushes into Mähren,' and the heart of Austria itself; 'King hastens with 40,000 to help of the Allied Army,'" — Royal Highness of Cumberland's; who will much need it by that time![1]

Here is a very curious fact and consideration. That the King had so prophesied and preordained: "May 4th, Four Columns arrive at Prag; May 6th, attack the Austrians, beat them," — and now wished to keep his word! This is an aerial reason, which I can suspect to have had its weight among others. There were twirls of that kind in Friedrich; intricate weak places; *knots* in the sound straight-fibred mind he had (as in whose mind are they not?), — which now and then cost him dear! The Anecdote-Books say he was very ill of body, that day, May 6th; and called for something of drug nature, and swallowed it (drug not named), after getting on horseback. The Evening Anecdote is prettier: How, in the rushing about, Austrians now flying, he got eye on Brother Henri (clayey to a degree); and sat down with him, in the blessed sunset, for a minute or two, and bewailed his sad losses of Schwerin and others.

Certain it is, the victory was bought by hard fighting; and but for the quality of his troops, had not been there. But the bravery of the Prussians was exemplary, and covered all mistakes that were made. Nobler fire, when did it burn in any Army? More perfect soldiers I have not read of. Platt-Teutsch fire — which I liken to anthracite, in contradistinction to Gaelic blaze of kindled straw — is thrice noble, when, by strict stern discipline, you are above it withal; and wield your fire-element, as Jove his thunder, by rule! Otherwise it is but half-admirable: Turk-Janissaries have it otherwise; and it comes to comparatively little.

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[1] Retzow, i. 84 n.

This is the famed Battle of Prag; fought May 6th, 1757; which sounded through all the world, — and used to deafen us in drawing-rooms within man's memory. Results of it were: On the Prussian side, killed, wounded and missing, 12,500 men; on the Austrian, 13,000 (prisoners included), with many flags, cannon, tents, much war-gear gone the wrong road; — and a very great humiliation and dispiritment; though they had fought well: "No longer the old Austrians, by any means," as Friedrich sees; but have iron ramrods, all manner of Prussian improvements, and are "learning to march," as he once says, with surprise not quite pleasant.

Friedrich gives the cipher of loss, on both sides, much higher: "This Battle," says he, "which began towards nine in the morning, and lasted, chase included, till eight at night, was one of the bloodiest of the age. The Enemy lost 24,000 men, of whom were 5,000 prisoners; the Prussian loss amounted to 18,000 fighting men, — without counting Marshal Schwerin, who alone was worth above 10,000." "This day saw the pillars of the Prussian Infantry cut down," says he mournfully, seeming almost to think the "laurels of victory" were purchased too dear. His account of the Battle, as if it had been a painful object, rather avoided in his after-thoughts, is unusually indistinct; — and helps us little in the extreme confusion that reigns otherwise, both in the thing itself and in the reporters of the thing. Here is a word from Winterfeld, some private Letter, two days after; which is well worth reading for those who would understand this Battle.

"The enemy had his Left Wing leaning on the City, close by the Moldau," at Nussel; "and stretched with his Right

Wing across the high Hill [of Zisca] to the village of Lieben [so he *had* stood, looking into Prag; but faced about, on hearing that Friedrich was across the River]; having before him those terrible Defiles [*die terriblen Defilées,* "Horse-shoe of the Moldau," as we call it], and the village of Prossik, which was crammed with Pandours. It was about half-past six in the morning, when our Schwerin Army [myself part of it, at this time] joined with the twenty battalions and twenty squadrons, which the King had brought across to unite with us, and which formed our right wing of battle that day [our left wing were Schweriners, Sterbohol and the fighting done by Schweriners after their long march]. The King was at once determined to attack the Enemy; as also were Schwerin [say nothing of the arguing] and your humble servant (*meine Wenigkeit*): but the first thing was, to find a hole whereby to get at him.

"This too was selected, and decided on, my proposal being found good; and took effect in manner following: We [Schweriners] had marched off left-wise, foremost; and we now, without halt, continued marching so with the Left Wing" of horse, "which had the van (*tête*); and moved on, keeping the road for Hlaupetin, and ever thence onwards along for Kyge, round the Ponds of Unter-Podschernitz, without needing to pass these, and so as to get them in our rear.

"The Enemy, who at first had expected nothing bad, and never supposed that we would attack him at once, *flagrante delicto*, and least of all in this point; and did not believe it possible, as we should have to wade, breast-deep in part, through the ditches, and drag our cannon, — was at first quite tranquil. But as he began to perceive our real design (in which, they say, Prince Karl was the first to open Marshal Browne's eyes), he drew his whole Cavalry over towards us, as fast as it could be done, and stretched them out as Right Wing; to complete which, his Grenadiers and Hungarian Regulars of Foot ranked themselves as they got up [makes his *potence*, *Haken*, or joiner's-square, outmost end of it Horse.]

"The Enemy's intention was to hold with the Right Wing of his infantry on the Farmstead which they call Sterbaholy [Sterbohol, a very dirty Farmstead at this day]; I, however, had the good luck, plunging on, head foremost, with six battalions of our Left Wing and two of the Flank, to get to it before him. Although our Second Line was not yet come forward, yet, as the battalions of the First were tolerably well together, I decided, with General Fouquet, who had charge of the Flank, to begin at once; and, that the Enemy might not have time to post himself still better, I pushed forward, quick step, out of the Farmstead" of Sterbohol "to meet him, — so fast, that even our cannon had not time to follow. He did, accordingly, begin to waver; and I could observe that his people here, on this Wing, were making right-about.

"Meanwhile, his fire of case-shot opened [from Homoly Hill, on our left], and we were still pushing on, — might now be about two hundred steps from the Enemy's Line, when I had the misfortune, at the head of Regiment Schwerin, to get wounded, and, swooning away (*vor Tod*), fell from my horse to the ground. Awakening after some minutes, and raising my head to look about, I found nobody of our people now here beside or round me; but all were already behind, in full flood of retreat (*hoch Anschlagen*). The Enemy's Grenadiers were perhaps eighty paces from me; but had halted, and had not the confidence to follow us. I struggled to my feet, as fast as, for weakness, I possibly could; and got up to our confused mass [*confusen Klumpen*, — exact place, where ?]: but could not, by entreaties or by threats, persuade a single man of them to turn his face on the Enemy, much less to halt and try again.

"In this embarrassment the deceased Feldmarschall found me, and noticed that the blood was flowing stream-wise from my neck. As I was on foot, and none of my people now near, he bade give me his led horse which he still had [and sent me home for surgery ? Winterfeld, handsomely effacing himself when no longer good for anything, hurries on to the Catastrophe, leaving us to guess that he was *not* an eye-witness farther] — bade give me the led horse which he still had; *and* [as if that had happened directly after, which surely it did not? *and*] snatched the flag from Captain Rohr, who had taken it up to make the Bursche turn, and rode forward with it himself. But before he could succeed in the attempt, this excellent man, almost in a minute, was hit with five case-shot balls, and fell dead on the ground; as also his brave Adjutant von Platen was so wounded that he died next day.

"During this confusion and repulse, by which, as already mentioned, the Enemy had not the heart to profit, not only was our Second Line come on, but those of the First, who had not suffered, went vigorously (*frisch*) at the Enemy," — and in course of time (perhaps two hours yet), and by dint of effort, we did manage Sterbohol and its batteries: — "Like as [still in one sentence, and without the least punctuation; Winterfeld being little of a grammarian, and in haste for the close], Like as Prince Henri's Royal Highness with our Right Wing," Mannstein and he, "without waiting for order, attacked so *prompt* and with such *fermeté*," in that elbow-hole far north of *us*, "that everywhere the Enemy's Line began to give way; and instead of continuing as Line, sought corps-wise to gain the Heights, and there post itself. And as, without winning said Heights, we could not win the Battle, we had to storm them all, one after the other; and this it was that cost us the best, most and bravest people.

"The late Colonel von Goltz [if we glance back to Sterbohol itself], who, with the regiment Fouquet, was advancing, right-hand of Schwerin regiment" and your servant, "had likewise got quite close to the Enemy; and had he not, at the very instant when he was levelling bayonets, been shot down, I think that he, with myself and the Schwerin regiment, would have got in," — and perhaps have there done the job, special and general, with much less expense, and sooner![1]

This is what we get from Winterfeld; a rugged, not much grammatical man, but (as I can perceive) with excellent eyes in his head, and interior talent for twenty grammatical people, had that been his line. These, faithfully rendered here, without change but of pointing, are the only words I ever saw of his: to my regret, — which surely the Prussian Dryasdust might still amend a little? — in respect of so distinguished a person, and chosen Peer of Friedrich's. This his brief theory of Prag Battle, if intensely read, I find to be of a piece with his practice there.

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[1] Preuss, ii. 45-47 (in Winterfeld's hand; dated "Camp at Prag, 8th May, 1757;" addressed to one knows not whom; first printed by Preuss).

Schwerin was much lamented in the Army; and has been duly honored ever since. His body lies in Schwerinsburg, at home, far away; his Monument, finale of a series of Monuments, stands, now under special guardianship, near Sterbohol on the spot where he fell. A late Tourist says: —

"At first there was a monument of wood [*tree* planted, I will hope], which is now all gone; round this Kaiser Joseph II. once, in the year 1776, holding some review there, made his grenadier battalions and artilleries form circle, fronting the sky all round, and give three volleys of great arms and small, Kaiser in the centre doffing hat at each volley, in honor of the hero. Which was thought a very pretty thing on the Kaiser's part. In 1824, the tree, I suppose, being gone to a stump, certain subscribing Prussian Officers had it rooted out, and a modest Pyramid of red-veined marble built in its room. Which latter the then King of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm III., determined to improve upon; and so, in 1839, built a second Pyramid close by, bigger, finer, and of Prussian iron, this one; — purchasing also, from the Austrian Government, a rood or two of ground for site; and appointing some perpetual Peculium, or increase of Pension to an Austrian Veteran of merit for taking charge there. All which, perfectly in order, is in its place at this day. The actual Austrian Pensioner of merit is a loud-voiced, hard-faced, very limited, but honest little fellow; who has worked a little polygon ditch and miniature hedge round the two Monuments; keeps his own cottage, little garden, and self, respectably clean; and leads stoically a lone life, — no company, I should think, but the Sterbohol hinds, who probably are Czechs and cannot speak to him. He was once 'of the regiment Hohenlohe;' suffers somewhat from cold, in the winter-time, in those upland parts (the 'cords of wood' allowed him being limited); but complains of nothing else. Two English names were in his Album, a military two, and no more. '*Ehret den Held* (Honor the Hero)!' we said to him, at parting. 'Don't I?' answered he; glancing at his muddy bare legs and little spade, with which he had been working in the Polygon Ditch when we arrived. I could wish him an additional '*Klafter Holz*' (cord more of firewood) now and then, in the cold months!—

"Sterbohol Farmstead has been new built, in man's memory, but is dirty as ever. Agriculture, all over this table-land of the Ziscaberg, I should judge to be bad. Not so the prospect; which is cheerfully extensive, picturesque in parts, and to the student of Friedrich offers good commentary. Roads, mansions, villages: Prossik, Kyge, Podschernitz, from the Heights of Chaber round to Nussel and beyond: from any knoll, all Friedrich's Villages, and many more, lie round you as on a map,—their dirt all hidden, nothing wanting to the landscape, were it better carpeted with green (green instead of russet), and shaded here and there with wood. A small wild pink, bright-red, and of the size of a star, grows extensively about; of which you are tempted to pluck specimens, as memorial of a Field so famous in War."[1]

CHAPTER III.

PRAG CANNOT BE GOT AT ONCE.

WHAT Friedrich's emotions after the Battle of Prag were, we do not much know. They are not inconceivable, if we read his situation well; but in the way of speech, there is, as usual, next to nothing. Here are two stray utterances, worth gathering from a man so uncommunicative in that form.

Friedrich a Month before Prag (From Lockwitz, 25th March, to Princess Amelia, at Berlin).—"My dearest Sister, I give you a thousand thanks for the hints you have got me from Dr. Eller on the illness of our dear Mother. Thrice-welcome this; and reassures me [alas, not on good basis !] against a misfortune which I should have considered very great for me.

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[1] Tourist's Note (September, 1858).

"As to us and our posture of affairs, political and military, — place yourself, I conjure you, *above* every event. Think of our Country and remember that one's first duty is to defend it. If you learn that a misfortune happens to one of us, ask, 'Did he die fighting ?' and if Yes, give thanks to God. Victory or else death, there is nothing else for us; one or the other we must have. All the world here is of that temper. What ! you would everybody sacrifice his life for the State, and you would not have your Brothers give the example ? Ah, my dear Sister, at this crisis, there is no room for bargaining. Either at the summit of glorious success, or else abolished altogether. This Campaign now coming is like that of Pharsalia for Rome, or that of Leuctra for the Greeks," — a Campaign we verily shall have to win, or go to wreck upon ![1]

Friedrich shortly after Prag (To his Mother, Letter still extant in Autograph, without date). — "My Brothers and I are still well. The whole Campaign runs risk of being lost to the Austrians; and I find myself free, with 150,000 men. Add to this, that we are masters of a Kingdom [Bohemia here], which is obliged to furnish us with troops and money. The Austrians are dispersed like straw before the wind. I will send a part of my troops to compliment Messieurs the French; and am going [if I once had Prag !] to pursue the Austrians with the rest of my Army."[2]

Friedrich, who keeps his emotions generally to himself, does not, as will be seen, remain quite silent to us throughout this great Year; but, by accident, has left us some rather impressive gleanings in that kind; — and certainly in no year could such accident have been luckier to us; this of 1757 being, in several respects, the greatest of his Life. From nearly the topmost heights down to the lowest deeps, his fortunes oscillated this year; and probably, of all the sons of Adam, nobody's outlooks and reflections had in them, successive and simultaneous, more gigantic forms of fear and of hope. He is on a very high peak at this moment; suddenly emerging from his thick cloud, into thunderous victory of that kind; and warning all Pythons what they get by meddling with the Sun-god! Loud enough, far-clanging, is the sound of the silver bow; gazetteers and men all on pause at such new Phœbus Apollo risen in his wrath;—the Victory at Prag considered to be much more annihilative than it really was. At London, Lord Holderness had his Tower-guns in readiness, waiting for something of the kind; and "the joy of the people was frantic."[1]

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 391.

[2] Ib. xxvi. 75.

Very dominant, our "Protestant Champion" yonder, on his Ziscaberg; bidding the enormous Pompadour-Theresa combinations, the French, Austrian, Swedish, Russian populations and dread sovereigns, check their proud waves, and hold at mid-flood. It is thought, had he in effect "annihilated" the Austrian force at Prag, that day (Friday, 6th May, as he might have done by waiting till Saturday, 7th), he could then, with the due rapidity, rapidity being indispensable in the affair, have become master of Prag, which meant of Bohemia altogether; and have stormed forward, as his program bore, into the heart of an Austria still terror-stricken, unrallied;—in which case, it is calculated, the French, the Russians, Swedes, much more the Reich and such like, would all have drawn bridle; and Austria itself have condescended to make Peace with a Neighbor of such quality, and consent to his really modest desire of being let alone! Possible, all this,—think Retzow and others.[2] But the King had not waited till to-morrow; no persuasion could make him wait: and it is idle speculating on the small turns which here, as everywhere, can produce such deflections of course.

Beyond question, Prag is not captured, and may, as now garrisoned, require a great deal of capturing: — and perhaps it is but a *peak*, this high dominancy of Friedrich's, not a solid table-land, till much more have been done! Friedrich has nothing of the Gascon: but there may well be conceivable at this time a certain glow of internal pride, like that of Phœbus amid the piled tempests, — like that of the One Man prevailing, if but for a short season, against the Devil and All Men: "I have made good my bit of resolution so far: here are the Austrians beaten at the set day, and Prag summoned to surrender, as per program!" —

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[1] *Mitchell Papers and Memoirs* (i. e the *Printed* Selection, 2 vols. London, 1850;—which will be the oftenest cited by us, "Papers *and Memoirs*"), i. 249: "Holderness to Mitchell, 20th May, 1757." Mitchell is now attending Friedrich; his Letter from Keith's Camp, during the thunder of "Friday, May 6th," is given, ib. i. 248.

[2] See *Retzow*, i. 100–108; &c.

Intrinsically, Prag is not a strong City: we have seen it taken in few days; in one night; — and again, as in Belleisle's time, we have seen it making tough defence for a series of weeks. It depends on the garrison, what extent of garrison (the circuit of it being so immense), and what height of humor. There are now 46,000 men caged in it, known to have considerable magazines; and Friedrich, aware that it will cost trouble, bends all his strength upon it, and from his two camps, Ziscaberg, Weissenberg, due Bridges uniting, Keith and he batter it violently, aiming chiefly at the Magazines (which are not all bomb-proof); and hope they may succeed before it is too late.

The Vienna people are in the depths of amazement and discouragement; almost of terror, had it not been for a few, or especially for one high heart among them. Feldmarschall Daun, on the news of May 6th, hastily fell back, joined by the wrecks of the right wing, which fled Sazawa way. Brunswick-Bevern, with a 20,000, is detached to look after Daun; finds Daun still on the retreat; greedily collecting reinforcements from the homeward quarter; and hanging back, though now double or so of Bevern's strength. Amazement and discouragement are the general feeling among Friedrich's enemies. Notable to see how the whole hostile world marching in upon him, — French, Russians, much more the Reich, poor faltering entity, — pauses, as with its breath taken away, at news of Prag; and, arrested on the sudden, with lifted foot, ceases to stride forward; and merely tramp-tramps on the same place (nay in part, in the Reich part, visibly tramps backward), for above a month ensuing! Who knows whether, practically, any of them will come on;[1] and not leave Austria by itself to do the duel with Friedrich? If Prag were but got, and the 46,000 well locked away, it would be very salutary for Friedrich's affairs!—Week after week, the City holds out; and there seems no hope of it, except by hunger, and burning their Magazines by red-hot balls.

Colonel Mayer with his "Free-Corps" Party makes a Visit, of didactic Nature, to the Reich.

Friedrich, as we saw, on entering Böhmen, had shot off a Light Detachment under Colonel Mayer, southward, to seize any Austrian Magazines there were, especially one big Magazine at Pilsen:—which Mayer has handsomely done, May 2d (Pilsen "a bigger Magazine than Jung-Bunzlau, even"); after which Mayer is now off westward, into the Ober-Pfalz, into the Nürnberg Countries; to teach the Reich a small lesson, since they will not listen to Plotho. Prag Battle, as happens, had already much chilled the ardor of the Reich! Mayer has two Free-Corps, his own and another; about 1,300 of foot; to which are added a 200 of hussars. They have 5 cannon, carry otherwise a minimum of baggage; are swift wild fellows, sharp of stroke; and do, for the time, prove didactic to the Reich; bringing home to its very bosom the late great lesson of the Ziscaberg, in an applied form. Mayer made a pretty course of it, into the Ober-Pfalz Countries; scattering the poor Execution Drill-Sergeants and incipiencies of preparation, the deliberative County Meetings, *Kreis*-Convents: ransoming Cities, Nürnberg for one city, whose cries went to Friedrich on the Ziscaberg, and wide over the world.[2] Nürnberg would have been but too happy to "refuse its contingent to the Reich's Army," as many others would have been (poor Kur-

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[1] See *Correspondance du Comte de Saint-Germain*, an Eye-witness, i. 108 (cited in Preuss, ii. 50); &c. &c.

[2] In *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 360–367, the Nürnberg Letter and Response (31st May-5th June, 1757): in Pauli, *Leben grosser Helden* (iii. 159 et seq.), Account of the Mayer Expedition; also in *Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 29 (quoting from Pauli).

Baiern hurrying off a kind of Embassy to Friedrich, great terror reigning among the wigs of Regensburg, and everybody drawing back that could), — had not Imperial menaces, and an Event that fell out by and by in Prag Country, forced compliance.

Mayer's Expedition made a loud noise in the Newspapers; and was truly of a shining nature in its kind; very perfectly managed on Mayer's part, and has traits in it which are amusing to read, had one time. Take one small glance from Pauli: —

"At Fürth in Anspach, 1st June [after six days' screwing of Nürnberg from without, which we had no cannon to take], a Gratuity for the Prussian troops [amount not stated] was demanded and given: at Schwabach, farther up the Regnitz River, they took quarters; no exemption made, clergy and laity alike getting soldiers billeted. Meat and drink had to be given them: as also 100 carolines [guineas and better], and twenty new uniforms. Upon which, next day, they marched to Zirndorf, and the Reichsgraf Pückler's Mansion, the Schloss of Farrenbach there. Mayer took quarter in the Schloss itself. Here the noble owners got up a ball for Mayer's entertainment; and did all they could contrive to induce a light treatment from him." Figure it, the neighboring nobility and gentry in gala; Mayer too in his best uniform, and smiling politely, with those "bright little black eyes" of his! For he was a brilliant airy kind of fellow, and had much of the chevalier, as well as of the partisan, when requisite!

"Out of Farrenbach, the Mayer people circulated upon all the neighboring Lordships; at Wilhelmsdorf, the Reichs-Fürst von Hohenlohe [a too busy Anti-Prussian] had the worst brunt to bear. The adjacent Baireuth lands [dear Wilhelmina, fancy her too in such neighborhood!] were to the utmost spared all billeting, and even all transit," — though wandering sergeants of the Reich's Force, "one sergeant with the Würzburg Herr Commissarius and eight common men, did get picked up on Baireuth ground: and this or the other Anspach Official (Anspach being disaffected), too busy on the wrong side, found himself suddenly Prisoner of War; but was given up, at

Wilhelmina's gracious request. On Bamberg he was sharp as flint; and had to be; the Bambergers, reinforced at last by 'Circle-Militias (*Kreis-Truppen*)' in quantity, being called out in mass against him; and at Vach an actual Passage of Fight had occurred."

Of the "Affair at Vach," pretty little Drawn-Battle (mostly an affair of art), Mayer *versus* "Kreis-troops to the amount of 6,000, with twelve cannon, or some say twenty-four" (which they could n't handle); and how Mayer cunningly took a position unassailable, "burnt Bridges of the Regnitz River," and, plying his five cannon against these ardent awkward people, stood cheerful on the other side; and then at last, in good time, whisked himself off to the Hill of Culmbach, with all his baggage, inexpugnable there for three days: — of all this, though it is set down at full length, we can say nothing.[1] And will add only, that, having girt himself and made his packages, Mayer left the Hill of Culmbach; and deliberately wended home, by Coburg and other Countries where he had business, eating his way; and early in July was safe in the Metal Mountains again; having fluttered the Volscians in their Frankenland Corioli to an unexpected extent. It is one of five or six such sallies Friedrich made upon the Reich, sometimes upon the Austrians and Reich together, to tumble up their magazines and preparations. Rapid unexpected inroads, year after year; done chiefly by the Free-Corps; and famous enough to the then Gazetteers. Of which, or of their doers, as we can in time coming afford little or no notice, let us add this small Note on the Free-Corps topic, which is a large one in the Books, but must not interrupt us again: —

"Before this War was done," say my Authorities, "there came gradually to be twenty-one Prussian Free-Corps," — foot almost all; there being already Hussars in quantity, ever since the first Silesian experiences. "Notable Aggregates they were of loose wandering fellows, broken Saxons, Prussians, French; 'Hungarian-Protestant' some of them, 'Deserters from all the Armies' not a few; attracted by the fame of Friedrich, — as the Colonels enlisting them had been; Mayer himself, for instance, was by birth a Vienna man; and had been in many services and wars, from his fifteenth year and onwards. Most miscellaneous, these Prussian Free-Corps; a swift faculty the indispensable thing, by no means a particular character: but well-disciplined, well-captained; who generally managed their work well.

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[1] Pauli, iii. 159, &c. (who gives Mayer's own *Letter*, and others, upon Vach).

"They were, by origin, of Anti-Tolpatch nature, got up on the diamond-cut-diamond principle; they stole a good deal, with order sometimes, and oftener without; but there was nothing of the old Mentzel-Trenck atrocity permitted them, or ever imputed to them; and they did, usually with good military talent, sometimes conspicuously good, what was required of them. Regular Generals, of a high merit, one or two of their Captains came to be: Wunsch, for example; Werner, in some sort; and, but for his sudden death, this Mayer himself. Others of them, as Von Hordt (Hård is his Swedish name); and 'Quintus Icilius' (by nature *Guichard*, of whom we shall hear a great deal in the Friedrich circle by and by), are distinguished as honorably intellectual and cultivated persons.[1]

"Poor Mayer died within two years hence (5th January, 1759); of fever, caught by unheard-of exertions and overfatigues; after many exploits, and with the highest prospects opening on him. A man of many adventures, of many qualities; a wild dash of chivalry in him all along, and much military and other talent crossed in the growing. In the dull old Books I read one other fact which is vivid to me, That Wilhelmina, as sequel of those first Franconian exploits and procedures, 'had given him her Order of Knighthood, *Order of Sincerity and Fidelity*,'" —poor dear Princess, what an interest to Wilhelmina, this flash of her Brother's thunder thrown into those Franconian parts, and across her own pungent anxieties and sorrowfully affectionate thoughts, in these weeks! —

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[1] Count de Hordt's *Memoirs* (autobiographical, or in the first person: English Translation, London, 1806; *two* French Originals, a worse in 1789, and a better now at last), Preface, i–xii. In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 102–104, 93, a detailed "List of the Free-Corps in 1758" (twelve of foot, two of horse, at that time): see Preuss, ii. 372 n.; Pauli (ubi suprà), *Life of Mayer*.

Shortly after Mayer, about the time when Mayer was wending homeward, General von Oldenburg, very valiant punctual old General, was pushed out westward upon Erfurt, a City of Kur-Mainz's, to give Kur-Mainz a similar monition. And did it handsomely, impressively upon the Gazetteer world at least and the Erfurt populations, — though we can afford it no room in this place. Oldenburg's force was but some 2,000; Pirna Saxons most of them: — such a winter Oldenburg has had with these Saxons; bursting out into actual musketry upon him once; Oldenburg, volcanically steady, summoning the Prussian part, "To me, true Prussian Bursche!" — and hanging nine of the mutinous Saxons. And has coerced and compesced them (all that did not contrive to desert) into soldierly obedience; and, 20th June, appears at the Gate of Erfurt with them, to do his delicate errand there. Sharply conclusive, though polite and punctual. "Send to Kur-Mainz, say you? Well, as to your Citadel, and those 1,400 soldiers all moving peaceably off thither, — Yes. As to your City: within one hour, Gate open to us, or we open it!"[1] And Oldenburg marches in, as vice-sovereign for the time: — but, indeed, has soon to leave again; owing to what Event in the distance will be seen!

If Prag Siege go well, these Mayer-Oldenburg expeditions will have an effect on the Reich: but if it go ill, what are they, against Austria with its force of steady pressure? All turns on the issue of Prag Siege: — a fact extremely evident to Friedrich too! But these are what in the interim can be done. One neglects no opportunity, tries by every method.

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[1] In *Helden-Geschichte* (v. 371–384) copious Account, with the Missives to and from, the Reichs-Pleadings that followed, the &c. &c. *Militair-Lexikon*, § Oldenburg.

Of the singular quasi-bewitched Condition of England; and what is to be hoped from it for the Common Cause, if Prag go amiss.

On the Britannic side, too, the outlooks are not good; — much need Friedrich were through his Prag affair, and "hastening with forty thousand to help his Allies," — that is, Royal Highness of Cumberland and Britannic Purse, his only allies at this moment. Royal Highness and Army of Observation (should have been 67,000, are 50 to 60,000, hired Germans; troops good enough, were they tolerably led) finds the Hanover Program as bad as Schmettau and Friedrich ever represented it; and, already, — unless Prag go well, — wears, to the understanding eye, a very contingent aspect. D'Estrées outnumbers him; D'Estrées, too, is something of a soldier, — a very considerable advantage in affairs of war.

D'Estrées, since April, is in Wesel; gathering in the revenues, changing the Officialities: much out of discipline, they say; — "hanging" gradually "1,000 marauders;" in round numbers 1,000 this Year.[1] D'Estrées does not yet push forward, owing to Prag. If he do — It is well known how Royal Highness fared when he did, and what a Campaign Royal Highness made of it this Year 1757! How the Weser did prove wadable, as Schmettau had said to no purpose; wadable, bridgable; and Royal Highness had to wriggle back, ever back; no stand to be made, or far worse than none: back, ever back, till he got into the Sea, for that matter, and to the *end* of more than one thing! Poor man, friends say he has an incurable Hanover Ministry, a Program that is inexecutable. As yet he has not lost head, any head he ever had: but he is wonderful, he; — and his England is! We shall have to look at him once again; and happily once only. Here, from my Constitutional Historian, are some Passages which we may as well read in the present interim of expectation. I label, and try to arrange: —

1. *England in Crisis.* "England is indignant with its Hero

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[1] Stenzel, v. 65; Retzow, i. 173.

of Culloden and his Campaign 1757; but really has no business to complain. Royal Highness of Cumberland, wriggling helplessly in that manner, is a fair representative of the England that now is. For years back, there has been, in regard to all things Foreign or Domestic, in that Country, by way of National action, the miserablest haggling as to which of various little-competent persons shall act for the Nation. A melancholy condition indeed! —

"But the fact is, his Grace of Newcastle, ever since his poor Brother Pelham died (who was always a solid, loyal kind of man, though a dull; and had always, with patient affection, furnished his Grace, much *un*supplied otherwise, with Common sense hitherto), is quite insecure in Parliament, and knows not what hand to turn to. Fox is contemptuous of him; Pitt entirely impatient of him; Duke of Cumberland (great in the glory of Culloden) is aiming to oust him, and bear rule with his Young Nephew, the new Rising Sun, as the poor Papa and Grandfather gets old. Even Carteret (Earl Granville as they now call him, a Carteret much changed since those high-soaring Worms-Hanau times!) was applied to. But the answer was — what could the answer be? High-soaring Carteret, scandalously overset and hurled out in that Hanau time, had already tried once (long ago, and with such result!) to spring in again, and 'deliver his Majesty from factions;' and actually had made a 'Granville Ministry;' Ministry which fell again in one day.[1] To the complete disgust of Carteret-Granville; — who, ever since, sits ponderously dormant (kind of Fixture in the Privy Council, this long while back); and is resigned, in a big contemptuous way, to have had his really considerable career closed upon him by the smallest of mankind; and, except occasional blurts of strong rugged speech which come from him, and a good deal of wine taken into him, disdains making farther debate with the world and its elect Newcastles. Carteret, at this crisis, was again applied to, 'Cannot you? In behalf of an afflicted old King?' But Carteret answered, No.[2]

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[1] "11th February, 1746" (Thackeray, *Life of Chatham*, i. 146).

[2] Ib. i. 264.

"In short, it is admitted and bewailed by everybody, seldom was there seen such a Government of England (and England has seen some strange Governments), as in these last Three Years. Chaotic Imbecility reigning pretty supreme. Ruler's Work, — policy, administration, governance, guidance, performance in any kind, — where is it to be found? For if even a Walpole, when his Talking-Apparatus gets out of gear upon him, is reduced to extremities, though the stoutest of men, — fancy what it will be, in like case, and how the Acting-Apparatuses and Affairs generally will go, with a poor hysterical Newcastle, now when his Common Sense is fatally withdrawn! The poor man has no resource but to shuffle about in aimless perpetual fidget; endeavoring vainly to say Yes *and* No to all questions, Foreign and Domestic, that may rise. Whereby, in the Affairs of England, there has, as it were, universal St.-Vitus's dance supervened, at an important crisis: and the Preparations for America, and for a downright Life-and-Death Wrestle with France on the *Jenkins's-Ear Question*, are quite in a bad way. In an ominously bad. Why cannot we draw a veil over these things!" —

2. *Pitt, and the Hour of Tide.* "The fidgetings and shufflings, the subtleties, inane trickeries, and futile hitherings and thitherings of Newcastle may be imagined: a man not incapable of trick; but anxious to be well with everybody; and to answer Yes *and* No to almost everything, — and not a little puzzled, poor soul, to get through, in that impossible way! Such a paralysis of wriggling imbecility fallen over England, in this great crisis of its fortunes, as is still painful to contemplate: and indeed it has been mostly shaken out of mind by the modern Englishman; who tries to laugh at it, instead of weeping and considering, which would better beseem. Pitt speaks with a tragical vivacity, in all ingenious dialects, lively though serious; and with a depth of sad conviction, which is apt to be slurred over and missed altogether by a modern reader. Speaks as if this brave English Nation were about ended; little or no hope left for it; here a gleam of possibility, and there a gleam, which soon vanishes again in the fatal murk of impotencies, do-nothingisms. Very sad to the heart

of Pitt. A once brave Nation arrived at its critical point, and doomed to higgle and puddle there till it drown in the gutters: considerably tragical to Pitt; who is lively, ingenious, and, though not quitting the Parliamentary tone for the Hebrew-Prophetic, far more serious than the modern reader thinks.

"In Walpole's Book[1] there is the liveliest Picture of this dismal Parliamentary Hellbroth, — such a Mother of Dead Dogs as one has seldom looked into! For the Hour is great; and the Honorable Gentlemen, I must say, are small. The hour, little as you dream of it, my Honorable Friends, is pregnant with questions that are immense. Wide Continents, long Epochs and Æons hang on this poor jargoning of yours; the Eternal Destinies are asking their much-favored Nation, 'Will you, can you?' — much-favored Nation is answering in that manner. Astonished at its own stupidity, and taking refuge in laughter. The Eternal Destinies are very patient with some Nations; and can disregard their follies, for a long while; and have their Cromwell, have their Pitt, or what else is essential, ready for the poor Nation, in a grandly silent way!

"Certain it is, — though how could poor Newcastle know it at all! — here is again the hour of tide for England. Tide is full again; has been flowing long hundreds of years, and is full: certain, too, that time and tide wait on no man or nation. In a dialect different from Cromwell's or Pitt's, but with a sense true to theirs, I call it the Eternal Destinies knocking at England's door again: 'Are you ready for the crisis, birth-point of long Ages to you, which is now come?' Greater question had not been, for centuries past. None to be named with it since that high Spiritual Question (truly a much higher, and which was in fact the *parent* of this and of all of high and great that lay ahead), which England and Oliver Cromwell were there to answer: 'Will you hold by Consecrated Formulas, then, you English, and expect salvation from traditions of the elders; or are you for Divine Realities, as the one sacred and indispensable thing?' Which they did answer, in what way we know. Truly the Highest Question; which if a Nation can answer *well*, it will grow in this world, and may come to be considerable, and to have many high Questions to answer, — this of Pitt's, for example. And the Answers given do always extend through coming ages; and do always bear harvests, accursed or else blessed, according as the Answers were. A thing awfully true, if you have eye for it; — a thing to make Honorable Gentlemen serious, even in the age of percussion-caps! No, my friend, Newcastleisms, impious Poltrooneries, in a Nation, do not die: — neither (thank God) do Cromwellisms and pious Heroisms; but are alive for the poor Nation, even in its somnambulancies, in its stupidest dreams. For Nations have their somnambulancies; and, at any rate, the questions put to Nations, in different ages, vary much. Not in any age, or turning-point in History, had England answered the Destinies in such a dialect as now under its Newcastle and National Palaver."

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[1] *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II.*

3. *Of Walpole, as Recording Angel.* "Walpole's *George the Second* is a Book of far more worth than is commonly ascribed to it; almost the one original English Book yet written on those times, — which, by the accident of Pitt, are still memorable to us. But for Walpole, — burning like a small steady light there, shining faithfully, if stingily, on the evil and the good, — that sordid muddle of the Pelham Parliaments, which chanced to be the element of things now recognizable enough as great, would be forever unintelligible. He is unusually accurate, punctual, lucid; an irrefragable authority on English points. And if, in regard to Foreign, he cannot be called an understanding witness, he has read the best Documents accessible, has conversed with select Ambassadors (Mitchell and the like, as we can guess); and has informed himself to a degree far beyond most of his contemporaries. In regard to Pitt's Speeches, in particular, his brief jottings, done rapidly while the matter was still shining to him, are the only Reports that have the least human resemblance. We may thank Walpole that Pitt is not dumb to us, as well as dark. Very curious little scratchings and etchings, those of Walpole;

frugal, swift, but punctual and exact; hasty pen-and-ink outlines; at first view, all barren; bald as an invoice, seemingly; but which yield you, after long study there and elsewhere, a conceivable notion of what and how excellent these Pitt Speeches may have been. Airy, winged, like arrow-flights of Phœbus Apollo; very superlative Speeches indeed. Walpole's Book is carefully printed, — few errors in it like that 'Chapeau' for *Chasot*," which readers remember: — "but, in respect to editing, may be characterized as still wanting an Editor. A Book *un*edited; little but lazy ignorance of a very hopeless type, thick contented darkness, traceable throughout in the marginal part. No attempt at an Index, or at any of the natural helps to a reader now at such distance from it. Nay, till you have at least marked, on the top of each page, what Month and Year it actually is, the Book cannot be read at all, — except by an idle creature, doing worse than nothing under the name of reading!"

4. *Pitt's Speeches, foreshadowing What.* "It is a kind of epoch in your studies of modern English History when you get to understand of Pitt's Speeches, that they are not Parliamentary Eloquences, but things which with his whole soul he means, and is intent to *do*. This surprising circumstance, when at last become undeniable, makes, on the sudden, an immense difference for the Speeches and you! Speeches are not a thing of high moment to this Editor; it is the Thing spoken, and how far the speaker means to do it, that this Editor inquires for. Too many Speeches there are, which he hears admired all round, and has privately to entertain a very horrid notion of! Speeches, the finest in quality (were quality really 'fine' conceivable in such case), which *want* a corresponding fineness of source and intention, corresponding nobleness of purport, conviction, tendency; these, if we will reflect, are frightful instead of beautiful. Yes; — and always the frightfuler, the 'finer' they are; and the faster and farther they go, sowing themselves in the dim vacancy of men's minds. For Speeches, like all human things, though the fact is now little remembered, do always rank themselves as forever blessed, or as forever unblessed. Sheep or goats; on the right hand of the

Final Judge, or else on the left. There are Speeches which can be called true; and, again, Speeches which are not true:—Heavens, only think what these latter are! Sacked wind, which you are intended to *sow*,—that you may reap the whirlwind! After long reading, I find Chatham's Speeches to be what he pretends they are: true, and worth speaking then and there. Noble indeed, I can call them with you: the highly noble Foreshadow, necessary preface and accompaniment of Actions which are still nobler. A very singular phenomenon within those walls, or without!

"Pitt, though nobly eloquent, is a Man of Action, not of Speech; an authentically Royal kind of Man. And if there were a Plutarch in these times, with a good deal of leisure on his hands, he might run a Parallel between Friedrich and Chatham. Two radiant Kings: very shining Men of Action both; both of them hard bested, as the case often is. For your born King will generally have, if not "all Europe against him," at least pretty much all the Universe. Chatham's course to Kingship was not straight or smooth,—as Friedrich, too, had his well-nigh fatal difficulties on the road. Again, says the Plutarch, they are very brave men both; and of a clearness and veracity peculiar among their contemporaries. In Chatham, too, there is something of the flash of steel; a very sharp-cutting, penetrative, rapid individual, he too; and shaped for action, first of all, though he has to talk so much in the world. Fastidious, proud, no King could be prouder, though his element is that of Free-Senate and Democracy. And he has a beautiful poetic delicacy, withal; great tenderness in him, playfulness, grace; in all ways, an airy as well as a solid loftiness of mind. Not born a King,—alas, no, not officially so, only naturally so; has his kingdom to seek. The Conquering of Silesia, the Conquering of the Pelham Parliaments— But we will shut up the Plutarch with time on his hands.

"Pitt's Speeches, as I spell them from Walpole and the other faint tracings left, are full of genius in the vocal kind, far beyond any Speeches delivered in Parliament: serious always, and the very truth, such as he has it; but going in many dialects and modes; full of airy flashings, twinkles and coruscations. Sport, as of sheet-lightning glancing about, the bolt lying under the horizon; bolt *hidden*, as is fit, under such a horizon as he had. A singularly radiant man. Could have been a Poet, too, in some small measure, had he gone on that line. There are many touches of genius, comic, tragic, lyric, something of humor even, to be read in those Shadows of Speeches taken down for us by Walpole. . . .

"In one word, Pitt, shining like a gleam of sharp steel in that murk of contemptibilities, is carefully steering his way towards Kingship over it. Tragical it is (especially in Pitt's case, first and last) to see a Royal Man, or Born King, wading towards his throne in such an element. But, alas, the Born King (even when he tries, which I take to be the rarer case) so seldom can arrive there at all; — sinful Epochs there are, when Heaven's curse has been spoken, and it is that awful Being, the Born Sham-King, that arrives! Pitt, however, does it. Yes; and the more we study Pitt, the more we shall find he does it in a peculiarly high, manful and honorable as well as dexterous manner; and that English History has a right to call him 'the acme and highest man of Constitutional Parliaments; the like of whom was not in any Parliament called Constitutional, nor will again be.'"

Well, probably enough; too probably! But what it more concerns us to remember here, is the fact, That in these dismal shufflings which have been, Pitt — in spite of Royal dislikes and Newcastle peddlings and chicaneries — has been actually in Office, in the due topmost place, the poor English Nation ardently demanding him, in what ways it could. Been in Office; — and is actually out again, in spite of the Nation. Was without real power in the Royal Councils; though of noble promise, and planting himself down, hero-like, evidently bent on work, and on ending that unutterable "St.-Vitus's-dance" that had gone so high all round him. Without real power, we say; and has had no permanency. Came in 11th–19th November, 1756; thrown out 5th April, 1757. After six months' trial, the St. Vitus finds that it cannot do with him; and will prefer going on again. The last act his Royal Highness of Cumberland did in England was to displace Pitt: "Down you, I am the man!" said Royal Highness; and went to the Weser Countries on those terms.

Would the reader wish to see, in summary, what Pitt's Offices have been, since he entered on this career about thirty years ago? Here, from our Historian, is the List of them in order of time; *Stages of Pitt's Course*, he calls it: —

1°. "*December*, 1734, Comes into Parliament, age now twenty-six; Cornet in the Blues as well; being poor, and in absolute need of some career that will suit. *April*, 1736, makes his First Speech: — Prince Frederick the subject, — who was much used as battering-ram by the Opposition; whom perhaps Pitt admired for his madrigals, for his Literary patronizings, and favor to the West-Wickham set. Speech, full of airy lightning, was much admired. Followed by many, with the lightning getting denser and denser; always on the Opposition side [once on the *Jenkins's-Ear Question*, as we saw, when the Gazetteer Editor spelt him Mr. Pitt*s*]: so that Majesty was very angry, sulky Public much applausive; and Walpole was heard to say, 'We must muzzle, in some way, that terrible Cornet of Horse!' — but could not, on trial; this man's 'price,' as would seem, being awfully high! *August–October*, 1744, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough bequeathed him £10,000 as Commissariat equipment in this his Campaign against the Mud-gods,[1] — glory to the old Heroine for so doing! Which lifted Pitt out of the Cornetcy or Horse-guards element, I fancy; and was as the nailing of his Parliamentary colors to the mast.

2°. "*February 14th*, 1746, Vice-Treasurer for Ireland: on occasion of that Pelham-Granville 'As-you-were!' (Carteret Ministry, which lasted One Day), and the slight shufflings that were necessary. Now first in Office, — after such Ten Years of colliding and conflicting, and fine steering in difficult waters. Vice-Treasurer for Ireland: and 'soon after, on Lord Wilmington's death,' *Paymaster of the Forces*. Continued Paymaster about nine years. Rejects, quietly and totally, the big income derivable from Interest of Government Moneys lying delayed in the Paymaster's hand ('Dishonest, I tell you!') — and will none of it, though poor. Not yet high, still low over the horizon, but shining brighter and brighter. Greatly contemptuous of Newcastle and the Platitudes and Poltrooneries; and still a good deal in the Opposition strain, and *not* always tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. For example, Pitt (still Paymaster) to Newcastle on King of the Romans Question (1752 or so): 'You engage for Subsidies, not knowing their extent; for Treaties, not knowing the terms!' — 'What a bashaw!' moan Newcastle and the top Officials. 'Best way is, don't mind it,' said Mr. Stone [one of their terriers, — a hard-headed fellow, whose brother became Primate of Ireland by and by].

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[1] Thackeray, i. 138.

3°. "*November* 20*th,* 1755, Thrown out: — on Pelham's death, and the general hurly-burly in Official regions, and change of partners with no little difficulty, which had then ensued! Sir Thomas Robinson," our old friend, "made Secretary, — not found to answer. Pitt sulkily looking on America, on Minorca; on things German, on things in general; warily set on returning, as is thought; but How? *Fox* to Pitt: 'Will you join *me?*' — *Pitt:* 'No,' — with such politeness, but in an unmistakable way! Ten months of consummate steering on the part of Pitt; Chancellor Hardwicke coming as messenger, he among others; Pitt's answer to him dexterous, modestly royal. Pitt's bearing, in this grand juncture and crisis, is royal, his speakings and also his silences notably fine. *October* 20*th,* 1756: to Newcastle face to face, 'I will accept no situation under your Grace!' — and, about that day month, comes *in,* on his own footing. That is to say,

"*November* 19*th,* 1756, to England's great comfort, Sees himself Secretary of State (age now just forty-eight). Has pretty much all England at his back; but has, in face of him, Fox, Newcastle and Company, offering mere impediment and discouragement; Royal Highness of Cumberland looking deadly sour. Till finally,

"*April* 5*th,* 1757, King bids him resign; Royal Highness setting off for Germany the second day after. Pitt had been *in* rather more than Four months. England, at that time a silent Country in comparison, knew not well what to do; took to offering him Freedoms of Corporations in very great quantity. Town after Town, from all the four winds, sympathetically firing off, upon a misguided Sacred Majesty, its little Box, in this oblique way, with extraordinary diligence. Whereby, after six months bombardment by Boxes, and also by Events, *June 29th*, 1757" — We will expect June 29th.[1]

In these sad circumstances, Preparations so called have been making for Hanover, for America; — such preparations as were never seen before. Take only one instance; let one be enough: —

"By the London Gazette, well on in February, 1756, we learn that Lord Loudon, a military gentleman of small faculty, but of good connections, has been nominated to command the Forces in America; and then, more obscurely, some days after, that another has been nominated: — one of them ought certainly to make haste out, if he could; the French, by account, have 25,000 men in those countries, with real officers to lead them! Haste out, however, is not what this Lord Loudon or his rival can make. In March, we learn that Lord Loudon has been again nominated; in an improved manner, this time; — and still does not look like going. 'Again nominated, why again?' Alas, reader, there have been hysterical fidgetings in a high quarter; internal shiftings and shufflings, contradictions, new proposals, one knows not what.[2] One asks only: How is the business ever to be done, if you cannot even settle what imbecile is to go and try it?

"Seldom had Country more need of a Commander than America now. America itself is of willing mind; and surely has resources, in such a Cause; but is full of anarchies as well: the different States and sections of it, with their discrepant Legislatures, their half-drilled Militias, pulling each a different way, there is, as in the poor Mother Country, little result except of the St.-Vitus kind. In some Legislatures are anarchic Quakers, who think it unpermissible to fight with those hectoring French, and their tail of scalping Indians; and that the 'method of love' ought to be tried with them. What is to become of those poor people, if not even a Lord Loudon can get out?"

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[1] Thackeray, i. 231, 264; Almon, *Anecdotes of Pitt* (London, 1810), i. 151, 182, 218.

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1756, pp. 92, 150, 359, 450.

The result was, Lord Loudon had not in his own poor person come to hand in America till August, 1756, Season now done; and could only write home, "All is St. Vitus out here! Must have reinforcement of 10,000 men!" "Yes," answers Pitt, who is now in Office: "you shall have them; and we will take Cape Breton, please Heaven!" — but was thrown out; and by the wrigglings that ensued, nothing of the 10,000 reached Lord Loudon till Season 1757 too was done. Nor did they then stead his Lordship much, then or afterwards; who never took Cape Breton, nor was like doing it; — but wriggled to and fro a good deal, and revolved on his axis, according to pattern given. And set (what chiefly induces us to name him here) his not reverent enough Subordinate, Lord Charles Hay, our old Fontenoy friend, into angry impatient quizzing of him; — and by and by into Court-Martial for such quizzing.[1] Court-Martial, which was much puzzled by the case; and could decide nothing, but only adjourn and adjourn; — as we will now do, not mentioning Lord Loudon farther, or the numerous other instances at all.[2]

Pitt, we just saw, far from being confirmed and furthered, has been thrown out by Royal Highness of Cumberland, the last thing before crossing to that exquisite Weser Problem. "Nothing now left at home to hinder *us* and our Hanover and Weser Problem!" thinks Royal Highness. No, indeed: a comfortable pacific No-government, or Battle of the Four Elements, left yonder; the Anarch Old waggling his addle head over it; ready to help everybody, and bring fire and water, and Yes and No, into holy matrimony, if he could! — Let us return to Prag. Only one remark more; upon "April 5th." That was the Day of Pitt's Dismissal at St. James's: and I find, at Schönbrunn it is likewise the day when ***Reichs-Hofrath*** (Kaiser in Privy Council) decides, in respect to **Friedrich,** that Ban of the Reich must be proceeded with, and recommends Reich's Diet to get through with the same.[1] Official England ordering its Pitt into private life, and Official Teutschland its Friedrich into outlawry ("Be quiet henceforth, both of *you!*") — are, by chance, synchronous phenomena.

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[1] Peerage Books, § Tweeddale.

[2] "1st May, 1760, Major-General Lord Charles Hay died" (*Gentleman's Magazine* of Year); and his particular Court-Martial could adjourn for the last time. — "I wrote something for Lord Charles," said the great Johnson once, many years afterwards; "and I thought he had nothing to fear from a Court-Martial. I suffered a great loss when he died: he was a mighty pleasing man in conversation, and a reading man" (Boswell's *Life of Johnson;* under date, "3d April, 1776").

Phenomena of Prag Siege: — Prag Siege is interrupted.

Friedrich's Siege of Prag proved tedious beyond expectation. In four days he had done that exploit in 1744; but now, to the world's disappointment, in as many weeks he cannot. Nothing was omitted on his part: he seized all egresses from Prag, rapidly enough; had beset them with batteries, on the very night or morrow of the Battle; every egress beset, cannon and ruin forbidding any issue there. On the 9th of May, cannonading began; proper siege-cannon and ammunition, coming up from Dresden, were completely come May 19th; after which the place is industriously battered, bombarded with red-hot balls; but except by hunger, it will not do. Prag as a fortress is weak, but as a breastwork for 50,000 men it is strong. The Austrians tried sallies; but these availed nothing, — very ill-conducted, say some. The Prussians, more than once, had nearly got into the place by surprisal; but, owing to mere luck of the Austrians, never could, — say the same parties.[2]

A *Diarium* of Prag Siege is still extant, Two *Diariums;* punctual diurnal account, both Austrian and Prussian:[3] which it is far from our intention to inflict on readers, in this haste. Siege lasted six weeks; four weeks extremely hot, — from May 19th, when the proper artilleries, in complete state, got up from Dresden. Line of siege-works, or intermittent series of batteries, is some twelve miles long; from Branik southward to beyond the Belvedere northward, on both sides of the Moldau. King's Camp is on the Ziscaberg; Keith's on the Lorenz Berg, embracing and commanding the Weissenberg; there are two Bridges of communication, Branik and Podoli: King lodges in the Parsonage of Michel, — the busiest of all the sons of Adam; what a set of meditations in that Parsonage! The Besieged, 46,000 by count, offer to surrender Prag on condition of "Free withdrawal:" "No; you shall engage, such of you as won't enlist with us, not to serve against me for six years." Here are some select Specimens; Prussian chiefly, in an abridged state: —

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte* (Reichs-Procedures, *ubi suprà*).

[2] Archenholtz, i. 85, 87.

[3] In *Helden-Geschichte,* iv. 42-56, Prussian *Diarium;* ib. 73-86, Austrian.

"*May 19th,* No sooner was our artillery come (all the grounds and beds for it had been ready beforehand), than as evening fell, it began to play in terrific fashion."

"*Night of the 23d–24th May,* There broke out a furious sally; their first, and much their hottest, say the Prussians: a very serious affair; — which fell upon Keith's quarter, west side of the Moldau. Sally, say something like 10,000 strong; picked men all, and strengthened with half a pound of horseflesh each" (unluckily without salt): judge what the common diet must have been, when that was generous! "No salt to it; but a fair supplement of brandy. Browne, from his bed of pain (died 26th June), had been strongly urgent. Aim is, To force the Prussian lines, by determination and the help of darkness, in some weak point: the whole Army, standing ranked on the walls, shall follow, if things go well; and storm itself through, — away Daun-wards, across the River by Podoli Bridge.

"Sally broke out between 1 and 2 A.M.; but we had wind of it, and were on the alert. Sally tried on this place and on that; very furious in places, but could not anywhere prevail. The tussling lasted for near six hours (Prince Ferdinand" of Preussen, King's youngest Brother, "and others of us, getting hurts and doing exploits), — till, about 7 A.M., it was wholly swept in, with loss of 1,000 dead. Upon which, their whole Army retired to its quarters, in a hopeless condition.

Escape impossible. Near 50,000 of them; but in such a posture. Provision of bread, the spies say, is not scarce, unless the Prussians can burn it, which they are industriously trying (diligent to learn where the Magazines are, and to fire incessantly upon the same): plenty of meal hitherto; but for butcher's-meat, only what we saw. Forage nearly done, and 12,000 horses standing in the squares and market-places, — not even stabling for them, not to speak of food or work, — slaughtering and salting [if one but had salt!] the one method. Horse-flesh two kreutzers a pound; rises gradually to double that value.

"*May 29th*, About sunset there came a furious burst of weather: rain-torrents mixed with battering hail; — some flaw of water-spout among the Hills; for it lasted hour on hour, and Moldau came down roaring double-deep, above a hundred yards too wide each way; with cargoes of ruin, torn-up trees, drowned horses; which sorely tried our Bridge at Branik. Bridge, half of it, did break away (Friedrich's half, forty-four pontoons; Keith's people got their end of the Bridge doubled in and saved): the Austrians, in Prag, fished out twenty-four of Friedrich's pontoons; the other twenty we caught at our Bridge of Podoli, farther down. A most wild night for the Prussian Army in tents; and indeed for Prag itself, the low parts of which were all under water; unfortunate individuals getting drowned in the cellars; and, still more important, a great deal of Austrian meal, which had been carried thither, to be safe from the red-hot balls.

"It was thought the Austrians, our Bridge being down, might try a sally again. To prevent which, hardly was the rain done, when, on our part, a rocket flew aloft; and there began on the City, from all sides, a deluge of bombs and red-hot balls. So that the still-dripping City was set fire to, in various parts: and we could hear [what this Editor never can forget] the *Weh-Klagen* (wail) of the Townsfolk as they tried to quench it, and it always burst out again. The fire-deluge lasted for six hours." — Human *Weh-Klagen*, through the hollow of Night, audible to the Prussians and us: "Woe 's me! water-deluges, then fire-deluges; death on every hand!"

According to the Austrian accounts, there perished, by bursting of bomb-shells, falling of walls, by hunger and other misery and hurts, "above 9,000 Townsfolk in this Siege." Yes, my Imperial friends; War is not a thing of streamering and ornamental trumpeting alone; War is an inexorable, dangerously incalculable thing. Is it not a terrible question, at whose door lies the beginning of a War!

"*June 5th,* 12,000 poor people of Prag were pushed out: 'Useless mouths, will you contrive to disappear some way!' But, after haggling about all day, they had to be admitted in again, under penalty of being shot.

"*June 8th,* City looking black and ruinous, whole of the Neustadt in ashes; few houses left in the Jew Town; in the Altstadt the fire raged on (*wüthete fort*). Nothing but ruin and confusion over there; population hiding in cellars, getting killed by falling buildings. Bürgermeister and Townsfolk besiege Prince Karl, 'For the Virgin's sake, have pity on us, Your Serenity!' Poor Prince Karl has to be deaf, whatever his feelings.

"He was diligent in attending mass, they say: he alone of the Princes, of whom there were several; two Saxon Princes among others, Prince Xavier the elder of them, who will be heard of again. A profane set, these, lodging in the *Clementinum* [vast Jesuit Edifice, which had been cleared out for them, and "the windows filled with dung outside," against balls]: there, with wines of fine vintage, and cookeries plentiful and exquisite, that know nothing of famine outside, they led an idle disorderly life, — ran races in the long corridors [not so bad a course], dressed themselves in Priests' vestures [which are abundant in such locality], and made travesties and mummeries of Holy Religion; the wretched creatures, defying despair, as buccaneers might when their ship is sinking. To surrender, everything forbids; of escape, there is no possibility.[1]

"*June 9th,* The bombardment abates; a *Laboratorium* of our own flew aloft by some spark or accident; and killed thirteen men.

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[1] Archenholtz, i. 86; *Helden-Geschichte,* iv. 73–84.

"*June* 15*th*, From the King's Camp a few bombs [King himself now gone] kindled the City in three places:" — but there is, by this time, new game afield; Prag Siege awaiting its decision not at Prag, but some way off.

Friedrich has been doing his utmost; diligent, by all methods, to learn where the Austrian Magazines were, that is, on what special edifices and localities shot might be expended with advantage; and has fired into these "about 12,000 bombs." Here is a small thing still remembered: —

"Spies being, above all, essential in this business, Friedrich had bethought him of one Käsebier, a supreme of Housebreakers, whom he has, safe with a ball at his ankle, doing forced labor at Spandau [in Stettin, if it mattered]. Käsebier was actually sent for, pardon promised him if he could do the State a service. Käsebier smuggled himself twice, perhaps three times, into Prag; but the fourth time he did not come back."[1] Another Note says: "Käsebier was a Tailor, and Son of a Tailor, in Halle; and the expertest of Thieves. Had been doing forced labor, in Stettin, since 1748; twice did get into Prag; third time, vanished. A highly celebrated Prussian thief; still a myth among the People, like Dick Turpin or Cartouche, except that his was always theft without violence."[2]

We learn vaguely that the price of horse-flesh in Prag has risen to double; famine very sore: but still one hears nothing of surrender. And again there is vague rumor that the City may be as it will; but that the Garrison has meal, after all we have ruined, which will last till October. Such a Problem has this King: soluble within the time; or not soluble? Such a question for the whole world, and for himself more than any.

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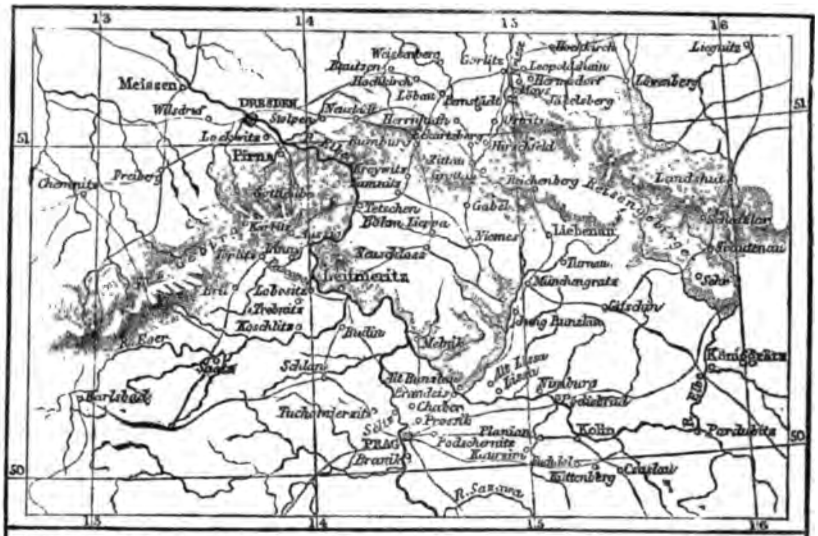
[1] Retzow, i. 108 n.

[2] Preuss, ii. 57 n.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Trebnitz
Koschlitz
Leitmeritz
R. Eger
Saatz
Karlsbad
Schlan
Budin
Melnik
Alt Bunzlau
Brandeis
Chaber
Prosek
Tuchomierzitz
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Gabel
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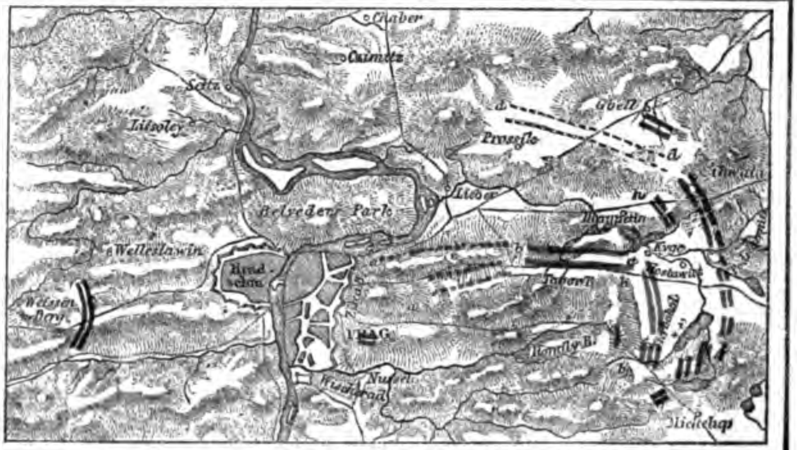
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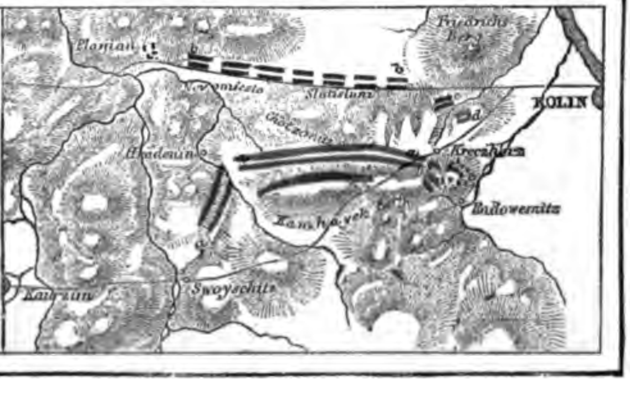
BATTLE OF PRAG

6th MAY 1757.

a.a.a. First position of Austrian Army.
b.b.b. Second position to meet the Prussian Attack.
c. Prussians under Keith
d.d. First position of Prussian Army.
e.e. Second position of Prussian Army.
f. Schwerin's Prussians.
g. Prussian Horse.
h. Mannstein's Attack.
i. Place of Schwerin's Monument.


Friedrichs Berg
Planian
Novimiesto
Slatislunz
Chotzemitz
KOLIN
Krzechor
Hradenin
Bristwy
Kamhayek Berg
Kautrim
Swoyschitz
a
b
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BATTLE

KOLIN,
18th June 1757.
a.a Austrian Army.
b.b. Prussian Army.
c. Ziethen's Hussars.
d. Nadasti's Hussars.
e. The oak-wood.

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE OF KOLIN.

On and after June 9th, the bombardment at Prag abated, and never rose to briskness again; the place of trial for decision of that Siege having flitted else-whither, as we said. About that time, rumors came in, not so favorable, from the Duke of Bevern; which Friedrich, strong in hope, strove visibly to disbelieve, but at last could not. Bevern reports that Daun is actually coming on, far too strong for his resisting; — in other terms, that the Siege of Prag will not decide itself by bombardment, but otherwise and elsewhere. Of which we must now give some account; brief as may be, especially in regard to the preliminary or marching part.

Daun, whose light troops plundered Brandeis (almost within wind of the Prussian Rear) on the day while Prag Battle was fighting, had, on that fatal event, gradually drawn back to Czaslau, a place we used to know fifteen years ago; and there, or in those neighborhoods, defensively manœuvring, and hanging upon Kuttenberg, Kolin, especially upon his Magazine of Suchdol, Daun, always rather drawing back, with Brunswick-Bevern vigilantly waiting on him, has continued ever since; diligently recruiting himself; ranking the remains of the right wing defeated at Prag; drawing regiments out of Mähren, or whencesoever to be had. Till, by these methods, he is grown 60,000 strong; nearly thrice superior to Bevern; though being a "Fabius Cunctator" (so called by and by), he as yet attempts nothing. Forty thousand in Prag, with Sixty here in the Czaslau Quarter,[1] that makes 100,000; say his Prussian Majesty has two-thirds of the number: can the Fabius Cunctator attempt nothing, before Prag utterly famish?

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[1] Tempelhof, i. 196; Retzow (i. 107, 109) counts 46,000 + 66,000.

Order comes to him from Vienna: "Rescue Prag; straightway go upon it, cost what it like!" Daun does go upon it; advances visibly towards Prag, Bevern obliged to fall back in front of him. Sunday, 12th June, Daun despatches several Officers to Prince Karl at Prag, with notice that, "On the 20th, Monday come a week, he will be in the neighborhood of Prag with this view: — they, of course, to sally out, and help from rearward." "Several Officers, under various disguises," go with that message, June 12th; but none of them could get into the City; and some of them, I judge, must have fallen into the Prussian Hussar Parties: — at any rate, the news they carried did get into the Prussian circuit, and produced an instant resolution there. Early next morning, Monday 13th, King Friedrich, with what disposable force is on the spot, — 10,000 capable of being spared from siege-work, and 4,000 more that will be capable of following, under Prince Moritz, in two days, — sets forth in all speed. Joins Bevern that same night; at Kaurzim, thirty-five miles off, which is about midway from Prag to Czaslau, and only three miles or so from Daun's quarters that night, — had the King known it, which he did not.

Daun must be instantly gone into; and shall, — if he is there at all, and not fallen back at the first rumor of us, as Friedrich rather supposes. In any case, there are preliminaries indispensable: the 4,000 of Prince Moritz still to come up; secondly, bread to be had for us, which is baking at Nimburg, across the Elbe, twenty miles off; lastly (or rather firstly, and most indispensable of all), Daun to be reconnoitred. Friedrich reconnoitres Daun with all diligence; pushes on everything according to his wont; much obstructed in the reconnoitring by Pandour clouds, under which Daun has veiled himself, which far outnumber our small Hussar force. Daun, as usual, — showing always great skill in regard to camps and positions, — has planted himself in difficult country: a little river with its boggy pools in front; behind and around, an intricate broken country of knolls and swamps, one ridge in it which they even call a *Berg* or Hill, Kamhayek Berg; not much of a Hill after all, but forming a long backbone to the locality, west end of it straight behind Daun's centre, at present. Friedrich's position is from north to south; like Daun's, taking advantage of what heights and brooks there are; and edging northward to be near his bread-ovens: right wing still holds by Kaurzim, left wing looking down on Planian, a little Town on the High Road (*Kaiser-Strasse*) from Prag to Vienna. Little Town destined to get up its name in a day or two, — next little Town to which, twelve miles farther on, is Kolin, secretly destined to become and continue still more famous among mankind. Kolin is close to the Elbe, left or south bank; Elbe hereabouts strikes into his long northwestern course (to Wittenberg all the way; Pirna, say 150 miles off, is his half-way house in that direction); — strikes off northward hereabouts, making for Nimburg, among other places: Planian, right south of Nimburg, is already fifteen good miles from Elbe.

This is Friedrich's position, Wednesday, June 15th and the day following; somewhat nearer his ovens than yesterday. Daun is yet parallel to him, has his centre behind Swoyschitz, an insignificant Village at the foot of those Kamhayek Heights, which is, ever since, to be found in Maps. Friday, 17th, Friedrich's bread-wagons and 4,000 having come in, as doubtless the Pandours report in the proper place, Daun does not quite like his strong position any more, but would prefer a stronger. Friday about sunset, "great clouds of dust" rise from Daun: changing his position, the Prussians see, if for Pandours and gathering darkness they can at present see little else. Daun, truly, observing the King to have in that manner edged up, towards Planian, is afraid of his right wing from such a neighbor. So that the reader must take his Map again. Or, if he care not for such things, let him skip, and leave me solitary to my sad function; till we can meet on easier ground, and report the battle which ensued. Daun hustles his right wing back out of that dangerous proximity; wheels his whole right wing and centre ninety degrees round, so as to reach out now towards Kolin, and lie on the north slope of the Kamhayek ridge; places his left wing *en potence* (gibbet-wise), hanging round the western *end* of said Kamhayek, its southern extremity at Swoyschitz, its northern at Hradenin, where (not a mile from Planian) his right wing had formerly been; — with other intricate movements not worth following, under my questionable guidance, on a Map with unpronounceable names. Enough to say that Daun's right wing is now far east at Krzeczhorz, well beyond Chotzemitz, whereabouts his centre now comes to stand (and most of his horse *there*, both the wings being hilly and rough, unfit for horse); — and that, this being nearly the last of Daun's shiftings and hustlings for the present, or indeed in essential respects the very last, readers may as well note the above main points in it.

Hustled into this still stronger place, with wheeling and shoving, which lasted to a late hour, Daun composes himself for the night. He lies now, with centre and right looking northward, pretty much parallel to the Planian-Kolin or Prag-Vienna Highway, and about a mile south of the same; extreme posts extending almost to Kolin on that side; left wing well planted *en potence;* Kamhayek ridge, north face and west end of it, completely his on both the exposed or Anti-Prussian faces. Friedrich feels uncertain whether he has not gone his ways altogether; but proposes to ascertain by break of day.

By break of day Friedrich starts, having cleared off certain Pandour swarms visible in places of difficulty, who go on first notice, and without shot fired.[1] Marches through Planian in two columns, along the Kolin Highway and to north of it; marches on, four or five miles farther, nothing visible but the skirts of retiring Pandours, — "Daun's rear-guard probably?" — Friedrich himself is with Ziethen, who has the vanguard, as Friedrich's wont is, eagerly enough looking out; reaches a certain Inn on the wayside (*Wirthshaus* "of Slatislunz or *Golden-Sun*," say the Modern Books, — though I am driven to think it Novomiesto, nearer Planian; but will not quarrel on the subject); Inn of good height for one thing; and there, mounting to the top-story or perhaps the leads, descries Daun, stretching far and wide, leant against the Kamhayek, in the summer morning. What a sight for Friedrich: "Big game *shall* be played, then; death sure, this day, to thousands of men: and to me — ? Well!"

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[1] Lloyd, i. 61 et seq. (or Tempelhof's Translation, i. 151–164); Tempelhof's own Account is, i. 179–196; Retzow's, i. 120–149 (fewer errors of detail than usual); Kutzen, *Der Tag von Kolin* (Breslau, 1857), a useful little compilation from many sources. Very incorrect most of the common accounts are; Kausler's *Schlachten*, Jomini, and the like.

Friedrich calls halt: rest here a little; to consider, examine, settle how. A hot close morning; rest for an hour or two, till our rear from Kaurzim come up: horses and men will be the better for it, — horses can have a mouthful of grass, mouthful of water; some of them "had no drink last night, so late in getting home." Poor quadrupeds, they also have to get into a blaze of battle-rage this day, and be blown to pieces a great many of them, — in a quarrel not of their seeking! Horse and rider are alike satisfied on that latter point; silently ready for the task *they* have; and deaf on questions that are bottomless.

At this Hostelry of Novomiesto (not of Slatislunz or "*Golden-Sun*" at all, which is a "Sun" fallen dismally eclipsed in other ways[1]), Friedrich halted for three hours and more; saw Daun developing himself into new Order of Battle, "every part of his position visible;" considered with his whole might what was to be tried upon him; — and about noon, having made up his mind, called his Generals, in sight of the phenomenon itself there, to give them their various orders and injunctions in regard to the same. The Plan of Fight, which was thought then, and is still thought by everybody, an excellent one, — resting on the "oblique order of attack," Friedrich's favorite mode, — was, if the reader will take his Map, conceivable as follows.

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[1] "The Inn of Slati-Slunz was burnt, about twenty years ago; nothing of it but the stone walls now dates from Friedrich's time. It is a biggish solid-looking House of two stories (whether ever of three, I could not learn); stands pleasantly, at the crown of a long rise from Kolin; — and inwardly, alas, in our day, offers little but bad smells and negative quantities! Only the ground-floor is now inhabited. From the front, your view northward, Nimburg way, across the Elbe Valley, is fertile, wide-waving, pretty: but rearward, upstairs, — having with difficulty got permission, — you find bare balks, tattered feathers, several hundredweight of pigeon's dung, and no outlook at all, except into walls of office-houses and the overhanging brow of Heights, — fatal, clearly, to any view of Daun, even from a third story!" (*Tourist's Note*, 1858.) — Tempelhof (*ubi suprà*) seems to have known the right place; not Retzow, or almost anybody since: and indeed the question, except for expressly Military people, is of no moment.

Daun has by this time deployed himself; in three lines, or two lines and a reserve; on the high-lying Champaign south of the Planian-Kolin Great Road; south, say a mile, and over the crests of the rising ground, or Kamhayek ridge, so that from the Great Road you can see nothing of him. His line, swaying here and there a little, to take advantage of its ground, extends nearly five miles, from east to west; pointing towards Planian side, the left wing of it; from Planian, eastward, the way Friedrich has marched, Daun's left wing may be four miles distant. On the other side, Daun's right wing — main line always pretty parallel to the Highway, and pointing rather southward of Kolin — reaches to the small Hamlet of Krzeczhorz, which is two miles off Kolin. In front of his centre is a Village called Chotzemitz (from which for a while, in those months, the Battle gets its name, "Battle of Chotzemitz," by Daun's christening): in front of him, to right or to left of Chotzemitz, are some four or even six other Villages (dim rustic Hamlets, invisible from the High Road), every Village of which Daun has well beset with batteries, with good infantry, not to speak of Croat parties hovering about, or dismounted Pandours squatted in the corn. That easternmost Village of his is spelt "Krzeczhorz" (unpronounceable to mankind), a dirty little place; in and round which the Battle had its hinge or cardinal point: the others, as abstruse of spelling, all but equally impossible to the human organs, we will forbear to name, except in case of necessity. Half a mile behind Krzeczhorz (let us write it Kreczor, for the future: what can we do?), is a thin little Oak-wood, bushes mainly, but with sparse trees too, which is now quite stubbed out, though it was then important enough, and played a great part in the result of this day's work. Radowesnitz, a pronounceable little Village, half a mile farther or southward of the Oak-bush, is beyond the extremity of Daun's position; low down on a marshy little

Brook, which oozes through lakes and swamps towards Kolin, in the northerly direction.

Most or all of these Villages are on little Brooks (natural thirst so leading them): always some little runlet of water, not so swampy when there is any fall for it; in general lively when it gets over the ridge, and becomes visible from this Highway. And it is curious to see what a considerable dell, or green ascending chasm, this little thread of water, working at all moments for thousands of years, has hollowed out for itself in the sloping ground; making a great military obstacle, if you are mounting to attack there. Poor Czech Hamlets all of them, dirty, dark, mal-odorous, ignorant, abhorrent of German speech; — in what nook those inarticulate inhabitants, diving underground at a great rate this morning, have hidden themselves to-day, I know not. The country consists of knolls and slopes, with swamps intermediate; rises higher on the Planian side; but except the top of that Kamhayek ridge on the Planian side, and "Friedrich's-Berg" on the Kolin side, there is nothing that you could think of calling a Hill, though many Books (and even Friedrich's Book) rashly say otherwise. Friedrich's-Berg, now so called, is on the north side of the Highway: half a mile northeastward of Slatislunz, the mal-odorous Inn. A conical height of perhaps a hundred and fifty feet; rises rather suddenly from the still-sloping ground, checking the slope there; on which the Austrian populations have built some memorial lately, notable to Tourists. Here Friedrich "stood during the Battle," say they; and the Prussians "had a battery there." Which remains uncertain to me, at least the battery part of it: that Friedrich himself was there, now and then, can be believed; but not that he kept "standing there" for long together. Friedrich's-Berg does command some view of the Kreczor scene, which at times was cardinal, at others not: but Friedrich did not stand anywhere: "oftenest in the thick of the fire," say those who saw.

Friedrich, from his Inn near Planian, seeing how Daun deploys himself, considers him impregnable on the left wing; impregnable, too, in front: not so on the Kreczor side, right flank and rear; but capable of being rolled together, if well struck at there. Thither therefore; that is his vulnerable point. March along his front: quietly parallel in due Order of Battle, till we can bend round, and plunge in upon that. The Van, which consists of Ziethen's Horse and Hülsen's Infantry; Van, having faced to right at the proper moment and so become Left Wing, will attack Kreczor; probably carry it; each Division following will in like manner face to right when it arrives there, and fall on in regular succession in support of Hülsen (at Hülsen's right flank, if Hülsen be found prospering): our Right Wing is to refuse itself, and be as a Reserve, — no fighting on the road, you others, but steady towards Hülsen, in continual succession, all you; no facing round, no fighting anywhere, till we get thither: — "March!"

The word is given about 2 P.M.; and all, on the instant, is in motion; rolls steadily eastward, in two columns, which will become First Line and Second. One along the Highway, the second at due distance leftward on the green ground, no hedge or other obstacle obstructing in that part of the world. Daun's batteries, on the right, spit at them in passing, to no purpose; sputters of Pandour musketry, from coverts, there may be: Prussians finely disregarding, pass along; flowing tide-like towards *their* goal and place of choice. An impressive phenomenon in the sunny afternoon; with Daun expectant of them, and the Czech populations well hidden underground! —

Ziethen, vanmost of all, finds Nadasti and his Austrian squadrons drawn across the Highway, hitherward of the Kreczor latitude: Ziethen dashes on Nadasti; tumbles his squadrons and him away; clears the Road, and Kreczor neighborhood, of Nadasti: drives him quite into the hollow of Radowesnitz, where he stood inactive for the rest of the day. Hülsen now at the level of Kreczor (in the latitude of Kreczor, as we phrased it), halts, faces to right; stiffly presses up, opens his cannon-thunders, his bayonet-charges and platoon-fires upon Kreczor. Stiffly pressing up, in spite of the violent counter-thunders, Hülsen does manage Kreczor without very much delay, completely enough, and like a workman; takes the battery, two batteries; overturns the Infantry; — in a word, has seized Kreczor, and, as new tenant, swept the old, and their litter, quite out. Of all which Ziethen has now the chase, and by no means will neglect that duty. Ziethen, driving the rout before him, has driven it in some minutes past the little Oak-wood above mentioned; and, or rather *but,* — what is much to be noted, — is there taken in flank with cannon-shot and musketry, Daun having put batteries and Croat parties in the Oak-wood; and is forced to draw bridle, and get out of range again.

Hülsen, advancing towards this little Oak-wood, is surprised to discover, not the wood alone, but a strong Austrian force, foot and horse, to rear of it; — such had been Daun's and Nadasti's precaution, on view of those Friedrich phenomena, flowing on from Planian, guessed to be hitherward. At sight of which Wood and foot-party, Hülsen, no new Battalion having yet arrived to second him, pauses, merely cannonading from the distance, till new Battalions shall arrive. Unhappily they did not arrive, or not in due quantity at the set time, — for what reason, by what strange mistake? men still ask themselves. Probably by more mistakes than one. Enough, Hülsen struggling here all day, with reinforcements never adequate, did take the Wood, and then lose it; did take and lose this and that; — but was unable to make more of it than keep his ground thereabouts. A resolute man, says Retzow, but without invention of his own, or head to mend the mistakes of others. In and about Kreczor, Hülsen did maintain himself with more and more tenacity, till the general avalanche, fruit of sad mistakes swept *him,* quite spasmodically struggling at that period, off to the edge of it, and all the others clean away! Mistakes have been to rightwards, one or even two, the fruit of which, small at first, suffices to turn the balance, and ends in an avalanche, or precipitous descent of ruin on the Prussian side.

One mistake there was, miles westward on the right wing; due to Mannstein, our too impetuous Russian friend. Mannstein well to right, while marching forward according to order, has Croat musketry spitting upon him from amid the high corn, to an inconvenient extent: such was the common lot, which others had borne and disregarded: perhaps it was beyond the average on Mannstein, or Mannstein's patience was less infinite; any way it provoked Mannstein to boil over; and in an evil moment he said, "Extinguish me that Croat canaille, then!" Regiment Bornstedt faced to right, accordingly; took to extinguishing the Croat canaille, which of course fled at once, or squatted closer, but came back with reinforcements; drew Mannstein deeper in, fatally delayed Bornstedt, and proved widely ruinous. For now he stopped the way to those following him: regiments marching on to rear of Mannstein see Mannstein halted, volleying with the Austrians; ask themselves "How? Is there new order come? Attack to be in this point?" And successively fall on to support Mannstein, as the one clear point in such dubiety. So that the whole right wing from Regiment Bornstedt westward is storming up the difficult steeps, in hot conflict with the Austrians there, where success against them had been judged impracticable; — and there is now no reserve force anywhere to be applied to in emergency, for Hülsen's behoof or another's; and the Plan of Battle from Mannstein westward has been fatally overturned. Poor Mannstein, there is no doubt, committed this error, being too fiery a man. Surely to him it was no luxury, and he paid the smart for it in skin and soul: "badly wounded in this business;" nay, in direct sequel, not many weeks after, killed by it, as we shall see! —

To Mannstein's mistake, Friedrich himself, in his account of Kolin, mainly imputes the disaster that followed; and such, then and afterwards, was the universal judgment in military circles; loading the memory of too impetuous Mannstein with the whole.[1] Much talk there was in Prussian military circles; but there must also have been an admirable silence on the part of some. To Three Persons it was known that another strange incident had happened far ahead, far eastward, of Mannstein's position: incident which did not by any means tend to alleviate, which could only strengthen and widen, the evil results of Mannstein; and which might have lifted part of the load from Mannstein's memory! Not till the present Century, after the lapse of almost fifty years, was this secret slowly dug out of silence, and submitted to modern curiosity.

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[1] See Retzow, i. 135; Tempelhof, i. 214, 220.

The incident is this; — never whispered of for near fifty years (so silent were the three); and endlessly tossed about since that; the sense of it not understood till almost now.[1] The three parties were: King Friedrich; Moritz of Dessau, leading on the centre here; Moritz's young Nephew Franz, Heir of Dessau, a brisk lad of seventeen, learning War here as Aide-de-camp to Moritz: the exact spot is not known to me, — probably the ground near that Inn of Slatislunz, or Golden-Sun; between the foot of Friedrich's-Berg and that: — fact indubitable, though kept dark so long. Moritz is marching with the centre, or main battle, that way, intending to wheel and turn hillwards, Kreczor-wise, as per order, certain furlongs ahead; when Friedrich (having, so I can conceive it, seen from his Hill-top, how Hülsen had done Kreczor, altogether prosperous there; and what endless capability there was of prospering to all lengths and speeding the general winning, were Hülsen but supported soon enough, were there any safe short-cut to Hülsen) dashed from his Hill-top in hot haste towards Prince Moritz, General of the centre, intending to direct him upon such short-cut; and hastily said, with Olympian brevity and fire, "Face to right *here!*" With Jove-like brevity, and in such blaze of Olympian fire as we may imagine. Moritz himself is of brief, crabbed, fiery mind, brief in temper; and answers to the effect, "Impossible to attack the enemy here, your Majesty; postured as they are; and we with such orders gone abroad!" — "Face to right, I tell you!" said the King, still more Olympian, and too emphatic for explaining. Moritz, I hope, paused, but rather think he did not, before remonstrating the second time; neither perhaps was his voice so low as it should have been: it is certain Friedrich dashed quite up to Moritz at this second remonstrance, flashed out his sword (the only time he ever drew his sword in battle); and now, gone all to mere Olympian lightning and thunder-tone, asks in *this* attitude, "*Will Er* (Will He) obey orders, then?" — Moritz, fallen silent of remonstrance, with gloomy rapidity obeys.

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[1] See Retzow, i. 126; Berenhorst; &c. &c.; — then *finally*, Kutzen, pp. 99, 217.

Prince Franz, the young Nephew of Moritz, alone witnessed this scene; scene to be locked in threefold silence. In his old age, Franz had whispered it to Berenhorst, his bastard Half-Uncle, a famed military Critic, — who is still in the highest repute that way (Berenhorst's *Kriegskunst*, and other deep Books), and is recognizable, to *lay* readers, for an abstruse strong judgment; with equal strength of abstruse temper hidden behind it, and very privately a deep grudge towards Friedrich, scarcely repressible on opportunity. From Berenhorst it irrepressibly oozed out;[1] much more to Friedrich's disadvantage than it now looks when wholly seen into. Not change of plan, not ruinous caprice on Friedrich's part, as Berenhorst, Retzow and others would have it; only excess of brevity towards Moritz, and accident of the Olympian fire breaking out. Friedrich is chargeable with nothing, except perhaps (what Moritz knows the evil of) trying for a short-cut! Such is now the received interpretation. Prince Franz, to his last day, refused to speak again on the subject; judiciously repentant, we can fancy, of having spoken at all, and brought such a matter into the streets and their pie-powder adjudications.[2] For the present, he is Adjutant to Moritz, busy obeying to the letter.

Friedrich, withdrawing to his Height again, and looking back on Moritz, finds that he is making right in upon the Austrian line; which was by no means Friedrich's meaning, had not he been so brief. Friedrich, doubtless with pain, remembers now that he had said only, "Face to right!" and had then got into Olympian tempest, which left things dark to Moritz. "*Halb-links*, Half to left withal!" he despatches that new order to Moritz, with the utmost speed: "Face to right; *then*, forward half to left." Had Moritz, at the first, got that commentary to his order, there had probably been no remonstrance on Moritz's part, no Olympian scene to keep silent; and Moritz, taking that diagonal direction from the first, had hit in at or below Kreczor, at the very point where he was needed. Alas for overhaste; short-cuts, if they are to be good, ought at least to be made clear! Moritz, on the new order reaching him, does instantly steer half-left: but he arrives now above Kreczor, strikes the Austrian line on this side of Kreczor; disjoined from Hülsen, where he can do no good to Hülsen: in brief, Moritz, and now the whole line with him, have to do as Mannstein and sequel are doing, attack in face, not in flank; and try what, in the proportion of one to two, uphill, and against batteries, they can make of it in that fashion!

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[1] "Heinrich von Berenhorst [a natural son of the Old Dessauer's], in his *Betrachtungen über die Kriegskunst*, is the first that alludes to it in print (Leipzig, 1797, — page in *second* edition, 1798, is i. 219)."

[2] In *Kutzen*, pp. 217-237, a long dissertation on it.

And so, from right wing to left, miles long, there is now universal storm of volleying, bayonet-charging, thunder of artillery, case-shot, cartridge-shot, and sulphurous devouring whirlwind; the wrestle very tough and furious, especially on the assaulting side. Here, as at Prag, the Prussian troops were one and all in the fire; each doing strenuously his utmost, no complaint to be made of their performance. More perfect soldiers, I believe, were rarely or never seen on any field of war. But there is no reserve left: Mannstein and the rest, who should have been reserve, and at a General's disposal, we see what they are doing! In vain, or nearly so, is Friedrich's tactic or manœuvring talent; what now is there to manœuvre? All is now gone up into one combustion. To fan the fire, to be here, there, fanning the fire where need shows: this is now Friedrich's function; "everywhere in the hottest of the fight," that is all we at present know of him, invisible to us otherwise. This death-wrestle lasted perhaps four hours; till seven or towards eight o'clock in the June evening; the sun verging downwards; issue still uncertain.

And, in fact, at last the issue turned upon a hair; — such the empire of Chance in War matters. Cautious Daun, it is well known, did not like the aspect of the thing; cautious Daun thinks to himself, "If we get pushed back into that

Camp of yesternight, down the Kamhayek Heights, and right into the impassable swamps; the reverse way, Heights now *his*, not ours, and impassable swamps waiting to swallow us? Wreck complete, and surrender at discretion — !" Daun writes in pencil: "The retreat is to Suchdol" (Kuttenberg way, southward, where we have heights again and magazines); Daun's Aide-de-camp is galloping every-whither with that important Document; and Generals are preparing for retreat accordingly, — one General on the right wing has, visibly to Hülsen and us, his cannon out of battery, and under way rearwards; a welcome sight to Hülsen, who, with imperfect reinforcement, is toughly maintaining himself there all day.

And now the Daun Aide-de-camp, so Chance would have it, cannot find Nostitz the Saxon Commandant of Horse in that quarter; finds a "Saxon Lieutenant-Colonel B——" ("Benkendorf" all Books now write him plainly), who, by another little chance, had been still left there: "Can the Herr Lieutenant-Colonel tell me where General Nostitz is?" Benkendorf can tell; — will himself take the message: but Benkendorf looks into the important Pencil Document; thinks it premature, wasteful, and that the contrary is feasible! persuades Nostitz so to think; persuades this regiment and that (Saxon, Austrian, horse and foot); though the cannon in retreat go trundling past them: "Merely shifting their battery, don't you see: — Steady!" And, in fine, organizes, of Saxon and Austrian horse and foot in promising quantity (Saxons in great fury on the Pirna score, not to say the Striegau, and other old grudges), a new unanimous assault on Hülsen.

The assault was furious, and became ever more so; at length irresistible to Hülsen. Hülsen's horse, pressing on as to victory, are at last hurled back; could not be rallied;[1] fairly fled (some of them); confusing Hülsen's foot, — foot is broken, instantly ranks itself, as the manner of Prussians is; ranks itself in impromptu squares, and stands fiercely defensive again, amid the slashing and careering: wrestle of extreme fury, say the witnesses. "This for Striegau!" cried the Saxon dragoons, furiously sabring.[1] Yes; and is there nothing to account of Pirna, and the later scores? Scores unliquidated, very many still; but the end is, Hülsen is driven away; retreats, Parthian-like, down-hill, some space; whose sad example has to spread rightwards like a powder-train, till all are in retreat, — northward, towards Nimburg, is the road; — and the Battle of Kolin is finished.

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[1] That of "*Racker, wollt ihr ewig leben*, Rascals, would you live forever?" with the "Fritz, for eight groschen, this day there has been enough!" — is to be counted pure myth; not unsuccessful, in its withered kind.

Friedrich made vehement effort to rally the Horse, to rally this and that; but to no purpose: one account says he did collect some small body, and marched forth at the head of it against a certain battery; but, in his rear, man after man fell away, till Lieutenant-Colonel Grant (not "Le Grand," as some call him, and indeed there is an *accent* of Scotch in him, still audible to us here) had to remark, "Your Majesty and I cannot take the battery ourselves!" Upon which Friedrich turned round; and, finding nobody, looked at the Enemy through his glass, and slowly rode away[2] — on a different errand.

Seeing the Battle irretrievably lost, he now called Bevern and Moritz to him; gave them charge of the retreat — "To Nimburg; cross Elbe there [fifteen good miles away]; and in the defiles of Planian have especial care!" and himself rode off thitherward, his Garde-du-Corps escorting. Retzow says, "a swarm of fugitive horse-soldiers, baggage-people, grooms and led horses gathered in the train of him: these latter, at one point," Retzow has heard in Opposition circles, "rushed up, galloping: 'Enemy's hussars upon us!' and set the whole party to the gallop for some time, till they found the alarm was false."[3] Of Friedrich we see nothing, except as if by cloudy moonlight in an uncertain manner, through this and the other small Anecdote, perhaps semi-mythical, and true only in the essence of it.

Daun gave no chase anywhere; on his extreme left he had, perhaps as preparative for chasing, ordered out the cavalry; "General Stampach and cavalry from the centre," with cannon, with infantry and appliances, to clear away the wrecks of Mannstein, and what still stands, to right of him, on the Planian Highway yonder. But Stampach found "obstacles of ground," wet obstacles and also dry, — Prussian posts, smaller and greater, who would not stir a hand-breadth: in fact, an altogether deadly storm of Negative, spontaneous on their part, from the indignant regiments thereabouts, King's First Battalion, and two others; who blazed out on Stampach in an extraordinary manner, tearing to shreds every attempt of his, themselves stiff as steel: "Die, all of us, rather than stir!" And, in fact, the second man of these poor fellows did die there.[1] So that Bevern, Commander in that part, who was absent speaking with the King, found on his return a new battle broken out; which he did not forbid but encourage; till Stampach had enough, and withdrew in rather torn condition. This, if this were some preparative for chasing, was what Daun did of it, in the cavalry way; and this was all. The infantry he strictly prohibited to stir from their position, — "No saying, if we come into the level ground, with such an enemy!" — and passed the night under arms. Far on our left, or what was once our left, Ziethen with all his squadrons, nay Hülsen with most of his battalions, continued steady on the ground; and marched away at their leisure, as rear-guard.

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[1] Archenholtz, i. 100. [2] Retzow, i. 139. [3] Ib. i. 140.

"It seemed," says Tempelhof, in splenetic tone, "as if Feldmarschall Daun, like a good Christian, would not suffer the sun to go down on his wrath. This day, nearly the longest in the year, he allowed the Prussian cavalry, which had beaten Nadasti, to stand quiet on the field till ten at night [till nine]; he did not send a single hussar in chase of the infantry. He stood all night under arms; and next day returned to his old Camp, as if he had been afraid the King would come back. Arriving there himself, he could see, about ten in the morning, behind Kaurzim and Planian, the whole Prussian Baggage fallen into such a coil that the wagons were with difficulty got on way again; nevertheless he let it, under cover of the grenadier battalion Manteuffel, go in peace."[2] A man that for caution and slowness could make no use of his victory!

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[1] Kutzen, p. 138 (from the canonical, or "*Staff-Officer's*" enumeration: see *suprà*, p. 403 n.).

[2] Tempelhof i. 195.

The Austrian force in the Field this day is counted to have been 60,000; their losses in killed, wounded and missing, 8,114. The Prussians, who began 34,000 in strength, lost 13,773; of whom prisoners (including all the wounded), 5,380. Their baggage, we have seen, was not meddled with: they lost 45 cannon, 22 flags, — a loss not worth adding, in comparison to this sore havoc, for the second time, in the flower of the Prussian Infantry.[1]

The news reached Prag Camp at two in the morning (Sunday, 19th): to the sorrowful amazement of the Generals there; who "stood all silent; only the Prince of Prussia breaking out into loud lamentations and accusations," which even Retzow thinks unseemly. Friedrich arrived that Sunday evening: and the Siege was raised, next day; with next to no hindrance or injury. With none at all on the part of Daun; who was still standing among the heights and swamps of Planian, — busy singing, or shooting, universal *Te-Deum*, with very great rolling fire and other pomp, that day while Friedrich gathered his Siege-goods and got on march.

The Maria-Theresa Order, new Knighthood for Austria.

No tongue can express the joy of the Austrians over this victory, — vouchsafed them, in this manner, by Lieutenant-Colonel Benkendorf and the Powers above. Miraculously, behold, they are not upon the retreat to Suchdol, at double-quick, and in ragged ever-lengthening line; but stand here, keeping rank all night, on the Planian-Kolin upland of the Kamhayek: — behold, they have actually beaten Friedrich; for the first time, not been beaten by him. Clearly beaten that Friedrich, by some means or other. With such a result, too; consider it, — drawn sword was at our throat; and marvellously now it is turned round upon his (if Daun be alert), and we — let us rejoice to all lengths, and sing *Te-Deum* and *Te-Daunum* with one throat, till the Heavens echo again.

There was quite a hurricane, or lengthened storm, of jubilation and tripudiation raised at Vienna on this victory: New *Order of Maria Theresa*, in suitable Olympian fashion, with no end of regulating and inaugurating, — with Daun the first Chief of it; and "Pensions to Merit" a conspicuous part of the plan, we are glad to see. It subsists to this day: the grandest Military Order the Austrians yet have. Which then deafened the world, with its infinite solemnities, patentings, discoursings, trumpetings, for a good while. As was natural, surely, to that high Imperial Lady with the magnanimous heart; to that loyal solid Austrian People with its pudding-head. Daun is at the top of the Theresa Order, and of military renown in Vienna circles; — of Lieutenant-Colonel Benkendorf I never heard that he got the least pension or recognition; — continued quietly a military lion to discerning men, for the rest of his days.[1]

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[1] Retzow, i. 141 (whose numbers are apt to be inaccurate); Kutzen, p. 144 (who depends on the Canonical *Staff-Officer* Account).

Nay once, on Daun's *Te-Deum* day, he had a kind of recognition; — and even, by good accident, can tell us of it in his own words:[2] —

"I was sent for to head-quarters by a trumpeter," — Benkendorf was, — "when all was ready for the *Te-Deum*. Feldmarschall Daun was pleased to say at sight of me, 'That as I had had so much to do with the victory, it was but right I should thank our Herr Gott along with him.' Having no change of clothes, — as the servant, who was to have a uniform and some linens ready for me, had galloped off during the Fight, and our baggage was all gone to rearward, — I tried to hustle out of sight among the crowd of Imperial Officers all in gala: but the reigning Duke of Würtemberg [Wilhelmina's Son-in-law, a perverse obstinate Herr, growing ever more perverse; one of Wilhelmina's sad afflictions in these days] called me to him, and said, 'He would give his whole wardrobe, could he wear that dusty coat with such honor as I!'" — yes; and tried hard, in his perverse way, for some such thing; but never could, as we shall see.

How lucky that Polish Majesty had some remains of Cavalry still at Warsaw in the Pirna time; that they were made into a Saxon Brigade, and taken into the Austrian service; Brigade of three Regiments, Nostitz for Chief, and this Benkendorf a Lieutenant-Colonel, among them; — and that Polish Majesty, though himself lost, has been the saving of Austria twice within one year!

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[1] "Died at Dresden, General of Cavalry," 5th May, 1801 (Rödenbeck, i. 338, 339).

[2] Kutzen (citing some *Biography* of Benkendorf), p. 143.

CHAPTER V.

FRIEDRICH AT LEITMERITZ, HIS WORLD OF ENEMIES COMING ON.

Of Friedrich's night-thoughts at Nimburg; how he slept, and what his dreams were, we have no account. Seldom did a wearied heart sink down into oblivion on such terms. By narrow miss, the game gone; and with such results ahead. It was a right valiant plunge this that he made, with all his strength and all his skill, home upon the heart of his chief enemy. To quench his chief enemy before another came up: it was a valiant plan, and valiantly executed; and it has failed. To dictate peace from the walls of Vienna: that lay on the cards for him this morning; and at night — ? Kolin is lost, the fruit of Prag Victory too is lost; and Schwerin and new tens of thousands, unreplaceable for worth in this world, are lost; much is lost! Courage, your Majesty, all is not lost, you not, and honor not.

To the young Graf von Anhalt, on the road to Nimburg, he is recorded to have said, "Don't you know, then, that every man must have his reverses (*Mais ne savez-vous donc pas que chaque homme doit avoir ses revers*)? It appears I am to have mine."[1] And more vaguely, in the Anecdote-Books, is mention of some stanch ruggedly pious old Dragoon, who brought, in his steel cap, from some fine-flowing well he had discovered, a draught of pure water to the King; old Mother Earth's own gift, through her rugged Dragoon, exquisite refection to the thirsty wearied soul; and spoke, in his Dragoon dialect, — "Never mind, your Majesty! *Der Allmächtige* and we; it shall be mended yet. 'The Kaiserin may get a victory for once; but does that send us to the Devil (*davon holt uns der Teufel nicht*)!'" — words of rough comfort, which were well taken.

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[1] Rödenbeck, i. 309.

Next morning, several Books, and many Drawings and Sculptures of a dim unsuccessful nature, give us view of him, at Nimburg; sitting silent "on a *Brunnen-Rohr*" (Fountain Apparatus, waste-pipe or feeding-pipe, too high for convenient sitting): he is stooping forward there, his eyes fixed on the ground, and is scratching figures in the sand with his stick, as the broken troops reassemble round him. Archenholtz says: "He surveyed with speechless feeling the small remnant of his Life-guard of Foot, favorite First Battalion; 1,000 strong yesterday morning, hardly 400 now;" — gone the others, in that furious Anti-Stampach outburst which ended the day's work! "All soldiers of this chosen Battalion were personally known to him; their names, their age, native place, their history [the pick of his Ruppin regiment was the basis of it]: in one day, Death had mowed them down; they had fought like heroes, and it was for him that they had died. His eyes were visibly wet, down his face rolled silent tears."[1]

In public I never saw other tears from this King, — though in private I do not warrant him; his sensibilities, little as you would think it, being very lively and intense. "To work, however!" This King can shake away such things; and is not given overmuch to retrospection on the unalterable Past. "Like dewdrops from the lion's mane" (as is figuratively said); the lion swiftly rampant again! There was manifold swift ordering, considering and determining, at Nimburg, that day; and towards night Friedrich shot rapidly into Head-quarters at Prag, where, by order, there is, as the first thing of all, a very rapid business going on, well forward by the time he arrives.

To fold one's Siege-gear and Army neatly together from those Two Hill-tops, and march away with them safe, in sight of so many enemies: this has to be the first and rapidest thing; if this be found possible, as one calculates it may. After which, the world of enemies, held in the slip so long, will rush in from all the four winds, — unknown whitherward; one must wait to see whitherward and how.

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[1] Archenholtz, i. 104, 101; Kutzen, pp. 259, 138; Retzow, i. 142.

Friedrich's History for the remaining six months of this Year falls, accordingly, into three Sections. Section *first:* Waiting how and towards what objects his enemies, the Austrians first of all, will advance; — this lasts for about a month; Friedrich waiting mainly at Leitmeritz, on guard there both of Saxony and of Silesia, till this slowly declare itself. Slowly, perhaps almost stupidly, but by no means satisfactorily to Friedrich, as will be seen! After which, Section *second* of his History lasts above two months; Friedrich's enemies being all got to the ground, and united in hope and resolution to overwhelm and abolish him; but their plans, positions, operations so extremely various that, for a long time (end of August to beginning of November), Friedrich cannot tell what to do with them; and has to scatter himself into thin threads, and roam about, chiefly in Thüringen and the West of Saxony, seeking something to fight with, and finding nothing; getting more and more impatient of such paltry misery; at times nigh desperate; and habitually drifting on desperation as on a lee shore in the night, despite all his efforts. Till, in Section *third*, which goes from November 5th, through December 5th, and into the New Year, he does find what to do; and does it, — in a forever memorable way.

Three Sections; of which the reader shall successively have some idea, if he exert himself; though it is only in snatches, suggestive to an active fancy, that we can promise to dwell on them, especially on the First Two, which lie pretty much *un*-surveyable in those chaotic records, like a world-wide coil of thrums. Let us be swift, in Friedrich's own manner; and try to disimprison the small portions of essential! Here, partly from Eye-witnesses, are some Notes in regard to Section First:[1] —

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[1] Westphalen, *Geschichte der Feldzüge des Herzogs Ferdinand* (and a Private Journal of W.'s there), ii. 13-19; Retzow; &c.

"*Sunday*, 19*th June*, At 2 A.M., Major Grant arrives at Prag [must have started instantly after that of "We two cannot take the battery, your Majesty!"] — goes to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, interim Commander on the Ziscaberg, with order To raise Siege. Consternation on the part of some; worse, on the Prince of Prussia's part; the others kept silence at least, — and set instantly to work. On both Hills, the cannons are removed (across Moldau the Zisca-Hill ones), batteries destroyed, Siege-gear neatly gathered up, to go in wagons to Leitmeritz, thence by boat to Dresden; all this lies ready done, the dangerous part of it done, when Friedrich arrives.

"*Monday*, 20*th*, before sunrise, Siege raised. At three in the morning Friedrich marches from the Ziscaberg; to eastward he, to Alt-Bunzlau, thence to Alt-Lissa," — Nimburg way, with what objects we shall see. "Marshal Keith's fine performance. Keith, from the Weissenberg, does not march, such packing and loading still; all the baggages and artilleries being with Keith. Not till four in the afternoon did Keith march; but beautifully then; and folded himself away, — rear-guard under Schmettau 'retreating checkerwise,' nothing but Tolpatcheries attempting on him, — westward, Budin-ward, without loss of a linstock, not to speak of guns. Very prettily done on the part of Keith. By Budin, to Leitmeritz, he; where the King will join him shortly."

Friedrich's errand in Alt-Lissa, eastward, while Keith went westward, was, To be within due arm's-length of the Moritz-Bevern, or beaten Kolin Army, which is coming up that way; intending to take post, and do its best, in those parts, with Zittau Magazine and the Lausitz to rear of it. One of our Eye-witnesses, a Herr Westphalen, Ferdinand of Brunswick's Secretary, — who, with his Chief, got into wider fields before long, — yields these additional particulars face to face: —

"*Tuesday*, 21*st June*, 1757. King's Head-quarters in Lissa or neighborhood till Friday next; which is central for both these movements, — Thursday, orders seven regiments of horse to reinforce Keith. No symptom yet of pursuit anywhere.

"*Friday*, 24*th*. Prince Moritz with the Kolin Army made appearance, all safe, and is to command here; King intending for Keith. After dinner, and the due interchange of battalions to that end, King sets off, with Prince Henri, towards Keith; Head-quarter in Alt-Bunzlau again. *Saturday Night*, at Melnick; *Sunday*, Gastorf: *Monday Night*, *27th June*, Leitmeritz; King lodges in the Cathedral Close, in sight of Keith, who is on the opposite side of Elbe, — but the town has a Bridge for to-morrow. 'Never was a quieter march; not the shadow of a Pandour visible. The Duke [Ferdinand, my Chief, Chatham's jewel that is to be, and precious to England] has suffered much from a' — in fact, from a *cours de ventre*, temporary bowel-derangement, which was very troublesome, owing to the excessive heats by day, and coldness of the nights.

"*Tuesday*, 28*th*. Junction with Keith, — Bridge rightly secured, due party of dragoons and foot left on the right bank, to occupy a height which covers Leitmeritz. 'Clearing of the Pascopol' (that is, sweeping the Pandours out of it) is the first business; Colonel Loudon with his Pandours, a most swift sharp-cutting man, being now here in those parts; doing a deal of mischief. Three days ago, Saturday, 25th, Keith had sent seven battalions, with the proper steel-besoms, on that Pascopol affair; Tuesday, on junction, Majesty sends three more: job done on Wednesday; reported 'done,' — though I should not be surprised," says Westphalen, "if some little highway robbery still went on among the Mountains up there."

No; — and before quitting hold, what is this that Loudon (on the very day of the King's arrival, June 27th), on the old Field of Lobositz over yonder, has managed to do! General Mannstein, wounded at Kolin, happened, with others in like case, to be passing that way, towards Dresden and better surgery, — when Loudon's Croats set upon them, scattering their slight escort: "Quarter, on surrender! Prisoners?" "Never!" answered Mannstein; "Never!" that too impetuous man, starting out from his carriage, and snatching a musket: and was instantly cut down there. And so ends; — a man of strong head, and of heart only too strong.[1]

From Prag onwards, here has been a delicate set of operations; perfectly executed, — thanks to Friedrich's rapidity of shift, and also to the cautious slowly puzzling mind of Daun. Had Daun used any diligence, had Daun and Prince Karl been broad awake, together or even singly! But Friedrich guessed they seldom or never were; that they would spend some days in puzzling; and that, with despatch, he would have time for everything. Daun, we could observe, stood singing *Te-Deum*, greatly at leisure, in his old Camp, 20th June, while Friedrich, from the first gray of morning, and diligently all day long, was withdrawing from the trenches of Prag, — Friedrich's people, self and goods getting folded out in the finest gradation, and with perfect success; no Daun to hinder him, — Daun leisurely doing *Te-Deum*, forty miles off, helping on the *wrong* side by that exertion![1] — "Poor Browne, he is dead of his wounds, in Prag yonder," writes Westphalen, in his Leitmeritz Journal, "news came to us July 1st: men said, 'Ah, that was why they lay asleep.'"

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[1] Preuss, ii. 58; *Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 10.

Till June 26th, Daun and Karl had not united; nor, except sending out Loudon and Croats, done anything, either of them. Sunday, June 26th, at Podschernitz on the old Field of Prag, a week and a day after Kolin, they did get together; still seemingly a little puzzled, "Shall we follow the King? Shall we follow Moritz and Bevern?" — nothing clear for some time, except to send out Pandour parties upon both. Moritz, since parting with the King in Alt-Bunzlau neighborhood, has gone northward some marches, thirty miles or so, to *Jung*-Bunzlau, — meeting of Iser and Elbe, surely a good position: — Moritz, on receipt of these Pandour allowances of his, writes to the King, "Shall we retreat on Zittau, then, your Majesty? Straight upon Zittau?" Fancy Friedrich's astonishment; — who well intends to eat the Country first, perhaps to fight if there be chance, and at least to lie *outside* the doors of Silesia and the Lausitz, as well as of Saxony here! — and answers, with his own hand, on the instant: "Your Dilection will not be so mad!"[2] And at once recalls Moritz, and appoints the Prince of Prussia to go and take command. Who directly went; — a most important step for the King's interests and his own. Whose fortunes in that business we shall see before long! —

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[1] Cogniazzo, ii. 367.

[2] In Preuss, ii. 58, the pungent little Autograph in full.

At Leitmeritz the King continues four weeks, with his Army parted in this way; waiting how the endless hostile element, which begirdles his horizon all round, will shape itself into combinations, that he may set upon the likeliest or the needfulest of these, when once it has disclosed itself. Horizon all round is black enough: Austrians, French, Swedes, Russians, Reichs Army; closer upon him or not so close, all are rolling in: Saxony, the Lausitz and Silesia, Brandenburg itself, it is uncertain which of these may soonest require his active presence.

The very day after his arrival in Leitmeritz, — Tuesday, 28th June, while that junction with Keith was going on, and the troops were defiling along the Bridge for junction with Keith, — a heavy sorrow had befallen him, which he yet knew not of. An irreparable Domestic loss; sad complement to these Military and other Public disasters. Queen Sophie Dorothee, about whose health he had been anxious, but had again been set quiet, died at Berlin that day.[1] In her seventy-first year: of no definite violent disease; worn down with chagrins and apprehensions, in this black whirlpool of Public troubles. So far as appears, the news came on Friedrich by surprise: — "bad cough," we hear of, and of his anxieties about it, in the Spring time; then again of "improvement, recovery, in the fine weather;" — no thought, just now, of such an event: and he took it with a depth of affliction, which my less informed readers are far from expecting of him.

July 2d, the news came: King withdrew into privacy; to weep and bewail under this new pungency of grief, superadded to so many others. Mitchell says: "For two days he had no levee; only the Princes dined with him [Princes Henri and Ferdinand; Prince of Prussia is gone to Jung-Bunzlau, would get the sad message there, among his other troubles]: yesterday, July 3d, King sent for me in the afternoon, — the first time he has seen anybody since the news came: — I had the honor to remain with him some hours in his closet. I must own to your Lordship I was most sensibly afflicted to see him indulging his grief, and giving way to the warmest filial affections; recalling to mind the many obligations he had to her late Majesty; all she had suffered, and how nobly she bore it; the good she did to everybody; the one comfort he now had, to think of having tried to make her last years more agreeable."[1] In the thick of public business, this kind of mood to Mitchell seems to have lasted all the time of Leitmeritz, which is about three weeks yet: Mitchell's Note-books and Despatches, in that part, have a fine Biographic interest; the wholly human Friedrich wholly visible to us there as he seldom is. Going over his past Life to Mitchell; brief, candid, pious to both his Parents; — inexpressibly sad; like moonlight on the grave of one's Mother, silent that, while so much else is too noisy!

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[1] Monbijou, 28th June, 1757; born at Hanover, 27th March, 1687.

This Friedrich, upon whom the whole world has risen like a mad Sorcerer's-Sabbath, how safe he once lay in his cradle, like the rest of us, mother's love wrapping him soft: — and now! These thoughts commingle in a very tragic way with the avalanche of public disasters which is thundering down on all sides. Warm tears the meed of this new sorrow; small in compass, but greater in poignancy than all the rest together. "My poor old Mother, oh, my Mother, that so loved me always, and would have given her own life to shelter mine!" — It was at Leitmeritz, as I guess, that Mitchell first made decisive acquaintance, what we may almost call intimacy, with the King: we already defined him as a sagacious, long-headed, loyal-hearted diplomatic gentleman, Scotch by birth and by turn of character; abundantly polite, vigilant, discreet, and with a fund of general sense and rugged veracity of mind; whom Friedrich at once recognized for what he was, and much took to, finding a hearty return withal; so that they were soon well with one another, and continued so. Mitchell, as orders were, "attended the King's person" all through this War, sometimes in the blaze of battle itself and nothing but cannon-shot going, if it so chanced; and has preserved, in his multifarious Papers, a great many traits of Friedrich, not to be met with elsewhere.

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[1] *Papers and Memoirs*, i. 253; Despatch to Holderness, 4th July (slightly abridged); — see ib. i. 357–359 (Private Journal). Westphalen, ii. 14. See *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 182.

Mitchell's occasional society, conversation with a man of sense and manly character, which Friedrich always much loved, was, no doubt, a resource to Friedrich in his lonely roamings and vicissitudes in those dark years. No other British Ambassador ever had the luck to please him or be pleased by him, — most of them, as Ex-Exchequer Legge and the like Ex-Parliamentary people, he seems to have considered dull, obstinate, wooden fellows, of fantastic, abrupt rather abstruse kind of character, not worth deciphering; — some of them, as Hanbury Williams, with the mischievous tic (more like galvanism or St.-Vitus'-dance) which he called "wit," and the inconvenient turn for plotting and intriguing, Friedrich could not endure at all, but had them as soon as possible recalled, — of course, not without detestation on their part.

At Leitmeritz, it appears, he kept withdrawn to his closet a good deal; gave himself up to his sorrows and his thoughts; would sit many hours drowned in tears, weeping bitterly like a child or a woman. This is strange to some readers; but it is true, — and ought to alter certain current notions. Friedrich, flashing like clear steel upon evil-doers and mendacious unjust persons and their works, is not by nature a cruel man, then, or an unfeeling, as Rumor reports? Reader, no, far the reverse; — and public Rumor, as you may have remarked, is apt to be an extreme blockhead, full of fury and stupidity on such points, and had much better hold its tongue till it know in some measure. Extreme sensibility is not sure to be a merit; though it is sure to be reckoned one, by the greedy dim fellows looking idly on: but, in any case, the degree of it that dwelt (privately, for most part) in Friedrich was great; and to himself it seemed a sad rather than joyful fact. Speaking of this matter, long afterwards, to Garve, a Silesian Philosopher, with whom he used to converse at Breslau, he says; — or let dull Garve himself report it, in the literal third-person: —

"And herein, I," the Herr Garve (venturing to dispute, or qualify, on one of his Majesty's favorite topics), "believe, lies the real ground of 'happiness:' it is the capacity and opportunity to accomplish great things. This the King would not allow; but said, That I did not sufficiently take into account the natural feelings, different in different people, which, when painful, imbittered the life of the highest as of the lowest. That, in his own life, he had experienced the deepest sufferings of this kind: 'And,' added he, with a touching tone of kindness and familiarity, which never occurred again in his interviews with me, 'if you (*Er*) knew, for instance, what I underwent on the death of my Mother, you would see that I have been as unhappy as any other, and unhappier than others, because of the greater sensibility I had (*weil ich mehr Empfindlichkeit gehabt habe*).'"[1]

There needed not this new calamity in Friedrich's lot just now! From all points of the compass, his enemies, held in check so long, are floating on: the confluence of disasters and ill-tidings, at this time, very great. From Jung-Bunzlau, close by, his Brother's accounts are bad; and grow ever worse, — as will be seen! On the extreme West, "July 3d," while Friedrich at Leitmeritz sat weeping for his Mother, the French take Embden from him; "July 5th," the Russians, Memel, on the utmost East. June 30th, six days before, the Russians, after as many months of haggling, did cross the Border; 37,000 of them on this point; and set to bombarding Memel from land and sea. Poor Memel (garrison only 700) answered very fiercely, "sank two of their gunboats" and the like; but the end was as we see, — Feldmarschall Lehwald able to give no relief. For there were above 70,000 other Russians (Feldmarschall Apraxin with these latter, and Cossacks and Calmucks more than enough) crossing elsewhere, south in Tilsit Country, upon old Lehwald.[2] Lehwald, with 30,000, in such circumstances — what is to become of Preussen and him!

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[1] *Fragmente zur Schilderung des Geistes, des Charakters und der Regierung Friedrichs des Zweiten*, von Christian Garve (Breslau, 1798), i. 314–316. An unexpectedly dull Book (Garve having talent and reputation); kind of monotonous Preachment upon Friedrich's character: almost nothing but the above fraction now derivable from it.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 407–413.

Nearer hand, the Austrians, the French, the very Reichs Army, do now seem intent on business.

The Reichs Execution Army, we saw how Mayer and the Battle of Prag had checked it in the birth-pangs; and given rise to pangs of another sort; the poor Reichs Circles generally exclaiming, "What! Bring the war into our own borders? Bring the King of Prussia on our own throats!" — and stopping short in their enlistments and preparations; in vain for Austrian Officials to urge them. Watching there, with awestruck eye, while the 12,000 bombs flew into Prag.

The Battle of Kolin has reversed all that; and the poor old Reich is again bent on business in the Execution way. Drumming, committeeing, projecting, and endeavoring, with all her might, in all quarters; and, from and after the event of Kolin, holding visible Encampment, in the Nürnberg Country; fractions of actual troops assembling there. "On the Plains of Fürth, between Fürth and Farrenbach, east side the River Regnitz, there was the Camp pitched," says my Anonymous Friend; who gives me a cheerful Copperplate of the thing: red pennons, blue, and bright mixed colors; generals' tents; order-of-battle, and respective rallying points: with Bamberg Country in front, and the peaks of the Pine Mountains lying pleasantly behind: a sight for the curious.[1] It is the same ground where Mayer was careering lately; neighboring nobility and gentry glad to come in gala, and dance with Mayer. Hither, all through July, come contingents straggling in, thicker and thicker; "August 8th," things now about complete, the Bishop of Bamberg came to take survey of the Reichs-Heer (Bishop's remarks not given); August 10th, came the young reigning Duke of Hildburghausen (Duke's granduncle is to be Commander), on like errand; August 11th, the Reichs-Heer got on march. Westward ho! — readers will see towards what.

A truly *elende*, or miserable, Reichs Execution Army (as the *mis*printer had made it); but giving loud voice in the Gazettes;

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[1] J. F. S. (whom I named *Anonymous of Hamburg* long since; who has boiled down, with great diligence, the old Newspapers, and gives a great many dates, notes, &c., without Index), i. 211, 224 (the Copperplate).

and urged by every consideration to do something for itself. Prince of Hildburghausen — a general of small merit, though he has risen in the Austrian service, and we have seen him with Seckendorf in old Turk times — has, for his Kaiser's sake, taken the command; sensible perhaps that glory is not likely to be rife here; but willing to make himself useful. Kaiser and Austria urge, everywhere, with all their might: Prince of Hessen-Darmstadt, who lay on the Weissenberg lately, one of Keith's distinguished seconds there and a Prussian Officer of long standing, has, on Kaiser's order, quitted all that, and become Hildburghausen's second here, in the Camp of Fürth; thinking the path of duty lay that way, — though his Wife, one of the noble women of her age, thought very differently.[1] A similar Kaiser's order, backed by what Law-thunder lay in the Reich, had gone out against Friedrich's own Brothers, and against every Reichs Prince who was in Friedrich's service; but, except him of Hessen-Darmstadt, none of them had much minded.[2] I did not hear that his strategic talent was momentous: but Prussia had taught him the routine of right soldiering, surely to small purpose; and Friedrich, no doubt, glanced indignantly at this small thing, among the many big ones.

From about the end of June, the Reichs Army kept dribbling in: the most inferior Army in the world; no part of it well drilled, most of it not drilled at all; and for variety in color, condition, method, and military and pecuniary and other outfit, beggaring description. Hildburghausen does his utmost; Kaiser the like. The number should have far exceeded 50,000; but was not, on the field, of above half that number: 25,000; add at least 8,000 Austrian troops, two regiments of them cavalry; good these 8,000, the rest bad, — that was the Reichs Execution Army; most inferior among Armies; and considerable part of it, all the Protestant part, privately wishing well to Friedrich, they say. Drills itself multifariously in that Camp between Fürth and Farrenbach, on the east side of Regnitz River. Fancy what a sight to Wilhelmina, if she ever drove that way; which I think she hardly would. The Baireuth contingent itself is there; the Margraf would have held out stiff on that point; but Friedrich himself advised compliance. Margraf of Anspach — perverse tippling creature, ill with his Wife, I doubt — has joyfully sent his legal hundreds; will vote for the Reichs Ban against this worst of Germans, whom he has for Brother-in-law. Dark days in the heart of Wilhelmina, those of the Camp at Fürth. Days which grow ever darker, with strange flashings out of empyrean lightning from that shrill true heart; no peace more, till the noble heroine die! —

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[1] Her Letter to Friedrich, "Berlin, 30th October, 1757," *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. ii. 135.

[2] In Orlich, *Fürst Moritz von Anhalt Dessau* (Berlin, 1842), pp. 74, 75, Prince Moritz's rather mournful Letter on the subject, with Friedrich's sharp Answer.

This *elende* Reichs-Heer, miserable "Army of the Circles," is mockingly called "the Hoopers, Coopers (*Tonneliers*)," and gets quizzing enough, under that and other titles, from an Opposition Public. Far other from the French and Austrians; who are bent that it should do feats in the world, and prove impressive on a robber King. Thus too, "for Deliverance of Saxony," to co-operate with Reichs-Heer in that sacred object, thanks to the zeal of Pompadour, Prince de Soubise has got together, in Elsass, a supplementary 30,000 (40,330 said Theory, but Fact never quite so many): and is passing them across the Rhine, in Frankfurt Country, all through July, while the drilling at Fürth goes on. With these, Soubise, simultaneously getting under way, will steer northeastward; join the Reichs-Heer about Erfurt, before August end; and — and we shall see what becomes of the combined Soubise and Reichs Army after that!

It must be owned, the French, Pompadour and love of glory urging, are diligent since the event of Kolin. In select Parisian circles, the Soubise Army, or even that of D'Estrées altogether, — produced by the tears of a filial Dauphiness, — is regarded as a quasi-sacred, or uncommonly noble thing; and is called by her name, "*L'Armée de la Dauphine*," or for shortness "*La Dauphine*" without adjunct. Thus, like a kind of chivalrous Bellona, vengeance in her right hand, tears and fire in her eyes, the *Dauphiness* advances; and will join Reichs-Heer at Erfurt before August end. Such the will of Pompadour; Richelieu encouraging, for reasons of his own. Soubise, I understand, is privately in pique against poor D'Estrées;[1] and intends to eclipse him by a higher style of diligence; though D'Estrées too is doing his best.

July 3d, we saw the D'Estrées people taking Embden; D'Estrées, quiet so long in his Camp at Bielefeld, had at once bestirred himself, Kolin being done; — shot out a detachment leftwards, and Embden had capitulated that day. Adieu to the Shipping Interests there, and to other pleasant things! "July 9th, after sunset," D'Estrées himself got on march from Bielefeld; set forth, in the cool of night, 60,000 strong, and 10,000 more to join him by the road (the rest are left as garrisons, reserves, — 1,000 marauders of them swing as monitory pendulums, on their various trees, for one item), — direct towards Hanover and Royal Highness of Cumberland; who retreats, and has retreated, behind the Ems, the Weser, back, ever back; and, to appearance, will make a bad finish yonder.

To Friedrich, waiting at Leitmeritz, all these things are gloomily known; but the most pressing of them is that of the Austrians and Jung-Bunzlau close by. Let us give some utterances of his to Wilhelmina, nearly all we have of direct from him in that time; and then hasten to the Prince of Prussia there: —

Friedrich to Wilhelmina (at Baireuth).

Leitmeritz, 1*st July*, 1757. . . . "Sensible as heart can be to the tender interest you deign to take in what concerns me. Dear Sister, fear nothing on my score: men are always in the hand of what we call Fate" ("Predestination, *Gnadenwahl*," — Pardon us, Papa! — "*ce qu'on nomme le destin*); accidents will befall people, walking on the streets, sitting in their room, lying in their bed; and there are many who escape the perils of war. . . . I think, through Hessen will be the safest route for your Letters, till we see; and not to write just now except on occasions of importance. Here is a piece in cipher; anonymous," — intended for the Newspapers, or some such road.

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[1] "Reappeared unexpectedly in Paris [from D'Estrées's Army], 22d June" (four days after Kolin): got up this *Dauphiness Army*, by aid of Pompadour, with Richelieu, &c.: *Barbier*, iv. 227, 231. Richelieu "busy at Strasburg lately" (29th July: Collini's *Voltaire*, p. 191).

July 5th. "By a Courier of Plotho's, returning to Regensburg [who passes near you], I write to apprise my dear Sister of the new misery which overwhelms us. We have no longer a Mother. This loss puts the crown on my sorrows. I am obliged to act; and have not time to give free course to my tears. Judge, I pray you, of the situation of a feeling heart put to so cruel a trial. All losses in the world are capable of being remedied; but those which Death causes are beyond the reach of hope."

July 7th. "You are too good; I am ashamed to abuse your indulgence. But do, since you will, try to sound the French, what conditions of Peace they would demand; one might judge as to their intentions. Send that Mirabeau (*ce M. de Mirabeau*) to France. Willingly will I pay the expense. He may offer as much as five million thalers [£750,000] to the Favorite [yes, even to the Pompadour] for Peace alone. Of course, his utmost discretion will be needed;" — should the English get the least wind of it! But if they are gone to St. Vitus, and fail in every point, what can one do? *Ce M. de Mirabeau*, readers will be surprised to learn, is an Uncle of the great Mirabeau's; who has fallen into roving courses, gone abroad insolvent; and "directs the Opera at Baireuth," in these years! — One Letter we will give in full: —

"LEITMERITZ, 13th July, 1757.

"MY DEAREST SISTER, — Your Letter has arrived: I see in it your regrets for the irreparable loss we have had of the best and worthiest Mother in this world. I am so struck down with all these blows from within and without, that I feel myself in a sort of stupefaction.

"The French have just laid hold of Friesland [seized Embden, July 3d]; are about to pass the Weser: they have instigated the Swedes to declare War against me; the Swedes are sending 17,000 men [rather more if anything; but they proved beautifully ineffectual] into Pommern," — will be burdensome to Stralsund and the poor country people mainly; having no Captain over them but a hydra-headed National Palaver at home, and a Long-pole with Cocked-hat on it here at hand. "The Russians are besieging Memel [have taken it, ten days ago]: Lehwald has them on his front and in his rear. The Troops of the Reich," from your Plains of Fürth yonder, "are also about to march. All this will force me to evacuate Bohemia, so soon as that crowd of Enemies gets into motion.

"I am firmly resolved on the extremest efforts to save my Country. We shall see (*quitte à voir*) if Fortune will take a new thought, or if she will entirely turn her back upon me. Happy the moment when I took to training myself in philosophy! There is nothing else that can sustain the soul in a situation like mine. I spread out to you, dear Sister, the detail of my sorrows: if these things regarded only myself, I could stand it with composure; but I am bound Guardian of the safety and happiness of a People which has been put under my charge. There lies the sting of it: and I shall have to reproach myself with every fault, if, by delay or by over-haste, I occasion the smallest accident; all the more as, at present, any fault may be capital.

"What a business! Here is the liberty of Germany, and that Protestant Cause for which so much blood has been shed; here are those Two great Interests again at stake; and the pinch of this huge game is such, that an unlucky quarter of an hour may establish over Germany the tyrannous domination of the House of Austria forever! I am in the case of a traveller who sees himself surrounded and ready to be assassinated by a troop of cut-throats, who intend to share his spoils. Since the League of Cambrai [1508–1510, with a Pope in it and a Kaiser and Most Christian King, iniquitously sworn against poor Venice; — to no purpose, as happily appears], there is no example of such a Conspiracy as that infamous

Triumvirate [Austria, France, Russia] now forms against me. Was it ever seen before, that three great Princes laid plot in concert to destroy a Fourth, who had done nothing against them? I have not had the least quarrel either with France or with Russia, still less with Sweden. If, in common life, three citizens took it into their heads to fall upon their neighbor, and burn his house about him, they very certainly, by sentence of tribunal, would be broken on the wheel. What! and will Sovereigns, who maintain these tribunals and these laws in their States, give such example to their subjects? . . . Happy, my dear Sister, is the obscure man, whose good sense, from youth upwards, has renounced all sorts of glory; who, in his safe low place, has none to envy him, and whose fortune does not excite the cupidity of scoundrels!

"But these reflections are vain. We have to be what our birth, which decides, has made us in entering upon this world. I reckoned that, being King, it beseemed me to think as a Sovereign; and I took for principle, that the reputation of a Prince ought to be dearer to him than life. They have plotted against me; the Court of Vienna has given itself the liberty of trying to maltreat me; my honor commanded me not to suffer it. We have come to War; a gang of robbers falls on me, pistol in hand: that is the adventure which has happened to me. The remedy is difficult: in desperate diseases there are no methods but desperate ones.

"I beg a thousand pardons, dear Sister: in these three long pages I talk to you of nothing but my troubles and affairs. A strange abuse it would be of any other person's friendship. But yours, my dear Sister, yours is known to me; and I am persuaded you are not impatient when I open my heart to you: — a heart which is yours altogether; being filled with sentiments of the tenderest esteem, with which I am, my dearest Sister, your [in truth, affectionate Brother at all times] F."[1]

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 294, 295, 296–298.

Prince August Wilhelm finds a bad Problem at Jung-Bunzlau; and does it badly: Friedrich thereupon has to rise from Leitmeritz, and take the Field elsewhere, in bitter Haste and Impatience, with Outlooks worse than ever.

The Prince of Prussia's Enterprise had its intricacies; but, by good management, was capable of being done. At least, so Friedrich thought; — though, in truth, it would have been better had Friedrich gone himself, since the chief pressure happened to fall there! The Prince has to retire, Parthian-like, as slowly as possible, with the late Kolin or Moritz-Bevern Army, towards the Lausitz, keeping his eye upon Silesia the while; of course securing the passes and strong places in his passage, for defence of his own rear at lowest; especially securing Zittau, a fine opulent Town, where his chief Magazine is, fed from Silesia now. The Army is in good strength (guess 30,000), with every equipment complete; in discipline, in health and in heart, such as beseems a Prussian Army, — probably longing rather, if it venture to long or wish for anything not yet commanded, to have a stroke at those Austrians again, and pay them something towards that late Kolin score.

The Prince arrived at Jung-Bunzlau, June 30th; Winterfeld with him, and, at his own request, Schmettau. The Austrians have not yet stirred: if they do, it may be upon the King, it may be upon the Prince: in three or even in two marches, Prince and King can be together, — the King only too happy, in the present oppressive coil of doubts, to find the Austrians ready for a new passage of battle, and an immediate decision. The Austrians did, in fact, break out, — seemingly, at first, upon the King; but in reality upon the Prince, whom they judge safer game; and the matter became much more critical upon him than had been expected.

The Prince was thought to have a good judgment (too much talk in it, we sometimes feared), and fair knowledge in military matters. The King, not quite by the Prince's choice, has given him Winterfeld for Mentor; Winterfeld, who has an excellent military head in such matters, and a heart firm as steel, — almost like a second self in the King's estimation. Excellent Winterfeld; — but then there are also Schmettau, Bevern and others, possibly in private not too well affected to this Winterfeld. In fact, there is rather a multitude of Counsellors; — and an ingenuous fine-spirited Prince, perhaps more capable of eloquence on the Opposition side, than of condensing into real wisdom a multitude of counsels, when the crisis rises, and the affair becomes really difficult. Crisis did rise: the victorious Austrians, after such delay, had finally made up their minds to press this one a little, this one rather than the King, and hang upon his skirts; Daun and Prince Karl set out after him, just about the time of his arrival, — "70,000 strong," the Prince hears, including plenty of Pandours. Certain it is, the poor Prince's mind did flounder a good deal; and his procedures succeeded extremely ill on this occasion. Certain, too, that they were extremely ill-taken at headquarters: and that he even died soon after, — chiefly of broken heart, said the censorious world. It is well known how Europe rang with the matter for a long while; and Books were printed, and Documents, and *Collections by a Master's Hand.*[1] We, who can spend but a page or two on it, must carefully stand by the essential part.

"*June 30th–July 3d,* Prince at Jung-Bunzlau, in chief command. Besides Winterfeld, the Generals under him are Ziethen, Schmettau, Fouquet, Retzow, Goltz, and two others who need not be of our acquaintance. Impossible to stay there, thinks the Prince, thinks everybody; and they shift to Neuschloss, westward thirty miles. July 1st, Daun had crossed the Elbe (Daun let us say for brevity, though it is Daun and Karl, or even Karl *and* Daun, Karl being chief, and capable of saying so at times, though Daun is very splendent since

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[1] *Lettres Secrètes touchant la Dernière Guerre; de Main de Maître; divisées en deux parties* (Francfort et Amsterdam, 1772): this is the Prince's own Statement, Proof in hand. By far the clearest Account is in *Schmettau's Leben* (by his Son), pp. 353–384. See also Preuss, ii. 57–61, and especially ii. 407.

Kolin), — crossed the Elbe above Brandeis; Nadasti, with precursor Pandours, now within an hour's march of Jung-Bunzlau; — and it was time to go.

"*July 3d–6th*, At Neuschloss, which is thought a strong position, key of the localities there, and nearer Friedrich too, the Prince stayed not quite four days; shifted to Böhm (Böhm*isch*) Leipa, *July 7th*, — rather off from Leitmeritz, but a march towards Zittau, where the provisions are. 'A bad change,' said the Prince's friends afterwards; 'change advised by Winterfeld, — who never mentioned that circumstance to his Majesty, many as he did mention, not in the best way!' — Prince gets to Böhm Leipa July 7th; stays there, in questionable circumstances, nine days.

"Böhm Leipa is still not above thirty miles northeastward of the King; and it is about the same distance southwestward from Zittau, out of which fine Town, partly by cross-roads, the Prince gets his provisions on this march. From Zittau hitherward, as far as the little Town of Gabel, which lies about half way, there is broad High Road, the great Southern *Kaiser-Strasse:* from Gabel, for Böhm Leipa, you have to cross southwestward by country roads; the keys to which, especially Gabel, the Prince has not failed to secure by proper garrison parties. And so, for about a week, not quite uncomfortably, he continues at Böhm Leipa; getting in his convoys from Zittau. Diligently scanning the Pandour stragglings and sputterings round him, which are clearly on the increasing hand. Diligently corresponding with the King, meanwhile; who much discourages undue apprehension, or retreat movement till the last pinch. 'Edging backward, and again backward, you come bounce upon Berlin one day, and will then have to halt!' — which is not pleasant to the Prince. But, indisputably, the Pandour spurts on him do become Pandour gushings, with regulars also noticeable: it is certain the Austrians are out, — pretending first to mean the King and Leitmeritz; but knowing better, and meaning the Prince and Böhm Leipa all the while." — By way of supplement, take Daun's positions in the interim: —

Daun and Karl were at Podschernitz 26th June; 1st July, cross the Elbe, above Brandeis (Nadasti now within an hour's march of Jung-Bunzlau); 7th July (day while the Prince is flitting to Böhm Leipa), Daun is through Jung-Bunzlau to Münchengrätz; thence to Liebenau; 14th, to Niemes, not above four miles from the Prince's rightmost outpost (rightmost or eastmost, which looks away from his Brother); while a couple of advanced parties, Beck and Maguire, hover on his flank Zittau-ward, and Nadasti (if he knew it) is pushing on to rear.

"*Thursday, 14th July,* About six in the evening, at Böhm Leipa, distinct cannon-thunder is heard from northeast: 'Evidently Gabel getting cannonaded, and our wagon convoy [empty, going *to* Zittau for meal, General Puttkammer escorting] is in a dangerous state!' And by and by hussar parties of ours come in, with articulate news to that bad effect: 'Gabel under hot attack of regulars; Puttkammer with his 3,000 vigorously defending, will expect to be relieved within not many hours!' Here has the crisis come. Crisis sure enough; — and the Prince, to meet it, summons that refuge of the irresolute, a Council of War.

"Winterfeld, who is just come home in these moments, did not attend; — not, till three next morning. Winterfeld had gone to bed; fairly 'tired dead,' with long marching and hurrying about. To the poor Prince there are three courses visible. Course *first,* That of joining the King at Leitmeritz. Gabel, Zittau lost in that case; game given up; — reception likely to be bad at Leitmeritz! Course *second,* — the course Friedrich himself would at once have gone upon, and been already well ahead with, — That of instantly taking measures for the relief of Puttkammer. Dispute Gabel to the last; retreat, on loss of it, Parthian-like, to Zittau, by that broad Highway, short and broad, whole distance hence only thirty miles. 'Thirty miles,' say the multitude of Counsellors: 'Yes, but the first fifteen, *to* Gabel, is cross-road, hilly, difficult; they have us in flank!' 'We are 25,000,' urges the Prince; 'fifteen miles is not much!' The thing had its difficulties: the Prince himself, it appears, faintly thought it feasible: '25,000 we; 20,000 they; only fifteen miles,' said he. But the variety of Counsellors: 'Cross-roads, defiles, flank-march, dangerous,' said they. And so the *third* course, which was incomparably the worst, found favor in Council of War: That of leaving Gabel and Puttkammer to their fate; and of pushing off for Zittau leftwards through the safe Hills, by Kamnitz, Kreywitz, Rumburg; — which, if the reader look, is by a circuitous, nay quite parabolic course, twice or thrice as far: — 'In that manner let us save Zittau and our Main Body!' said the Council of War. Yes, my friends: a cannon-ball, endeavoring to get into Zittau from the town-ditch, would have to take a parabolic course; — and the cannon-ball would be speedy upon it, and not have Hill roads to go by! This notable parabolic circuit of narrow steep roads may have its difficulties for an Army and its baggages!" Enough, the poor Prince adopted that worst third course; and even made no despatch in getting into it; and it proved ruinous to Zittau, and to much else, his own life partly included.

"*July* 16*th*–22*d*. Thursday night, or Friday 3 A.M., that third and incomparably worst course was adopted: Gabel, Puttkammer with his wagons, ensigns, kettle-drums, all this has to surrender in a day: High Road to Zittau, for the Austrians, is a smooth march, when they like to gather fully there, and start. And in the Hills, with their jolts and precipitous windings, infested too by Pandours, the poor Prussian Main Body, on its wide parabolic circuit, has a time of it! Loses its pontoons, loses most of its baggage; obliged to set fire, not to the Pandours, but to your own wagons, and necessaries of army life; encamps on bleak heights; no food, not even water; road quite lost, road to be rediscovered or invented; Pandours sputtering on you out of every bush and hollow, your peasant wagoners cutting traces and galloping off: — such are the phenomena of that march by circuit leftward, on the poor Prince's part. March began, soon after midnight, *Saturday*, 16*th*, Schmettau as vanguard; and" —

And, in fine, by *Friday*, 22*d*, after not quite a week of it, the Prince, curving from northward (in parabolic course, *less* speedy than the cannon-ball's would have been) into sight of Zittau, — behold, there *are* the Austrians far and wide to left of us, encamped impregnable behind the Neisse River there! They have got the Eckart's Hill, which commands Zittau: — and how to get into Zittau and our magazines, and how to subsist if we were in? The poor Prince takes post on what Heights there are, on his own side of the Neisse; looks wistfully down upon Zittau, asking How?

About stroke of noon the Austrians, from their Eckartsberg, do a thing which was much talked of. They open battery of red-hot balls upon Zittau; kindle the roofs of it, shingle-roofs in dry July; set Zittau all on blaze, the 10,000 innocent souls shrieking in vain to Heaven and Earth; and before sunset, Zittau is ashes and red-hot walls, not Zittau but a cinder-heap, — Prussian Garrison not hurt, nor Magazine as yet; Garrison busy with buckets, I should guess, but beginning to find the air grow very hot. On the morrow morning, Zittau is a smouldering cinder-heap, hotter and hotter to the Prussian Garrison; and does not exist as a City.

One of the most inhuman actions ever heard of in War, shrieks universal Germany; asks itself what could have set a chivalrous Karl upon this devil-like procedure? "Protestants these poor Zittauers were; shone in commerce; no such weaving, industrying, in all Teutschland elsewhere: Hah! An eye-sorrow, they, with their commerce, their weavings and industryings, to Austrian Papists, who cannot weave or trade?" that was finally the guess of some persons; — wide of the mark, we may well judge. Prince Xavier of Saxony, present in the Camp too, made no remonstrance, said others. Alas, my friends, what could Xavier probably avail, the foolish fellow, with only three regiments? Prince Karl, it was afterwards evident, could have got Zittau unburnt; and could even have kept the Prussians out of Zittau altogether. Zittau surely would have been very useful to Prince Karl. But overnight (let us try to fancy it so), not knowing the Prussian possibilities, Prince Karl, screwed to the devilish point, had got his furnaces lighted, his red-hot balls ready; and so, hurried on by his Pride and by his other Devils, had, — There are devilish things sometimes done in War. And whole cities are made ashes by them. For certain, here is a strange way of commencing your "Deliverance of Saxony"! And Prince Karl carries, truly, a brand-mark from this conflagration, and will till all memory of him cease. As to Zittau, it rebuilt itself. Zittau is alive again; a strong stone city, in our day. On its new-built Town-house stands again "*Bene facere et male audire regium est,* To do well, and be ill spoken of, is the part of kings"[1] (amazingly true of them, — when they are not shams). What times for Herrnhuth; preparing for its Christian Sabbath, under these omens near by!

The Prince of Prussia tells us, he "early next morning (Saturday, 23d July) had his tents pitched;" which was but an unavailing procedure, with poor Zittau gone such a road. "Bring us bread out of that ruined Zittau," ordered the Prince: his Detachment returns ineffectual, "So hot, we cannot march in." And the Garrison Colonel (one Dierecke and five battalions are garrison) sends out word: "So hot, we cannot stand it." "Stand it yet a very little; and —!" answers the Prince: but Dierecke and battalions cannot, or at least cannot long enough; and set to marching out. In firm order, I have no doubt, and with some modicum of bread: but the tumbling of certain burnt walls parted Colonel and men, in a sad way. Colonel himself, with the colors, with the honors (none of his people, it seems, though they were scattered loose), was picked up by an Austrian party, and made prisoner. A miserable business, this of Zittau!

Next evening, Sunday, after dark, Prince of Prussia strikes his tents again; rolls off in a very unsuccinct condition; happily unchased, for he admits that chase would have been ruinous. Off towards Löbau (what nights for Zinzendorf and Herrnhuth, as such things tumble past them!); thence towards Bautzen; and arrives in the most lugubrious torn condition any Prussian General ever stood in. Reaches Bautzen on those terms; — and is warned that his Brother will be there in a day or two.

One may fancy Friedrich's indignation, astonishment and grief, when he heard of that march towards Zittau through the Hills by a parabolic course; the issue of which is too guessable by Friedrich. He himself instantly rises from Leitmeritz; starts, in fit divisions, by the Pascopol, by the Elbe passes, for Pirna; and, leaving Moritz of Dessau with a 10,000 to secure the Passes about Pirna, and Keith to come on with the Magazines, hastens across for Bautzen, to look into these advancing triumphant Austrians, these strange Prussian proceedings. On first hearing of that side-march, his auguries had been bad enough;[1] but the event has far surpassed them. Zittau gone; the Army hurrying home, as if in flight, in that wrecked condition; the door of Saxony, door of Silesia left wide open, — Daun has only to choose! Day by day, as Friedrich advanced to repair that mischief, the news of it have grown worse on him. Days rife otherwise in mere bad news. The Russians in Memel, Preussen at their feet; Soubise's French and the Reich's Army pushing on for Erfurt, to "deliver Saxony," on that western side: and from the French-English scene of operations — In those same bad days Royal Highness of Cumberland has been doing a feat worth notice in the above connection! Read this, from an authentic source: —

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[1] A saying of Alexander the Great's (Plutarch, *in Alexandro*).

"*Hastenbeck, 22d–26th July,* 1757. Royal Highness, hitching back and back, had got to Hameln, a strong place of his on the safe side of the Weser; and did at last, Hanover itself being now nigh, call halt; and resolve to make a stand. July 22d [very day while the Prince of Prussia came in sight of Zittau, with the Austrians hanging over it], Royal Highness took post in that favorable vicinity of Hameln; at perfect leisure to select his ground: and there sat waiting D'Estrées, — swamps for our right wing, and the Weser not far off; small Hamlet of Hastenbeck in front, and a woody knoll for our left; — totally inactive for four days long; attempting nothing upon D'Estrées and his intricate shufflings, but looking idly noonward to the courses of the sun, till D'Estrées should come up. Royal Highness is much swollen into obesity, into flabby torpor; a changed man since Fontenoy times; shockingly inactive, they say, in this post at Hastenbeck. D'Estreés, too, is ridiculously cautious, 'has manœuvred fifteen days in advancing about as many British miles.' D'Estrées did at last come up (July 25th), nearly two to one of Royal Highness, — 72,000 some count him, but considerably anarchic in parts, overwhelmed with Court Generals and Princes of the Blood, for one item; — and decides on attacking, next morning. D'Estrées duly went to reconnoitre, but unluckily 'had mist suddenly falling.' 'Well; we must attack, all the same!'

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[1] Letter to Wilhelmina "Linay, 22d July" (second day of the march from Leitmeritz): *Œuvres,* xxvii. i. 298.

"And so, 26*th July,* Tuesday, there ensued a *Battle of Hastenbeck:* the absurdest Battle in the world; and which ought, in fairness, to have been lost by *both,* though Royal Highness alone had the ill luck. Both Captains behaved very poorly; and each of them had a subaltern who behaved well. D'Estrées, with his 70,000 *versus* 40,000 posted there, knows nothing of Royal Highness's position; sees only Royal Highness's left wing on that woody Height; and after hours of preliminary cannonading, sends out General Chevert upon that. Chevert, his subaltern [a bit of right soldier-stuff, the Chevert whom we knew at Prag, in old Belleisle times], goes upon it like fury; whom the Brunswick Grenadiers resist in like humor, hotter and hotter. Some hard fighting there, on Royal Highness's left; Chevert very fiery, Grenadiers very obstinate; till, on the centre, westward, in Royal Highness's chief battery there, some spark went the wrong way, and a powder-wagon shot itself aloft with hideous blaze and roar; and in the confusion, the French rushed in, and the battery was lost. Which discouraged the Grenadiers; so that Chevert made some progress upon them, on their woody Height, and began to have confident hope.

"Had Chevert known, or had D'Estrées known, there was, close behind said Height, a Hollow, through which these Grenadiers might have been taken in rear. Dangerous Hollow, much neglected by Royal Highness, who has only General Breitenbach with a weak party there. This Breitenbach, happening to have a head of his own, and finding nothing to do in that Hollow or to rightward, bursts out, of his own accord, on Chevert's left flank; cannonading, volleying, horse-charging; — the sound of which ('Hah, French there too!') struck a damp through Royal Highness, who instantly ordered retreat, and took the road. What singular ill-luck that *sound* of Breitenbach to Royal Highness! For observe, the *effect* of Breitenbach, — which was, to recover the lost battery (gallant young Prince of Brunswick, 'Hereditary Prince,' or Duke that is to be, striking in upon it with bayonet-charge at the right moment), made D'Estrées to order retreat! 'Battle lost,' thinks D'Estrées; — and with good cause, had Breitenbach been supported at all. But no subaltern durst; and Royal Highness himself was not overtakable, so far on the road. Royal Highness wept on hearing; the Brunswick Grenadiers too are said to have wept (for rage); and probably Breitenbach and the Hereditary Prince."[1]

This is the last of Royal Highness's exploits in War. The retreat had been ordered "To Hanover;" but the baggage by mistake took the road for Minden; and Royal Highness followed thither, — much the same what road he or it takes. Friedrich might still hope he would retreat on Magdeburg; 40,000 good soldiers might find a Captain there, and be valuable against a D'Estrées and Soubise in those parts. But no; it was through Bremen Country, to Stade, into the Sea, that Royal Highness, by ill luck, retreated! He has still one great vexation to give Friedrich, — to us almost a comfort, knowing what followed out of it; — and will have to be mentioned one other time in this History, and then go over our horizon altogether.

Whether Friedrich had heard of Hastenbeck the day his Brother and he met (July 29th, at Bautzen), I do not know: but it is likely enough he may have got the news that very morning; which was not calculated to increase one's good humor! His meeting with the Prince is royal, not fraternal, as all men have heard. Let us give with brevity, from Schmettau Junior, the exact features of it; and leave the candid reader, who has formed to himself some notion of kingship and its sorrows and stern conditions (having perhaps himself something of kingly, in a small potential way), to interpret the matter, and make what he can of it:—

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[1] Mauvillon, i. 228; Anonymous of Hamburg, i. 206 (who gives a Plan and all manner of details, if needed by anybody); Kausler; &c. &c.

"*Bautzen*, 29*th July*, 1757. The King with reinforcement is coming hither, from the Dresden side; to take up the reins of this dishevelled Zittau Army; to speed with it against the Austrians, and, if humanly possible, lock the doors of Silesia and Saxony again, and chase the intruders away. Prince of Prussia and the other Generals have notice, the night before: 'At 4 A.M. to-morrow (29th), wait his Majesty.' Prince and Generals wait accordingly, all there but Goltz and Winterfeld; they not, which is noted.

"For above an hour, no King; Prince and Generals ride forward:—there is the King coming; Prince Henri, Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick and others in his train. King, noticing them, at about 300 paces distance, drew bridle; Prince of Prussia did the like, train and he saluting with their hats, as did the King's train in return. King did not salute;—on the contrary, he turned his horse round and dismounted, as did everybody else on such signal. King lay down on the ground, as if waiting the arrival of his Vanguard; and bade Winterfeld and Goltz sit by him." Poor Prince of Prussia, and battered heavy-laden Generals! "After a minute or two, Goltz came over and whispered to the Prince. 'Hither, *meine Herren*, all of you; a message from his Majesty!' cried the Prince. Whereupon, to Generals and Prince, Goltz delivered, in equable official tone, these affecting words: 'His Majesty commands me to inform your Royal Highness, That he has cause to be greatly discontented with you; that you deserve to have a Court-martial held over you, which would sentence you and all your Generals to death; but that his Majesty will not carry the matter so far, being unable to forget that in the Chief General he has a Brother!'"[1]

The Prince answered, He wanted only a Court-martial, and the like, in stiff tone. Here is the Letter he writes next day to his Brother, with the Answer:—

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[1] Schmettau, pp. 384, 385.

Prince of Prussia to the King.

"BAUTZEN, 30th July, 1757.

"MY DEAR BROTHER, — The Letters you have written me, and the reception I yesterday met with, are sufficient proof that, in your opinion, I have ruined my honor and reputation. This grieves, but it does not crush me, as in my own mind I am not conscious of the least reproach. I am perfectly convinced that I did not act by caprice: I did not follow the counsels of people incapable of giving good ones; I have done what I thought to be suitablest for the Army. All your Generals will do me that justice.

"I reckon it useless to beg of you to have my conduct investigated: this would be a favor you would do me; so I cannot expect it. My health has been weakened by these fatigues, still more by these chagrins. I have gone to lodge in the Town, to recruit myself.

"I have requested the Duke of Bevern to present the Army Reports; he can give you explanation of everything. Be assured, my dear Brother, that in spite of the misfortunes which overwhelm me, and which I have not deserved, I shall never cease to be attached to the State; and as a faithful member of the same, my joy will be perfect when I learn the happy issue of your Enterprises. I have the honor to be"

AUGUST WILHELM.[1]

King's Answer, the Same Day.

"CAMP NEAR BAUTZEN, 30th July, 1757.

"MY DEAR BROTHER, — Your bad guidance has greatly deranged my affairs. It is not the Enemy, it is your ill-judged measures that have done me all this mischief. My Generals are inexcusable; either for advising you so ill, or in permitting you to follow resolutions so unwise. Your ears are accustomed to listen to the talk of flatterers only. Daun has not flattered you; — behold the consequences. In this sad situation, nothing is left for me but trying the last extremity.

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[1] *Main de Maître*, p. 21.

I must go and give battle; and if we cannot conquer, we must all of us have ourselves killed.

"I do not complain of your heart; but I do of your incapacity, of your want of judgment in not choosing better methods. A man who [like me; mark the phrase, from such a quarter!] has but a few days to live need not dissemble. I wish you better fortune than mine has been: and that all the miseries and bad adventures you have had may teach you to treat important things with more of care, more of sense, and more of resolution. The greater part of the misfortunes which I now see to be near comes only from you. You and your Children will be more overwhelmed by them than I. Be persuaded nevertheless that I have always loved you, and that with these sentiments I shall die. FRIEDRICH."[1]

As the King went off to the Heights of Weissenberg, Zittau way, to encamp there against the Austrians, that same evening, the Prince did not answer this Letter, — except by asking verbally through Lieutenant-Colonel Lentulus (a mute Swiss figure, much about the King, who often turns up in these Histories), "for leave to return to Dresden by the first escort." — "Depends on himself; — an escort is going this night!" answered Friedrich. And the Prince went accordingly; and, by two stages, got into Dresden with his escort on the morrow. And had, not yet conscious of it, quitted the Field of War altogether; and was soon about to quit the world, and die, poor Prince. Died within a year, 12th June, 1758, at Oranienburg, beside his Family, where he had latterly been.[2] — Winterfeld was already gone, six months before him; Goltz went, not long after him; the other Zittau Generals all survived this War.

The poor Prince's fate, as natural, was much pitied; and Friedrich, to this day, is growled at for "inhuman treatment" and so on. Into which question we do not enter, except to say that Friedrich too had his sorrows; and that probably his concluding words, "with these sentiments I shall die," were perfectly true. *Main de Maître* went widely abroad over the world. The poor Prince's words and procedures were eagerly caught up by a scrutinizing public, — and some of the former were not too guarded. At Dresden, he said, one morning, calling on a General Finck whom we shall hear of again: "Four such disagreeing, thin-skinned, high-pacing (*uneinige, piquirte*) Generals as Fouquet, Schmettau, Winterfeld and Goltz, about you, what was to be done!" said the Prince to Finck.[1]

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[1] *Main de Maître*, p. 22.

[2] Preuss, ii. 60 (ib. 78).

His Wife, when at last he came to Oranienburg, nursed him fondly; that is one comfortable fact. Prince Henri, to the last, had privately a grudge of peculiar intensity, on this score, against all the peccant parties, King not excepted. As indeed he was apt to have, on various scores, the jealous, too vehement little man.

Friedrich's humor at this time I can guess to have been well-nigh desperate. He talks once of "a horse, on too much provocation, getting the bit between its teeth; regardless thenceforth of chasms and precipices:"[2] — though he himself never carries it to that length; and always has a watchful eye, when at his swiftest! From Weissenberg, that night, he drives in the Pandours on Zittau and the Eckartsberg; but the Austrians don't come out. And, for three weeks, in this fierce necessity of being speedy, he cannot get one right stroke at the Austrians; who sit inexpugnable upon their Eckart's Hill, bristling with cannon; and can in no way be manœuvred down, or forced or enticed into Battle. A baffling, bitterly impatient three weeks; — two of them, the worst two, he spends at Weissenberg itself, chasing Pandours, and scuffling on the surface, till Keith and the Magazine-train come up; — even writing Verses now and then, when the hours get unendurable otherwise!

The instant Keith and the Magazines are come, he starts for Bernstadt; 56,000 strong after this junction: — and a Prussian Officer, dating "Bernstädtel [Bernstadt on the now Maps], 21st August, 1757," sends us this account; which also is but of preliminary nature: —

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[1] Preuss, ii. 79 n.: see ib. 60, 78.

[2] Letter to Wilhelmina, "Linay, 22d July" (cited above).

"*August* 15*th*, Majesty left Weissenberg, and marched hither, much to the enemy's astonishment, who had lain perfectly quiet for a fortnight past, fancying they were a mastiff on the door-sill of Silesia: little thinking to be trampled on in this unceremonious way! General Beck, when our hussars of the vanguard made appearance, had to saddle and ride as for life, leaving every rag of baggage, and forty of his Pandours captive. Our hussars stuck to him, chasing him into Ostritz, where they surprised General Nadasti at dinner; and did a still better stroke of business: Nadasti himself could scarcely leap on horseback and get off; left all his field equipage, coaches, horses, kitchen-utensils, flunkies seventy-two in number, — and, what was worst of all, a secret box, in which were found certain Dresden Correspondences of a highly treasonous character, which now the writers there may quake to think of;" — if Friedrich, or we, could take much notice of them, in this press of hurries![1]

Next day, August 16th, Friedrich detached five battalions to Görlitz; — Prince Karl (he calls it *Daun*) still camping on the Eckartsberg; — and himself, about 4 P.M., with the main Army, marched up to those Austrians on their Hill, to see if they would fight.[2] No, they would n't: they merely hustled themselves round so as to face him; face him, and even flank him with cannon-batteries if he came too near. Steep ground, "precipitous front of rocks," in some places. "A hollow before their front; Village of Wittgenau there, and three roads through it, *one* of them with width for wheels;" Daun sitting inaccessible, in short. Next day, Winterfeld, with a detached Division, crossed the Neisse, tried Nadasti: "Attack Nadasti, on his woody knoll at Hirschfeld yonder; they will have to rise and save him!" In vain, that too; they let Nadasti take his own luck: for four days (16th–20th August) everything was tried, in vain.

No Battle to be had from these Austrians. And it would have been so infinitely convenient to us: Reich's Army and Soubise's French are now in the actual precincts of Erfurt (August 25th, Soubise took quarter there); Royal Highness of Cumberland is staggering back into the Sea; Richelieu's French (not D'Estrées any more, D'Estrées being superseded in this strange way) are aiming, it is thought, towards Magdeburg, had they once done with Royal Highness; Swedes are getting hold of Pommern; Russians, in huge force, of Preussen: how comfortable to have had our Austrians finished before going upon the others! For four days more (August 20th–24th), Friedrich arranges his Army for watching the Austrians, and guarding Silesia; — Bevern and Winterfeld to take command in his absence: — and, August 25th, has to march, with a small Division, which, at Dresden, he will increase by Moritz's, now needless in the Pirna Country; towards Thüringen; to look into Soubise and the Reich's Army, as a thing that absolutely cannot wait. Arrives in Dresden, Monday, August 29th; and — Or let the old Newspaper report it, with the features of life: —

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 596–599.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 137.

"*Dresden, 29th August,* 1757, This day, about noon, his Majesty, with a part of his Army from the Upper Lausitz, arrived at the Neustadt here. Though the kitchen had been appointed to be set up at what they call The Barns (*Die Scheunen*), his Majesty was pleased to alight in Königsbrück Street, at the new House of Brühl's Chamberlain, Haller; and there passed the night. Tuesday evening, 30th, his Majesty the King, with his Lifeguards of Horse and of Foot, also with the Gens-d'Armes and other Battalions, marched through the City, about a mile out on the Freiberg road, and took quarter in Klein Hamberg. The 31st, all the Army followed," — a poor 23,000, Moritz and he, that was all![1] — "the King's field-equipage, which had been taken from the Brühl Palace and packed in twelve wagons, went with them."[2]

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[1] "22,360" (Tempelhof, i. 228).

[2] Rödenbeck, p. 316; Preuss, ii. 84 n; Mitchell's Interview (*Memoirs and Papers*, i. 270).

CHAPTER VI.

DEATH OF WINTERFELD.

Before going upon this forlorn march of Friedrich's, one of the forlornest a son of Adam ever had, we must speak of a thing which befell to rearward, while the march was only half done, and which greatly influenced it and all that followed. It was the seventh day of Friedrich's march, not above eighty miles of it yet done, when Winterfeld perished in fight. No Winterfeld now to occupy the Austrians in his absence; to stand between Silesia and them, or assist him farther in his lonesome struggle against the world. Let us spend a moment on the exit of that brave man: Bernstadt, Görlitz Country, September 7th, 1757.

The Bevern Army, 36,000 strong, is still there in its place in the Lausitz, near Görlitz; Prince Karl lies quiet in his near Zittau, ever since he burnt that Town, and stood four days in arms unattackable by Friedrich with prospect of advantage. The Court of Vienna cannot comprehend this state of inactivity: "Two to one, and a mere Bevern against you, the King far away in Saxony upon his desperate Anti-French mission there: why not go in upon this Bevern? The French, whom we are by every courier passionately importuning to sweep Saxony clear, what will they say of this strange mode of sweeping Silesia clear?" Maria Theresa and her Kriegs-Hofrath are much exercised with these thoughts, and with French and other remonstrances that come. Maria Theresa and her Kriegs-Hofrath at length despatch their supreme Kaunitz, Graf Kaunitz in person, to stir up Prince Karl, and look into the matter with his own wise eyes and great heart. Prince Karl, by way of treat to this high gentleman, determines on doing something striking upon Bevern.

Bevern lies with his main body about Görlitz, in and to westward of Görlitz, a pleasant Town on the left bank of the Neisse (readers know there are four Neisses, and which of them this is), with fine hilly country all round, bulky solitary Heights and Mountains rising out of fruitful plains, — two Hochkirchs (*High-Kirks*), for example, are in this region, one of which will become extremely notable next year: — Bevern has a strong camp leaning on the due Heights here, with Görlitz in its lap; and beyond Görlitz, on the right bank of the Neisse, united to him by a Bridge, he has placed Winterfeld with 10,000, who lies with his back to Görlitz, proper brooks and fencible places flanking him, has a Dorf (*Thorp*) called Moys in *his* lap; and, some short furlong beyond Moys, a 2,000 of his grenadiers planted on the top of a Hill called the Moysberg, called also the Holzberg (*Woodhill*) and Jäkelsberg, of which the reader is to take notice. Fine outpost, with proper batteries atop, with hussar squadrons and hussar pickets sprinkled about; which commands a far outlook towards Silesia, and in marching thither, or in continuing here, is useful to have in hand, — were it not a little too distant from the main body. It is this Jäkelsberg, capable of being snatched if one is sudden enough, that Prince Karl decides on: it may be good for much or for little to Prince Karl; and, if even for nothing, it will be a brilliant affront upon Winterfeld and Bevern, and more or less charming to Kaunitz.

Winterfeld, the ardent enterprising man, King's other self, is thought to be the mainspring of affairs here (small thanks to him privately from Bevern, add some): and is stationed in the extreme van, as we see; Winterfeld is engaged in many things besides the care of this post; and indeed where a critical thing is to be done, we can imagine Winterfeld goes upon it. "We must try to stay here till the King has finished in Saxony!" says Winterfeld always. To which Bevern replies, "Excellent, truly; but how?" Bevern has his provender at Dresden, sadly far off; has to hold Bautzen garrisoned, and gets much trouble with his convoys. Better in Silesia, with our magazines at hand, thinks Bevern, less mindful of other considerations.

Tuesday, September 6th, Prince Karl sends Nadasti to the right bank of the River, forward upon Moys, to do the Jäkelsberg before day to-morrow: only some 2,000 grenadiers on it; Nadasti has with him 15,000, some count 20,000 of all arms, artillery in plenty; surely sufficient for the Jäkelsberg; and Daun advances, with the main body, on the other side of the River, to be within reach, should Moys lead to more serious consequences. Nadasti diligently marches all day; posts himself at night within few miles of Moys; gets his cannon to the proper Hills (*Gallows* Hill and others), his Croats to the proper Woods; and, before daylight on the morrow, means to begin upon the Moys Hill and its 2,000 grenadiers.

Wednesday morning, at the set hour, Nadasti, with artillery bursting out and quivering battle-lines, is at work accordingly; hurls up 1,000 Croats for one item, and regulars to the amount of "forty companies in three lines." The grenadiers, somewhat astonished, for the morning was misty and their hussar-posts had come hastily in, stood upon their guard, like Prussian men; hurled back the 1,000 Croats fast enough; stubbornly repulsed the regulars too, and tumbled them down hill with bullet-storm for accompaniment; gallantly foiling this first attempt of Nadasti's. Of course Nadasti will make another, will make ever others; capture of the Jäkelsberg can hardly be doubtful to Nadasti.

Winterfeld was not at Moys, he was at Görlitz, just got in from escorting an important meal-convoy hither out of Bautzen; and was in conference with Bevern, when rumor of these Croat attacks came in at the gallop from Moys. Winterfeld made little of the rumors: he had heard of some attack intended, but it was to have been overnight, and has not been. "Mere foraging of Croat rabble, like yesterday's!" said Winterfeld, and continued his present business. In few minutes the sound of heavy cannonading convinced him. "Haha, there are my guests," said he; "we must see if we cannot entertain them right!" sprang to horseback, ordered on, double-quick, the three regiments nearest him, and was off at the gallop, — too late; or, alas, too *early* we might rather say! Arriving at the gallop, Winterfeld found his grenadiers and their insufficient reinforcements rolling back, the Hill lost; Winterfeld "sprang to a fresh horse," shot his lightning glances and energies to this hand and that; stormfully rallied the matter, recovered the Hill; and stormfully defended it, for, I should guess, an hour or more; and might still have done one knows not what, had not a bullet struck him through the breast, and suddenly ended all his doings in this world.

Three other reasons the Prussians give for loss of their Hill, which are of no consequence to them or to us in comparison. First, that Bevern, on message after message, sent no reinforcement; that Winterfeld was left to his own 10,000, and what he and they could make of it. Bevern is jealous of Winterfeld, hint they, and willing to see his impetuous audacity checked. Perhaps only cautious of getting into a general action for what was intrinsically nothing? Second, that two regiments of Infantry, whom Winterfeld detached double-quick to seize a couple of villages (Leopoldshayn, Hermsdorf) on his right, and therefrom fusillade Nadasti on flank, found the villages already occupied by thousands of Croats, with regular foot and cannon-batteries, and could in nowise seize them. This was a great reverse of advantage. Third, that an Aide-de-Camp made a small misnomer, misreport of one word, which was terribly important: "Bring me hither Regiment Manteuffel!" Winterfeld had ordered. The Aide-de-Camp reported it "Grenadiers Manteuffel:" upon which, the grenadiers, who were posted in a walled garden, an important point to Winterfeld's right, came instantly to order; and Austrians instantly rushed in to the vacant post, and galled Winterfeld's other flank by their fire.[1]

Enough, Winterfeld lay bleeding to death, the Hill was lost, Prussians drawing off slowly and back-foremost, about two in the afternoon; upon which the Austrians also drew off, leaving only a small party on the Hill, who voluntarily quitted it next morning. Next morning, likewise, Winterfeld had died. The Hill was, except as bravado, and by way of comfort to Kaunitz, nothing for the Austrians; but the death of Winterfeld, which had come by chance to them in the business, was probably a great thing. Better than two pitched battles gained: who shall say? He was a shining figure, this Winterfeld; dangerous to the Austrians. The most shining figure in the Prussian Army, except its Chief; and had great thoughts in his head. Prussia is not skilful to celebrate her Heroes, — the Prussian Muse of History, choked with dry military pipe-clay, or with husky cobwebbery and academic pedantry, how can she? — but if Prussia can produce heroes worth celebrating, that is the one important point. Apart from soldiership, and the outward features which are widely different, there is traceable in Winterfeld some kinship in soul to English Chatham his contemporary; though he has not had the fame of Chatham.

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[1] Abundant Accounts in Seyfarth, ii. (*Beylagen*), 162–183; *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 615–633; Retzow, i. 216–221.

Winterfeld was by no means universally liked; as what brave man is or can be? Too susceptible to flattery; too this, too that. He is, one feels always, except Friedrich only, the most shining figure in the Prussian Army: and it was not unnatural he should be Friedrich's one friend, — as seems to have been the case. Friedrich, when this Job's-message reached him (in Erfurt Country, eight days hence), was deeply affected by it. To tears, or beyond tears, as we can fancy. "Against my multitude of enemies I may contrive resources," he was heard to say; "but I shall find no Winterfeld again!" Adieu, my one friend, real Peer, sole companion to my lonely pilgrimage in these perilous high regions.

"The Prince of Prussia, contrariwise," says a miserable little Note, which must not be withheld, "brightened up at the news: 'I shall now die much more content, knowing that there is one so bad and dangerous man fewer in the Army!' And, six months after, in his actual death-moments, he exclaimed: 'I end my life, the last period of which has cost me so much sorrow; but Winterfeld is he who shortened my days!'"[1] — Very bitter Opposition humors circulating, in their fashion, there as elsewhere in this world!

Bevern, the millstone of Winterfeld being off his neck, has become a more responsible, though he feels himself a much-delivered man. Had not liked Winterfeld, they say; or had even hated him, since those bad Zittau times. Can now, at any rate, make for Schlesien and the meal-magazines, when he sees good. He will find meal readier there; may he find other things corresponding! Nobody now to keep him painfully manœuvring in these parts; with the King's Army nearer to him, but meal not.

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[1] Preuss, ii. 76; citing Retzow.

On the third day after (September 10th), Bevern, having finished packing, took the road for Schlesien; Daun and Karl attending him; nothing left of Daun and Karl in those Saxon Countries, — except, at Stolpen, out Dresden-wards, some Reserve-Post or Rear-guard of 15,000, should we chance to hear of that again. And from the end of September onwards, Bevern's star, once somewhat bright at Reichenberg, shot rapidly downwards, under the horizon altogether; and there came, post after post, such news out of Schlesien, — to say nothing of that Stolpen Party, — as Friedrich had never heard before.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIEDRICH IN THÜRINGEN, HIS WORLD OF ENEMIES ALL COME.

THE Soubise-Hildburghausen people had got rendezvoused at Erfurt about August 25th; 50,000 by account, and no enemy within 200 miles of them; and in the Versailles circles it had been expected they would proceed to the "Deliverance of Saxony" straightway. What is to hinder? — Friedrich, haggling with the Austrians at Bernstadt, could muster but a poor 23,000, when he did march towards Erfurt. In those same neighborhoods, within reach of Soubise, is the Richelieu, late D'Estrées, Army; elated with Hastenbeck, comfortably pushing Royal Highness of Cumberland, who makes no resistance, step by step, into the sea; victoriously plundering, far and wide in those countries, Hanover itself the Head-quarter. In the Versailles circles, it is farther expected that Richelieu, "Conqueror of Minorca," will shortly besiege and conquer

Magdeburg, and so crown his glories. Why not; were the "Deliverance of Saxony" complete?

The whole of which turned out greatly otherwise, and to the sad disappointment of Versailles. The Conqueror of Minorca is probably aware that the conquering of Magdeburg, against one whose platforms are not rotten, and who does *not* "lie always in his bed," as poor old Blakeney did, will be a very different matter. And the private truth is, Maréchal de Richelieu never turned his thoughts upon Magdeburg at all, nor upon any point of war that had difficulties, but solely upon collecting plunder for himself in those Countries. One of the most magnificent marauders on record; in no danger, he, of becoming monitory and a pendulum, like the 1,000 that already swing in that capacity to rear of him! And he did manage, in this Campaign, which was the last of his military services, so as to pay off at Paris "above £50,000 of debts; and to build for himself a beautiful Garden Mansion there, which the mocking populations called 'Hanover Pavilion (*Pavillon d'Hanovre*);'" a name still sticking to it, I believe.[1] Of the Richelieu Campaign we are happily delivered from saying almost anything: and the main interest for us turns now on that Soubise-Hildburghausen wing of it, — which also is a sufficiently contemptible affair; not to be spoken of beyond the strictly unavoidable.

Friedrich, with his 23,000 setting out from Dresden, August 30th, has a march of about 170 miles towards Erfurt. He may expect to find — counting Richelieu, if Royal Highness of Cumberland persist in acting *zero* as hitherto — a confused mass of about 150,000 Enemies, of one sort and other, waiting him ahead; not to think of those he has just left behind; — and he cannot well be in a triumphant humor! Behind, before, around, it is one gathering of Enemies: one point only certain, that he must beat them, or else die. Readers would fain follow him in this forlorn march; him, the one point of interest now in it: and readers shall, if we can manage, though it is extremely difficult. For, on getting to Erfurt, he finds his

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[1] Barbier, iii. 256, 271.

Soubise-Hildburghausen Army off on retreat among the inaccessible Hills still farther westward; and has to linger painfully there, and to detach, and even to march personally against other Enemies; and then, these finished, to march back towards his Erfurt ones, who are taking heart in the interim: — and, in short, from September 1st to November 5th, there are two months of confused manœuvring and marching to and fro in that West-Saxon region, which are very intricate to readers. November 5th is a day unforgettable: but anterior to that, what can we do? Here, dated, are the Three grand Epochs of the thing; which readers had better fix in mind as a preliminary: —

1°. *September 13th,* Friedrich has got to Erfurt neighborhood; but Soubise and Company are off westward to the Hills of Eisenach, won't come down; Friedrich obliged to linger thereabouts, painfully waiting almost a month, till

2°. *October 11th,* hearing that "15,000 Austrians" (that Stolpen Party, left as rear-guard at Stolpen; Croats mainly, under a General Haddick) are on march for Berlin, he rises in haste thitherward, through Leipzig, Torgau, say 100 miles; hears that Haddick *has* been in Berlin (16th–17th October) for one day, and that he is off again full speed with a ransom of £30,000, which they have had to pay him: upon which Friedrich calls halt in the Torgau country; — and would have been uncertain what to do, had not

3°. Soubise and Company, extremely elated with this Haddick Feat, come out from their Hills, intent to deliver Saxony after all. So that Friedrich has to turn back (October 26th–30th) through Leipzig again; towards, — in fact towards ***Rossbach*** and *November 5th,* in his old Saale Country, which does not prove so wearisome as formerly!

These are the cardinal dates; these let the reader recur to, if necessary, and keep steadily in mind: it will then perhaps be possible to intercalate, in a manner intelligible to him, what other lucent phenomena there are; and these dismal wanderings, and miserablest two months of Friedrich's life, will not be wholly a provoking blotch of enigmatic darkness, but in some sort a thing with features in the twilight of the Past.

I. *Friedrich's March to Erfurt from Dresden* (31st August–13th September, 1757).

The march to Erfurt was of twelve days, and without adventure to speak of. Mayer and Free-Battalion had the vanguard, Friedrich there as usual; main body, under Keith with Ferdinand and Moritz, following in several columns: straight towards their goal; with steady despatch; for twelve days; — weather often very wet.[1] Seidlitz, with cavalry, had gone ahead, in search of one Turpin, a mighty hunter and Hussar among the French, who was threatening Leipzig, threatening Halle: but Turpin made off at sound of him, without trying fight; so that Seidlitz had only to halt, and rejoin, hoping better luck another time.

A march altogether of the common type, — the stages of it not worth marking except for special readers; — and of memorable to us offers only this, if even this: at Rötha, in Leipzig Country, the eighth stage from Dresden, Friedrich writes, willing to try for Peace if it be possible,

To the Maréchal Duc de Richelieu.

"RÖTHA, 7th September, 1757.

"I feel, M. le Duc, that you have not been put in the post where you are for the purpose of Negotiating. I am persuaded, however, that the Nephew of the great Cardinal Richelieu is made for signing treaties no less than for gaining battles. I address myself to you from an effect of the esteem with which you inspire even those who do not intimately know you.

"'T is a small matter, Monsieur (*Il s'agit d'une bagatelle*): only to make Peace, if people are pleased to wish it! I know not what your Instructions are: but, in the supposition that the King your Master, now assured by your Successes, will have put it in your power to labor in the pacification of Germany, I address to you the Sieur d'Elcheset" (Sieur Balbi is the real name of him, an Italian Engineer of mine, who once served with you in the Fontenoy times, — and some say he has privately a £15,000 for your Grace's acceptance, — "the Sieur d'Elcheset), in whom you may place complete confidence.

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[1] Tempelhof, i. 229; Rödenbeck, i. 317 (not very correct): in Westphalen (ii. 20 &c.) a personal Diary of this March, and of what followed on Duke Ferdinand's part.

"Though the events of this Year afford no hope that your Court still entertains a favorable disposition for my interests, I cannot persuade myself that a union which has lasted between us for sixteen years may not have left some trace in the mind. Perhaps I judge others by myself. But, however that may be, I, in short, prefer putting my interests into the King your Master's hands rather than into any other's. If you have not, Monsieur, any Instructions as to the Proposal hereby made, I beg of you to ask such, and to inform me what the tenor of them is.

"He who has merited statues at Genoa [ten years ago, in those *Anti*-Austrian times, when Genoa burst up in revolt, and the French and Richelieu beautifully intervened against the oppressors]; he who conquered Minorca in spite of immense obstacles; he who is on the point of subjugating Lower Saxony, — can do nothing more glorious than to restore Peace to Europe. Of all your laurels, that will be the fairest. Work in this Cause, with the activity which has secured you such rapid progress otherwise; and be persuaded that nobody will feel more grateful to you than, Monsieur le Duc, — Your faithful Friend, — FRÉDÉRIC."[1]

Richelieu, it appears by any evidence there is, went willingly into this scheme; and applied at Versailles, as desired; with a peremptory negative for result. Nothing came of the Richelieu attempt there; nor of "*ce M. de Mirabeau*," if he ever went; nor of any other on that errand. Needless to apply for Peace at Versailles (and a mere waste of your "sum of £15,000," which one hopes is fabulous in the present scarcity of money): — nor should we perhaps have mentioned the thing at all, except for the sake of Wilhelmina, whose fond scheme it is in this extremity of fate; scheme which she tries in still other directions, as we shall see; her Brother willing too, but probably with much less hope. If a civil Letter and a bribe of Money will do it, these need not be spared.

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[1] Given in *Rödenbeck*, i. 313 (doubtless from *Mémoires de Richelieu*, Paris, 1793, ix. 175, the one fountain-head in regard to this small affair): for "the £15,000" and other rumored particulars, see Retzow, i. 197; Preuss, ii. 84; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 145.

This at Rötha is the day while Winterfeld, on Moys Hill, is meeting his death. To-day at Pegau, in this neighborhood, Seidlitz, who could not fall in with Turpin, has given the Hussars of Loudon a beautiful slap; the first enemy we have seen on this march; and the last, — nothing but Loudon and Hussars visibly about, the rest of those Soubise-Reichs people dormant, as would seem. "D'Elcheset," Balbi, or whoever he was, would not find Richelieu at Hanover; but at a place called Kloster-Zeven, in Bremen Country, fifty or sixty miles farther on. There, this day, are Richelieu with one Sporcken a Hanoverian, and one Lynar a Dane, rapidly finishing a thing they were pleased to call "Convention of Kloster-Zeven;" which Friedrich regarded as another huge misfortune fallen on him, — though it proved to have been far the reverse a while after. Concerning which take this brief Note; cannot be too brief on such a topic: —

"Never was there a more futile Convention than that of Kloster-Zeven; which filled all Europe with lamentable noises, indignations and anxieties, during the remainder of that Year; and is now reduced, for Europe and the Universe, to a silent mathematical point, or mere mark of position, requiring still to be attended to in that character, though itself zero in any other. Here are the main particulars, in their sequence.

"August 3d, towards midnight, '11 P.M.' say the Books, Maréchal de Richelieu arrives in the D'Estrées Camp ('Camp of Oldendorf,' still only one march west of Hastenbeck); to whom D'Estrées on the instant loftily delivers up his Army; explains with loyalty, for a few days more, all things needful to the new Commander; declines to be himself Second; and loftily withdraws to the Baths of Aachen 'for his health.'

"Royal Highness of Cumberland is, by this time, well on

Elbe-ward, Ocean-ward. Till August 1st, for one week, Royal Highness of Cumberland lay at Minden, some thirty odd miles from Hastenbeck; deploring that sad mistake; but unpersuadable to stand, and try amendment of it: August 1st, the French advancing on him again, he moved off northward, seaward. By Nienburg, Verden, Rothenburg, Zeven, Bremenvörde, Stade;—arrived at Stade, on the tidal Waters of the Elbe, August 5th; and by necessity did halt there. From Minden onwards, Richelieu, not D'Estrées, has had the chasing of Royal Highness: one of the simplest functions; only that the country is getting muddy, difficult for artillery-carriage (thinks Richelieu), with an Army so dilapidated, hungry, short of pay; and that Royal Highness, a very furious person to our former knowledge, might turn on us like a boar at bay, endangering everything; and finally, that one's desire is not for battle, but for a fair chance of plunder to pay one's debts.

"Britannic Majesty, in this awful state of his Hanover Armaments, has been applying at the Danish Court; Richelieu too sends off an application thither: 'Mediate between us, spare useless bloodshed!'[1]—Whereupon Danish Majesty (Britannic's son-in-law) cheerfully undertakes it; bids one Lynar bestir himself upon it. Count Lynar, an esteemed Official of his, who lives in those neighborhoods; Danish Viceroy in Oldenburg,—much concerned with the Scriptures, the Sacred Languages and other seraphic studies,—and a changed man since we saw him last in the Petersburg regions, making love to Mrs. Anton Ulrich long ago! Lynar, feeling the axis of the world laid on his shoulder in this manner, loses not a moment; invokes the Heavenly Powers; goes on it with an alacrity and a despatch beyond praise. Runs to the Duke of Cumberland at Stade; thence to Richelieu at Zeven; back to the Duke, back to Zeven: 'Won't you; and won't *you?*' and in four short days has the once world-famed 'Convention of Kloster-Zeven' standing on parchment,—signed, ready for ratifying: 'Royal Highness's Army to go home to their countries again [routes, methods, times: when, how, and what next, all left unsettled], and noise of War to cease in those parts.' Signed cheerfully on both sides 9th September, 1757; and Lynar striking the stars with his sublime head.[1]

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[1] Valfons, p. 291.

"Unaccountable how Lynar had managed such a difficulty. He says seraphically, in a Letter to a friend, which the Prussian hussars got hold of, 'The idea of it was inspired by the Holy Ghost:' at which the whole world haha'd again. For it was a Convention vague, absurd, not capable of being executed; ratification of it refused by both Courts, by the French Court first, if that was any matter: — and the only thing now memorable of it is, that *it* was a total Futility; but that there ensued from it a Fact still of importance; namely: —

"That on the 5th of October following, Royal Highness quitted Stade, and his wrecked Army hanging sorrowful there, like a flight of plucked cranes in mid-air; — arrived at Kensington, October 12th; heard the paternal Majesty say, that evening, 'Here is my son who has ruined me, and disgraced himself!' — and thereupon indignantly laid down his military offices, all and sundry; and ceased altogether to command Armies, English or other, in this world.[2] Whereby, in the then and now diagram of things, Kloster-Zeven, as a mathematical point, continues memorable in History, though shrunk otherwise to zero!

"Pitt's magnanimity to Royal Highness was conspicuous. Royal Highness, it is said, had been very badly used in this matter by his poor peddling Father and the Hanover Ministers; the matter being one puddle of imbecilities from beginning to end. He was the soul of honor; brave as a Welf lion; but of dim poor head; and had not the faintest vestige [*allergeringste* says Mauvillon] of military skill: awful in the extreme to see in command of British Armies! Adieu to him, forever and a day."

Ever since July 29th, three days after Hastenbeck, Pitt had been in Office again; such the bombardment by Corporation-Boxes and Events impinging on Britannic Majesty: but not till now, as I fancy, had Pitt's way, in regard to those German matters, been clear to him. The question of a German Army, if you must have a No-General at the top of it, might well be problematical to Pitt. To equip your strong fighting man, and send him on your errand, regardless of expense; and, by way of preliminary, cut the head off him, before saying "Good-speed to you, strong man!" But with a General, Pitt sees that it can be different; that perhaps "America can be conquered in Germany," and that, with a Britannic Majesty so disposed, there is no other way of trying it. To this course Pitt stands henceforth, heedless of the gazetteer cackle, "Hah, our Pitt too become German, after all his talking!" — like a seventy-four under full sail, with sea, wind, pilot all of one mind, and only certain water-fowl objecting. And is King of England for the next Four Years; the one King poor England has had this long while; — his hand felt shortly at the ends of the Earth. And proves such a blessing to Friedrich, among others, as nothing else in this War; pretty much his one blessing, little as he expected it. Before long, Excellency Mitchell begins consulting about a General, — and Friedrich dimly sees better things in the distance, and that Kloster-Zeven had not been the misfortune he imagined, but only "The darkest hour," which, it is said, lies "nearest to the dawn."

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[1] Büsching (who alone is exact in the matter), *Beiträge*, iv. 167, 168, § Lynar: see Schöll, iii. 49; Valfons, pp. 292, 293; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 143 (with correction of Preuss's Note there).

[2] In *Walpole* (iii. 59–64) the amplest minuteness of detail.

II. *The Soubise Hildburghausen People take into the Hills; Friedrich in Erfurt Neighborhood, hanging on, Week after Week, in an Agony of Inaction* (13th September–10th October).

Friedrich's march has gone by Döbeln, Grimma, to Pegau and Rötha, Leipzig way, but with Leipzig well to right: it just brushes Weissenfels to rightward, next day after Rötha; crosses Saale River near Naumburg, whence straight through Weimar Country, Weimar City on your left, to Erfurt on the northern side; — and,

"*Erfurt, Tuesday 13th September*, 1757, About 10 in the morning [listen to a faithful Witness], there appeared Hussars on the heights to northward: — 'Vanguard of his Prussian

Majesty!' said Erfurt with alarm, and our French guests with alarm. And scarcely were the words uttered, when said Vanguard, and gradually the whole Prussian Army [only some 9,000, though we all thought it the whole], came to sight; posting itself in half-moon shape round us there; French and Reichs folk hurrying off what they could from the Cyriaksberg and Petersberg, by the opposite gates," — towards Gotha, and the Hills of Eisenach.

"Think what a dilemma for Erfurt, jammed between two horns in this way, should one horn enter before the other got out! Much parleying and supplicating on the part of Erfurt: Till at last, about 4 P.M., French being all off, Erfurt flung its gates open; and the new Power did enter, with some due state: Prussian Majesty in Person (who could have hoped it!) and Prince Henri beside him; Cavalry with drawn swords; Infantry with field-pieces, and the band playing" — Prussian grenadier march, I should hope, or something equally cheering. "The rest of the Vanguard, and, in succession, the Army altogether, had taken Camp outside, looking down on the Northern Gate, over at Ilgertshofen, a village in the neighborhood, about two miles off."[1]

That is the first sight Friedrich has of "*La Dauphine*," as the Versailles people call this Bellona, come to "deliver Saxony;" and she is considerably coyer than had been expected. Many sad days, and ardent vain vows of Friedrich, before he could see the skirt of her again! From Ilgertshofen, northwestward to Dittelstädt, Gamstädt, and other poor specks of villages in Gotha Territory, is ten or fifteen miles; from Dittelstädt eastward to Buttstädt and Buttelstädt, in Weimar Country, may be twenty-five: in this area, Friedrich, shifting about, chiefly for convenience of quarters, — head-quarter Kirschleben for a while, Buttelstädt finally and longest, — had to wander impatiently to and fro for four weeks and more; no work procurable, or none worth mentioning: — in the humor of a man whose House is on fire, flaming out of every window, front and rear; who *has* run up with quenching apparatus; and cannot, being spell-bound, get the least bucket of it applied. And is by nature the rapidest soul now alive. Figure his situation there, as it gradually becomes manifest to him!

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 636, 637.

For the present, *Dauphiness* Bellona, hurrying to the Hills, has left some tagrag of remnant in Gotha. Whereupon, the second day, here is an "Own Correspondent" again, — not coming by electric telegraph, but (what is a sensible advantage) credible in every point, when he does come: —

"*Gotha, Thursday,* 15*th September.* Grand-Duke and Duchess, like everybody else, have been much occupied all morning with the fact, that the Prussian Army [Seidlitz and a regiment or two, nothing more] is actually here; took possession of the Town-Gates and Main Guard this morning, — certain Hungarian-French hussar rabble, hateful to every one in Gotha, having made off in time, rapidly towards Eisenach and the Hills.

"Towards noon, his Royal Majesty in highest person, with his Lord Brother the Prince Henri's Royal Highness, arrived in Gotha; sent straightway, by one of his Officers, a compliment to the Grand-Duke; and 'would have the pleasure to come and dine, if his Serene Highness permitted.' Serene Highness, self and Household always cordially Friedrich's, was just about sitting down to dinner; and answered with exuberantly glad surprise, — or was answering, when Royal Majesty himself stept in with smiling face; and embracing the Duke, said: 'I timed myself to arrive at this moment, thinking your Durchlaucht would be at dinner, that I might be received without ceremony, and dine like a neighbor among you.' Unexpected as this visit was, the joy of Duke and Duchess," always fast friends to Friedrich, and the latter ever afterwards his correspondent, "may be conceived, but not adequately expressed; as both the Serenities were touched, in the most affecting manner, by the honor of so great a King's sudden presence among them.

"His Majesty requested that the Frau von Buchwald, our Most Gracious Duchess's Hof-Dame, whose qualities he much valued, might dine with them," — being always fond of sensible people, especially sensible women. "The whole Highest and High company [Royal, that is, and Ducal] was, during table, uncommonly merry. The King showed himself altogether content; and his bright clever talk and sprightly sallies, awakening everybody to the like, left not the least trace visible of the weighty toils he was then engaged in; — as if the weightier these were, the less should they fetter the noble openness (*Freymüthigkeit*) of this high soul, which is not to be cast down by the heaviest burden.

"His Majesty having taken leave of Duke and Duchess, and graciously permitted the chiefest persons of the Gotha Court to pay their respects, withdrew to his Army."[1] Slept, I find elsewhere, "at Gamstädt, on the floor of a little Inn;" meaning to examine Posts in that part, next morning.

Here has been a cheerful little scene for Friedrich; the last he has in these black weeks. A laborious Predecessor, striving to elucidate, leaves me this Note: —

"What a pity one knows nothing, nor can know, about this Duke and Duchess, though their names, especially the latter's name, are much tossed to and fro in the Books! We heard of them, favorably, in Voltaire's time; and may again, at least of the Lady, who is henceforth a Correspondent of Friedrich's. The above is a dim direct view of them, probably our last as well as first. Duke's name is Friedrich III.; I do believe, a man of solidity, honor and polite dignified sense, a highly respectable Duke of Sachsen-Gotha, contented to be obscure, and quietly do what was still do-able in that enigmatic situation. He is Uncle to our George III.; — his Sister is the now Princess-Dowager of Wales, with a Lord Bute, and I know not what questionable figures and intrigues, or suspicions of intrigue, much about her. His Duchess, Louisa Dorothee, is a Princess of distinguished qualities, literary tastes, — Voltaire's Hostess, Friedrich's Correspondent: a bright and quietly shining illumination to the circle she inhabits. Duke is now fifty-eight, Duchess forty-seven; and they lost their eldest Son last year. There has been lately a considerable private brabble as to Tutorage of the Duke of Weimar (Wilhelmina's maddish Duke, who is dead lately; and a Prince left, who soon died also, but left a Son, who grew to be Goethe's friend); Tutorage claimed by various Cousins, has been adjudged to this one, King Friedrich co-operating in such result.

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[1] Letter in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 638, 639.

"As to the famed Grand-Duchess, she is a Sachsen-Meiningen Princess, come of Ernst the Pious, of Johann the Magnanimous, as her Husband and all these Sachsens are: when Voltaire went precipitant, with such velocity, from the Potsdam Heaven, she received him at Gotha; set him on writing his *History of the Empire*, and endeavored to break his fall. She was noble to Voltaire, and well honored by that uncertain Spirit. There is a fine Library at Gotha; and the Lady bright loves Books, and those that can write them; — a friend of the Light, a Daughter of the Sun and the Empyrean, not of Darkness and the Stygian Fens." [1]

Friedrich's first Letter to her Highness was one of thanks, above a year ago, for an act of kindness, act of justice withal, which she did to one of his Official people. Here, on the morrow of that dinner, is the second Letter, much more aerial and cordial, in which style they all continue, now that he has seen the admired Princess.

To the Most Serene Grand-Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha.

DITTELSTÄDT, " 16th September, 1757.

"MADAM, — Yesterday was a Day I shall never forget; which satisfied a just desire I have had, this long while, to see and hear a Princess whom all Europe admires. I am not surprised, Madam, that you subdue people's hearts; you are made to attract the esteem and the homage of all who have the happiness to know you. But it is incomprehensible to me how you can have enemies; and how men representing Countries that by no means wish to pass for barbarous, can have been so basely (*indignement*) wanting in the respect they owe you, and in the consideration which is due to all sovereigns [French not famous for their refined demeanor in Saxony this time]. Why could not I fly to prevent such disorders, such indecency! I can only offer you a great deal of good-will; but I feel well that, in present circumstances, the thing wanted is effective results and reality. May I, Madam, be so happy as to render you some service! May your fortune be equal to your virtues! I am with the highest consideration, Madam, your Highness's faithful Cousin, — F."[1]

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[1] Michaelis, i. 517; &c. &c.

To Wilhelmina he says of it, next day, still gratified, though sad news have come in the interim; — death of Winterfeld, for one black item: —

. . . "The day before yesterday I was in Gotha. It was a touching scene to see the partners of one's misfortunes, with like griefs and like complaints. The Duchess is a woman of real merit, whose firmness puts many a man to shame. Madam de Buchwald appears to me a very estimable person, and one who would suit you much: intelligent, accomplished, without pretensions, and good-humored. My Brother Henri is gone to see them to-day. I am so oppressed with grief, that I would rather keep my sadness to myself. I have reason to congratulate myself much on account of my Brother Henri; he has behaved like an angel, as a soldier, and well towards me as a Brother. I cannot, unfortunately, say the same of the elder. He sulks at me (*il me boude*), and has sulkily retired to Torgau, from whence, I hear, he is gone to Wittenberg. I shall leave him to his caprices and to his bad conduct; and I prophesy nothing good for the future, unless the younger guide him."[2] . . .

This is part of a long sad Letter to Wilhelmina; parts of which we may recur to, as otherwise illustrative. But before going into that tragic budget of bad news, let us give the finale of Gotha, which occurred the next day, — tragi-comic in part, — and is the last bit of action in those dreary four weeks.

Gotha, 18*th September*. "Since Thursday 15th, Major-General Seidlitz," youngest Major-General of the Army, but a rapidly rising man, "has been Commandant in Gotha, under flourishing circumstances; popular and supreme, though only with a force of 1,500, dragoons and hussars. Monday morning early, Seidlitz's scouts bring word that the Soubise-Hildburghausen people are in motion hitherward; French hussars and Austrian, Turpin's, Loudon's, all that are; grenadiers in mass; — total, say, 8,000 horse and foot, with abundance of artillery; — have been on march all night, to retake Gotha; with all the Chief Generals and Dignitaries of the Army following in their carriages, for some hours past, to see it done. Seidlitz, ascertaining these things, has but one course left, — that of clearing himself out, which he does with orderly velocity: and at 9 A.M. the Dignitaries and their 8,000 find open gates, Seidlitz clean off; occupy the posts, with due emphasis and flourish; and proceed to the Schloss in a grand triumphant way, — where privately they are not very welcome, though one puts the best face on it, and a dinner of importance is the first thing imperative to be set in progress. A flurried Court, that of Gotha, and much swashing of French plumes through it, all this morning, since Seidlitz had to flit.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 166.

[2] "Kirschleben, near Erfurt, 17th September, 1757" (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 306).

"Seidlitz has not flitted very far. Seidlitz has ranked his small dragoon-hussar force in a hollow, two miles off; has got warning sent to a third regiment within reach of him, 'Come towards me, and in a certain defile, visible from Gotha eastward, spread yourselves so and so!' — and judges by the swashing he hears of up yonder, that perhaps something may still be done. Dinner, up in the Schloss, is just being taken from the spit, and the swashing at its height, when — 'Hah what is that, though?' and all plumes pause. For it is Seidlitz, artistically spread into single files, on the prominent points of vision; advancing again, more like 15,000 than 1,500: 'And in the Defile yonder, that regiment, do you mark it; the King's vanguard, I should say? — To horse!'

"That is Seidlitz's fine Bit of Painting, hung out yonder, hooked on the sky itself, as temporary background to Gotha, to be judged of by the connoisseurs. For pictorial effect, breadth of touch, truth to Nature and real power on the connoisseur, I have heard of nothing equal by any artist. The high Generalcy, Soubise, Hildburghausen, Darmstadt, mount in the highest haste; everybody mounts, happy he who has anything to mount; the grenadiers tumble out of the Schloss; dragoons, artillery tumble out; Dauphiness takes wholly to her heels, at an extraordinary pace: so that Seidlitz's hussars could hardly get a stroke at her; caught sixty and odd, nine of them Officers not of mark; did kill thirty; and had such a haul of equipages and valuable effects, cosmetic a good few of them, habilatory, artistic, as caused the hussar heart to sing for joy. Among other plunder, was Loudon's Commission of Major-General, just on its road from Vienna [poor Mannstein's death the suggesting cause, say some];—undoubtedly a shining Loudon; to whom Friedrich, next day, forwarded the Document with a polite Note."[1]

The day after this bright feat of Seidlitz's, which was a slight consolation to Friedrich, there came a Letter from the Duchess, not of compliment only; the Letter itself had to be burnt on the spot, being, as would seem, dangerous for the High Lady, who was much a friend of Friedrich's. Their Correspondence, very polite and graceful, but for most part gone to the unintelligible state, and become vacant and spectral, figures considerably in the Books, and was, no doubt, a considerable fact to Friedrich. His Answer on this occasion may be given, since we have it,—lest there should not elsewhere be opportunity for a second specimen.

Friedrich to the Grand-Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha.

"Kirschleben, near Erfurt, 20th September, 1757.

"Madam,—Nothing could happen more glorious to my troops than that of fighting, Madam, under your eyes and for your defence. I wish their help could be useful to you; but I foresee the reverse. If I were obstinately to insist on maintaining the post of Gotha with Infantry, I should ruin your City for you, Madam, by attracting thither and fixing there the theatre of the War; whereas, by the present course, you will only have to suffer little rubs (*passades*), which will not last long.

"A thousand thanks that you could, in a day like yesterday, find the moment to think of your Friends, and to employ yourself for them. [Seidlitz's attack was brisk, quite sudden, with an effect like Harlequin's sword in Pantomimes; and Gotha in every corner, especially in the Schloss below and above stairs, — dinner cooked for A, and eaten by B, in that manner, — must have been the most agitated of little Cities.] I will neglect nothing of what you have the goodness to tell me; I shall profit by these notices. Heaven grant it might be for the deliverance and the security of Germany!

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[1] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 640; Westphalen, ii. 37; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, iv. 147.

"The most signal mark of obedience I can give you consists unquestionably in doing your bidding with this Letter. [Burn it, so soon as read.] I should have kept it as a monument of your generosity and courage: but, Madam, since you dispose of it otherwise, your orders shall be executed; persuaded that if one cannot serve one's friends, one must at least avoid hurting them; that one may be less circumspect for one's own interest, but that one must be prudent and even timid for theirs. I am, with the highest esteem and the most perfect consideration, Madam, your Highness's most faithful and affectionate Cousin, — F."[1]

From Erfurt, on the night of his arrival, finding the Dauphiness in such humor, Friedrich had ordered Ferdinand of Brunswick with his Division and Prince Moritz with his, both of whom were still at Naumburg, to go on different errands, — Ferdinand out Halberstadt-Magdeburg way, whither Richelieu, vulture-like, if not eagle-like, is on wing; Moritz to Torgau, to secure our magazine and be on the outlook there. Both of them marched on the morrow (November 14th): and are sending him news, — seldom comfortable news; mainly that, in spite of all one can do (and it is not little on Ferdinand's part, the Richelieu vultures, 80,000 of them, floating onward, leagues broad, are not to be kept out of Halberstadt, well if out of Magdeburg itself; — and that, in short, the general conflagration, in those parts too, is progressive.[2] Moritz, peaceable for some weeks in Torgau Country, was to have an eye on Brandenburg withal, on Berlin itself; and before long Moritz will see something noticeable there!

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 167.

[2] In Orlich's *Fürst Moritz*, pp. 71–89; and in *Westphalen*, ii. 23–143 (about Ferdinand): interesting Documentary details, Autographs of Friedrich, &c., in regard to both these Expeditions.

From Preussen, Friedrich hears of mere ravagings and horrid cruelties, Cossack-Calmuck atrocities, which make human nature shudder:[1] "Fight those monsters; go into them, at all hazards!" he writes to Lehwald peremptorily. Lehwald, 25,000 against 80,000, does so; draws up, in front of Wehlau, not far east of Königsberg, among woody swamps, *August* 30*th*, at a Hamlet called *Gross-Jägersdorf*, with his best skill; fights well, though not without mistakes; and is beaten by cannon and numbers.[2] Preussen now lies at Apraxin's discretion. This bit of news too is on the road for Erfurt Country. Such a six weeks for the swift man, obliged to stand spell-bound,—idle posterity never will conceive it; and description is useless.

Let us add here, that Apraxin did not advance on Königsberg, or farther into Preussen at all; but, after some loitering, turned, to everybody's surprise, and wended slowly home. "Could get no provision," said Apraxin for himself. "Thought the Czarina was dying," said the world; "and that Peter her successor would take it well!" Plodded slowly home, for certain; Lehwald following him, not too close, till over the border. Nothing left of Apraxin, and his huge Expedition, but Memel alone; Memel, and a great many graves and ruins. So that Lehwald could be recalled, to attend on the Swedes, before Winter came. And Friedrich's worst forebodings did not take effect in this case;—nor in some others, as we shall see!

Lamentation-Psalms of Friedrich.

Meanwhile, is it not remarkable that Friedrich wrote more Verses, this Autumn, than almost in any other three months of his life? Singular, yes; though perhaps not inexplicable. And if readers could fairly understand that fact, instead of running away with the shell of it, and leaving the essence, it would throw a great light on Friedrich. He is not a brooding inarticulate man, then; but a bright-glancing, articulate; not to be struck dumb by the face of Death itself. Flashes clear-eyed into the physiognomy of Death, and Ruin, and the Abysmal Horrors opening; and has a sharp word to say to them. The explanation of his large cargo of Verses this Autumn is, That always, alternating with such fiery velocity, he had intolerable periods of waiting till things were ready. And took to verses, by way of expectorating himself, and keeping down his devils. Not a bad plan, in the circumstances, — especially if you have so wonderful a turn for expectoration by speech. "All bad as Poetry, those Verses?" asks the reader. Well, some of them are not of first-rate goodness. Should have been burnt; or the time marked which they took up, and whether it was good time wasted (which I suppose it almost never was), or bad time skilfully got over. Time, that is the great point; and the heart-truth of them, or mere lip-truth, another. We must give some specimens, at any rate.

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[1] In *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 427–437, the hideous details.

[2] Tempelhof, i. 299; Retzow, i. 212; &c. &c. ("Russians lost about 9,000," by their own tale 5,000; "the Prussians 3,000" and the Field).

Especially that notable Specimen from the Zittau Countries: the "Epistle to Wilhelmina (*Epître à ma Sœur*[1]);" which is the key-note, as it were; the fountain-head of much other verse, and of much prose withal, and Correspondencing not with Wilhelmina alone, of which also some taste must be given. Primary *Epître;* written, I perceive, in that interval of waiting for Keith and the magazines, — though the final date is "Bernstadt, August 24th." Concerning which, Smelfungus takes, over-hastily, the liberty to say: "Strange, is it not, to be on the point of fighting for one's existence; overwhelmed with so many businesses; and disposed to go into verse in addition! *Conceive* that form of mind; it would illuminate something of Friedrich's character: I cannot yet rightly understand such an aspect of structure, and know not what to say of it, except 'Strange!'" —

Understand it or not, we do gather by means of it some indisputable glimpses, nearly all the direct insight allowed us out of any source, into Friedrich's inner man; what his thoughts were, what his humor was in that unique crisis; and to readers in quest of that, these Pieces, fallen obsolete and frosty to all other kinds of readers, are well worth perusing, and again perusing. Most veracious Documents, we can observe; nothing could be truer; Confessions they are, in the most emphatic sense; no truer ever made to a Priest in the name of the Most High. Like a soliloquy of Night-Thoughts, accidentally becoming audible to us. Mahomet, I find, wrote the Koran in this manner. From these poor Poems, which are voices *De Profundis*, there might, by proper care and selection, be constructed a Friedrich's Koran; and, with commentary and elucidation, it would be pleasant to read. The Koran of Friedrich, or the Lamentation-Psalms of Friedrich! But it would need an Editor, — other than Dryasdust! Mahomet's Koran, treated by the Arab Dryasdust (merely turning up the bottom of that Box of Shoulder-blades, and printing them), has become dreadfully tough reading, on this side of the Globe; and has given rise to the impossiblest notions about Mahomet! Indisputable it is, Heroes, in their affliction, Mahomet and David, have solaced themselves by snatches of Psalms, by Suras, bursts of Utterance rising into Song; — and if Friedrich, on far other conditions, did the like, what has History to say of blame to him?

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xii. 36–42.

Wilhelmina comes out very strong, in this season of trouble; almost the last we see of our excellent Wilhelmina. Like a lioness; like a shrill mother when her children are in peril. A noble sisterly affection is in Wilhelmina; shrill Pythian vehemence trying the impossible. That a Brother, and such a Brother, the most heroic now breathing, brave and true, and the soul of honor in all things, should have the whole world rise round him, like a delirious Sorcerer's-Sabbath, intent to hurl the mountains on him, — seems such a horror and a madness to Wilhelmina. Like the brood-hen flying in the face of wild dogs, and packs of hounds in full trail! Most Christian Pompadour Kings, enraged Czarinas, implacable Empress-Queens; a whole world in armed delirium rushes on, regardless of Wilhelmina. Never mind, my noble one; your Brother will perhaps manage to come up with this leviathan or that, among the heap of them, at a good time, and smite into the fifth rib of him. Your Brother does not the least shape towards giving in; thank the Heavens, he will stand to himself at least; his own poor strength will all be on his own side.

Wilhelmina's hopes of a Peace with France; mission of her Mirabeau, missions and schemes not a few, we have heard of on Wilhelmina's part with this view; but the notablest is still to mention: that of stirring up, by Voltaire's means, an important-looking Cardinal de Tencin to labor in the business. Eminency Tencin lives in Lyon, known to the Princess on her Italian Tour; — shy of asking Voltaire to dinner on that fine occasion; — but, except Officially, is not otherwise than well-affected to Voltaire. Was once Chief Minister of France, and would fain again be; does not like these Bernis novelties and Austrian Alliances, had he now any power to overset them. Let him correspond with Most Christian Majesty, at least; plead for a Peace with Prussia, Prussia being so ready that way. Eminency Tencin, on Voltaire's suggestion, did so, perhaps is even now doing so; till ordered to hold *his* peace on such subjects. This is certain and well known; but nothing else is known, or to us knowable, about it; Voltaire, in vague form, being our one authority, through whom it is vain to hunt, and again hunt.[1] The Dates, much more the features and circumstances, all lie buried from us, and — till perhaps the *Lamentation-Psalms* are well edited — must continue lying. As a fact certain, but undeniably vague.

Voltaire's procedure, one can gather, is polite, but two-faced; not sublime on this occasion. In fact, is intended to serve himself. To the high Princess he writes devotionally, ready to obey in all things; and then to his Eminency Cardinal Tencin, it rather seems as if the tone were: "Pooh! yes, your Eminency; such are the poor Lady's notions. But does your Eminency take notice how high my connections are; what service a poor obscure creature might perhaps do the State some day?" Friedrich himself is, in these ways, brought into correspondence with Voltaire again; and occasionally writes to him in this War, and ever afterwards: Voltaire responds with fine sympathy, always prettily, in the enthusiasm of the moment; — and at other times he writes a good deal about Friedrich, oftenest in rather a mischievous dialect. "The traitor!" exclaim some Prussian writers, not many or important, in our time. In fact, there is a considerable touch of grinning malice (as of Monkey *versus* Cat, who had once burnt *his* paw, instead of getting his own burnt), in those utterances of Voltaire; some of which the reader will grin over too, without much tragic feeling, — the rather as they did our Felis Leo no manner of ill, and show our incomparable *Singe* with a sparkle of the *Tigre* in him; theoretic sparkle merely and for moments, which makes him all the more entertaining and interesting at the domestic hearth.

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[1] *Œuvres* (*Mémoires*), ii. 92, 93; *ib.* i. 143: Preuss, ii. 84.

Of Friedrich's Lamentation-Psalms we propose to give the First and the Last: these, with certain Prose Pieces, intermediate and connecting, may perhaps be made intelligible to readers, and throw some light on these tragic weeks of the King's History: —

1°. *Epître à ma Sœur* (First of the Lamentation-Psalms). — This is the famed "Epistle to Wilhelmina," already spoken of; which the King despatched from Bernstadt "August 24th," just while quitting those parts, on the Erfurt Errand; — though written before, in the tedium of waiting for Keith. The Piece is long, vehement, altogether sincere; lyrically sings aloud, or declaims in rhyme, what one's indignant thought really is on the surrounding woes and atrocities. We faithfully abridge, and condense into our briefest Prose; — readers can add water and the jingle of French rhymes *ad libitum*. It starts thus: —

"O sweet and dear hope of my remaining days; O Sister, whose friendship, so fertile in resources, shares all my sorrows, and with a helpful arm assists me in the gulf! It is in vain that the Destinies have overwhelmed me with disasters: if the crowd of Kings have sworn my ruin; if the Earth have opened to swallow me,—you still love me, noble and affectionate Sister: loved by you, what is there of misfortune? [Branches off into some survey of it, nevertheless.]

"Huge continents of thunder-cloud, plots thickening against me [in those Menzel Documents], I watched with terror; the sky getting blacker, no covert for me visible: on a sudden, from the deeps of Hell, starts forth Discord [with capital letter], and the tempest broke.

> *Ce fut dans ton Sénat, O fougueuse Angleterre!*
> *Où ce monstre inhumain fit éclater la guerre:*

It was from thy Senate, stormful England, that she first launched out War. In remote climates first; in America, far away;—between France and thee. Old Ocean shook with it; Neptune, in the depths of his caves (*ses grottes profondes*), saw the English subjecting his waves (*ses ondes*): the wild Iroquois, prize of these crimes (*forfaits*), bursts out; detesting the tyrants who disturb his Forests,"—and scalping Braddock's people, and the like.

"Discord, charmed to see such an America, and feeble mortals crossing the Ocean to exterminate one another, addresses the European Kings: 'How long will you be slaves to what are called laws? Is it for you to bend under worn-out notions of justice, right? Mars is the one God: Might is Right. A King's business is to do something famous in this world.'

"O daughter of the Cæsars," Maria Theresa, "how, at these words, ambition, burning in thy soul, breaks out uncontrollable! Probity, honor, treaties, duty: feeble considerations these, to a heart letting loose its flamy passions; determining to rob the generous Germans of their liberties; to degrade thy equals; to extinguish 'Schism' (so called), and set up despotism on the wrecks of all."

"Huge project"—"*fier Triumvirat*,"—what not: "From Roussillon and the sunny Pyrenees to frozen Russia, all arm for Austria, and march at her bidding. They concert my downfall, trample on my rights.

"The Daughter of the Cæsars, proudly certain of victory,—'t is the way of the Great, whose commonplace virtue, pusillanimous in reverses, overbearing in success, cannot bridle their cupidity, — designates to the Triumvirate what Kings are to be proscribed [Britannic George and me, Reich busy on us both even now], and those ungrateful tyrants, by united crime, immolate to each other, without remorse, their dearest allies." For instance: —

> *" O jour digne d'oubli ! Quelle atroce imprudence !*
> *Thérèse, c'est l'Anglais que tu vends à la France :*

Theresa ! it is England thou art selling to France ;" — Yes, a thing worth noting. "Thy generous support in thy first adversities; thy one friend then, when a world had risen to devour thee. Thou reignest now: — but it was England alone that saved thee anything to reign over !

> *Tu règnes, mais lui seul a sauvé tes états :*
> *Les bienfaits chez les rois ne font que des ingrats.*

"And thou, lazy Monarch," — stupid Louis, let us omit him: — "Pompadour, selling her lover to the highest bidder, makes France, in our day, Austria's slave !" We omit Kolin Battle, too, spoken of with a proud modesty (Prag is not spoken of at all); and how the neighboring ravenous Powers, on-lookers hitherto, have opened their throats with one accord to swallow Prussia, thinking its downfall certain: "Poor mercenary Sweden, once so famous under its soldier Kings, now debased by a venal Senate ;" — Sweden, " what say I ? my own kindred [foolish Anspach and others], driven by perverse motives, join in the plot of horrors, and become satellites of the prospering Triumvirs.

" And thou, loved People [my own Prussians], whose happiness is my charge [notable how often he repeats this] it is thy lamentable destiny, it is the danger which hangs over thee, that pierces my soul. The pomps of my rank I could resign without regret. But to rescue thee, in this black crisis, I will spend my heart's blood. Whose *is* that blood but thine ? With joy will I rally my warriors to avenge thy affront ; defy death at the foot of the ramparts [of Daun and his Eckartsberg, ahead yonder], and either conquer, or be buried under thy ruins." Very well ; but ah, —

"Preparing with such purpose, ye Heavens, what mournful cries are those that reach us: 'Death has laid low thy Mother!'— Hah, that was the last stroke, then, which angry Fate had reserved for me.— O Mother, Death flies my misfortunes, and spreads his livid horrors over thee! [Very tender, very sad, what he says of his Mother; but must be omitted and imagined. General finale is:]

"Thus Destiny with a deluge of torments fills the poisoned remnant of my days. The present is hideous to me, the future unknown: what, you say I am the creature of a *Bene*ficent Being?—

Quoi! serais-je formé par un Dieu bienfaisant?
Ah! s'il était si bon, tendre pour son ouvrage"—

—Husht, my little Titan!

"And now, ye promoters of sacred lies, go on leading cowards by the nose, in the dark windings of your labyrinth:— to me the enchantment is ended, the charm disappears. I see that all men are but the sport of Destiny. And that, if there do exist some Gloomy and Inexorable Being, who allows a despised herd of creatures to go on multiplying here, he values them as nothing; looks down on a Phalaris crowned, on a Socrates in chains; on our virtues, our misdeeds, on the horrors of war, and all the cruel plagues which ravage Earth, as a thing indifferent to him. Wherefore, my sole refuge and only haven, loved Sister, is in the arms of Death:—

Ainsi mon seul asile et mon unique port
Se trouve, chère sœur, dans les bras de la mort."[1]

2°. *Wilhelmina to Voltaire, with something of Answer* (First of certain intercalary Prose Pieces).—Wilhelmina has been writing to Voltaire before, and getting consolations since Kolin; but her Letters are lost, till this the earliest that is left us:—

Baireuth, 19th August, 1757 (*To Voltaire*).—"One first knows one's friends when misfortunes arrive. The Letter you have written does honor to your way of thinking. I cannot tell you how much I am sensible to what you have done [set

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[1] *Œuvres*, xii. 36-42; is sent off to Wilhelmina 24th August.

Cardinal Tencin astir, with result we will hope]. The King, my Brother, is as much so as I. You will find a Note here, which he bids me transmit to you [Note lost]. That great man is still the same. He supports his misfortunes with a courage and a firmness worthy of him. He could not get the Note transcribed. It began by verses. Instead of throwing sand on it, he took the ink-bottle; that is the reason why it is cut in two."

—This Note, we say, is lost to us;—all but accidentally thus: Voltaire, 12th September, writes twice to friends. Writing to his D'Argentals, he says: "The affairs of this King [Friedrich] go from bad to worse. I know not if I told you of the Letter he wrote to me about three weeks ago [say August 17th–18th: this same Note through Wilhelmina, evidently]: 'I have learned,' says he, 'that you had interested yourself in my successes and misfortunes. There remains to me nothing but to sell my life dear,' &c. His Sister writes me one much more lamentable;" the one we are now reading:—

"I am in a frightful state; and will not survive the destruction of my House and Family. That is the one consolation that remains to me. You will have fine subjects for making Tragedies of. O times! O manners! You will, by the illusory representation, perhaps draw tears; while all contemplate with dry eyes the reality of these miseries: the downfall of a whole House, against which, if the truth were known, there is no solid complaint. I cannot write farther of it: my soul is so troubled that I know not what I am doing. But whatever happen, be persuaded that I am more than ever your friend,—WILHELMINA."[1]

Friedrich, while Wilhelmina writes so, is at the foot of the Eckartsberg, eagerly manœuvring with the Austrians, in hopes of getting battle out of them,—which he cannot. Friedrich, while he wrote that Note to Voltaire, and instead of sand-box shook the ink-bottle over it, was just going out on that errand.

Voltaire, 12th September (to a Lady whose Son is in the D'Estrées wars).[2]—"Here are mighty revolutions, Madame;

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[1] In *Œuvres de Voltaire*, lxxvii. 30.

[2] Ib. lxxii. 55, 56.

and we are not at the end yet. They say there have 18,000 Hanoverians been disposed of at Stade [Convention of Kloster-Zeven]. That is no small matter. I can hope M. Richelieu [who is "*mon héros*," when I write to himself] will adorn his head with the laurels they have stuck in his pocket. I wish Monsieur your Son abundance of honor and glory without wounds, and to you, Madame, unalterable health. The King of Prussia has written me a very touching Letter [one line of which we have read]; but I have always Madame Denis's adventure on my heart," at Frankfurt yonder. "If I were well, I would take a run to Frankfurt myself on the business," — now that Soubise's reserves are in those parts, and could give Freytag and Schmidt such a dusting for me, if they liked! Shall I write to Collini on it? Does write, and again write, the second year hence, as still better chances rise.[1]

3°. *Wilhelmina to Voltaire again, with Answer* (Second of the Prose Pieces). — Not a very zealous friend of Friedrich's, after all, this Voltaire! Poor Wilhelmina, terrified by that *Epître* of her Brother's, and his fixed purpose of seeking Death, has, in her despair (though her Letter is lost), been urging Voltaire to write dissuading him; — as Voltaire does. Of which presently. Her Letter to Voltaire on this thrice-important subject is lost. But in the very hours while Voltaire sat writing what we have just read, "always with Madame Denis's adventure on my heart," Wilhelmina, at Baireuth, is again writing to him as follows: —

Baireuth, 12th September, 1757 (*To Voltaire*). — "Your Letter has sensibly touched me; that which you addressed to me for the King [both Letters lost to us] has produced the same effect on him. I hope you will be satisfied with his Answer as to what concerns yourself; but you will be as little so as I am with the resolutions he has formed. I had flattered myself that your reflections would make some impression on his mind. You will see the contrary by the Letter adjoined.

"To me there remains nothing but to follow his destiny if it is unfortunate. I have never piqued myself on being a philosopher; though I have made my efforts to become so. The small progress I made did teach me to despise grandeurs and riches: but I could never find in philosophy any cure for the wounds of the heart, except that of getting done with our miseries by ceasing to live. The state I am in is worse than death. I see the greatest man of his age, my Brother, my friend, reduced to the frightfulest extremity. I see my whole Family exposed to dangers and perhaps destruction; my native Country torn by pitiless enemies; the Country where I am [Reichs Army, Anspach, what not] menaced by perhaps similar misfortune. Would to Heaven I were alone loaded with all the miseries I have described to you! I would suffer them, and with firmness.

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[1] Collini, pp. 208-211 ("January-May, 1759").

"Pardon these details. You invite me, by the part you take in what regards me, to open my heart to you. Alas, hope is well-nigh banished from it. Fortune, when she changes, is as constant in her persecutions as in her favors. History is full of those examples: — but I have found none equal to the one we now see; nor any War as inhuman and as cruel among civilized nations. You would sigh if you knew the sad situation of Germany and Preussen. The cruelties which the Russians commit in that latter Country make nature shudder.[1] How happy you in your Hermitage; where you repose on your laurels, and can philosophize with a calm mind on the deliriums of men! I wish you all the happiness imaginable. If Fortune ever favor us again, count on all my gratitude. I will never forget the marks of attachment which you have given; my sensibility is your warrant; I am never half-and-half a friend, and I shall always be wholly so of Brother Voltaire. — WILHELMINA.

"Many compliments to Madame Denis. Continue, I pray you, to write to the King."[2]

Voltaire to Wilhelmina (Day uncertain: *The Délices, September*, 1757). — "Madam, my heart is touched more than ever by the goodness and the confidence your Royal Highness deigns to show me. How can I be but melted by emotion!

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[1] Details, horrible but authentic, in *Helden-Geschichte*, already cited.

[2] In *Voltaire*, ii. 197–199; lxxvii. 57.

I see that it is solely your nobleness of soul that renders you unhappy. I feel myself born to be attached with idolatry to superior and sympathetic minds, who think like you.

"You know how much I have always, essentially and at heart, been attached to the King your Brother. The more my old age is tranquil, and come to renounce everything, and make my retreat here a home and country, the more am I devoted to that Philosopher-King. I write nothing to him but what I think from the bottom of my heart, nothing that I do not think most true; and if my Letter [dissuasive of seeking Death; wait, reader] appears to your Royal Highness to be suitable, I beg you to protect it with him, as you have done the foregoing."[1]

4°. *Friedrich to Wilhelmina, and, by anticipation, her Answer* (Third of the Prose Pieces). — "*Kirschleben, near Erfurt, 17th September*, 1757. — My dearest Sister, I find no other consolation but in your precious Letters. May Heaven reward so much virtue and such heroic sentiments!

"Since I wrote last to you, my misfortunes have but gone on accumulating. It seems as though Destiny would discharge all its wrath and fury upon the poor Country which I had to rule over. The Swedes have entered Pommern. The French, after having concluded a Neutrality humiliating to the King of England and themselves [Kloster-Zeven, which we know], are in full march upon Halberstadt and Magdeburg. From Preussen I am in daily expectation of hearing of a battle having been fought: the proportion of combatants being 25,000 against 80,000 [was fought, Gross-Jägersdorf, 30th August, and lost accordingly]. The Austrians have marched into Silesia, whither the Prince of Bevern follows them. I have advanced this way to fall upon the corps of the allied Army; which has run off, and intrenched itself, behind Eisenach, amongst hills, whither to follow, still more to attack them, all rules of war forbid. The moment I retire towards Saxony, this whole swarm will be upon my heels. Happen what may, I am determined, at all risks, to fall upon whatever corps of the enemy approaches me nearest. I shall even bless Heaven for its mercy, if it grant me the favor to die sword in hand.

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[1] In *Voltaire*, lxxvii. 37, 39.

"Should this hope fail me, you will allow that it would be too hard to crawl at the feet of a company of traitors, to whom successful crimes have given the advantage to prescribe the law to me. How, my dear, my incomparable Sister, how could I repress feelings of vengeance and of resentment against all my neighbors, of whom there is not one who did not accelerate my downfall, and will not share in our spoils? How can a Prince survive his State, the glory of his Country, his own reputation? A Bavarian Elector, in his nonage [Son of the late poor Kaiser, and left shipwrecked in his seventeenth year], or rather in a sort of subjection to his Ministers, and dull to the biddings of honor, may give himself up as a slave to the imperious domination of the House of Austria, and kiss the hand which oppressed his Father: I pardon it to his youth and his ineptitude. But is that the example for me to follow? No, dear Sister, you think too nobly to give me such mean (*lâche*) advice. Is Liberty, that precious prerogative, to be less dear to a Sovereign in the eighteenth century than it was to Roman Patricians of old? And where is it said, that Brutus and Cato should carry magnanimity farther than Princes and Kings? Firmness consists in resisting misfortune: but only cowards submit to the yoke, bear patiently their chains, and support oppression tranquilly. Never, my dear Sister, could I resolve upon such ignominy. . . .

"If I had followed only my own inclinations, I should have ended it (*je me serais dépêché*) at once, after that unfortunate Battle which I lost. But I felt that this would be weakness, and that it behooved me to repair the evil which had happened. My attachment to the State awoke; I said to myself, It is not in seasons of prosperity that it is rare to find defenders, but in adversity. I made it a point of honor with myself to redress all that had got out of square; in which I was not unsuccessful; not even in the Lausitz [after those Zittau disasters] last of all. But no sooner had I hastened this way to face new enemies, than Winterfeld was beaten and killed near Görlitz, than the French entered the heart of my States, than the Swedes blockaded Stettin. Now there is nothing effective left for me to do: there are too many enemies. Were I even to succeed in beating two armies, the third would crush me. The enclosed Note [in cipher] will show you what I am still about to try: it is the last attempt.

"The gratitude, the tender affection, which I feel towards you, that friendship, true as the hills, constrains me to deal openly with you. No, my divine Sister, I shall conceal nothing from you that I intend to do; all my thoughts, all my resolutions shall be open and known to you in time. I will precipitate nothing: but also it will be impossible for me to change my sentiments. . . .

"As for you, my incomparable Sister, I have not the heart to turn you from your resolves. We think alike, and I cannot condemn in you the sentiments which I daily entertain (*éprouve*). Life has been given to us as a benefit: when it ceases to be such"—! "I have nobody left in this world, to attach me to it, but you. My friends, the relations I loved most, are in the grave; in short, I have lost everything. If you take the resolution which I have taken, we end together our misfortunes and our unhappiness; and it will be the turn of them who remain in this world, to provide for the concerns falling to their charge, and to bear the weight which has lain on us so long. These, my adorable Sister, are sad reflections, but suitable to my present condition.

"The day before yesterday I was at Gotha [yes, see above;—and to-morrow, if I knew it, Seidlitz with pictorial effects will be there]. . . .

"But it is time to end this long, dreary Letter; which treats almost of nothing but my own affairs. I have had some leisure, and have used it to open on you a heart filled with admiration and gratitude towards you. Yes, my adorable Sister, if Providence troubled itself about human affairs, you ought to be the happiest person in the Universe. Your not being such, confirms me in the sentiments expressed at the end of my *Epître*. In conclusion, believe that I adore you, and that I would give my life a thousand times to serve you. These are the sentiments which will animate me to the last breath of my life; being, my beloved Sister, ever" — Your — F.[1]

Wilhelmina's Answer, — by anticipation, as we said: written "15th September," while Friedrich was dining at Gotha, in quest of Soubise.

"*Baireuth, 15th September,* 1757. My dearest Brother, your Letter and the one you wrote to Voltaire, my dear Brother, have almost killed me. What fatal resolutions, great God! Ah, my dear Brother, you say you love me; and you drive a dagger into my heart. Your *Epître,* which I did receive, made me shed rivers of tears. I am now ashamed of such weakness. My misfortune would be so great" in the issue there alluded to, "that I should find worthier resources than tears. Your lot shall be mine: I will not survive either your misfortunes or those of the House I belong to. You may calculate that such is my firm resolution.

"But, after this avowal, allow me to entreat you to look back at what was the pitiable state of your Enemy when you lay before Prag! It is the sudden whirl of Fortune for both parties. The like can occur again, when one is least expecting it. Cæsar was the slave of Pirates; and he became the master of the world. A great genius like yours finds resources even when all is lost; and it is impossible this frenzy can continue. My heart bleeds to think of the poor souls in Preussen [Apraxin and his Christian Cossacks there, — who, it is noted, far excel the Calmuck worshippers of the Dalai-Lama]. What horrid barbarity, the detail of cruelties that go on there! I feel all that you feel on it, my dear Brother. I know your heart, and your sensibility for your subjects.

"I suffer a thousand times more than I can tell you; nevertheless hope does not abandon me. I received your Letter of the 14th by W. [who W. is, no mortal knows]. What kindness to think of me, who have nothing to give you but a useless affection, which is so richly repaid by yours! I am obliged to finish; but I shall never cease to be, with the most profound respect (*très-profond respect,*" — that, and something still better, if my poor pen were not embarrassed), "your" —

WILHELMINA.

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[1] *Œuvres,* xxvii. i, 303-307.

5°. *Friedrich's Response to the Dissuasives of Voltaire* (Last of the Lamentation-Psalms: "Buttstädt, October 9th"). — Voltaire's Dissuasive Letter is a poor Piece;[1] not worth giving here. Remarkable only by Friedrich's quiet reception of it; which readers shall now see, as Finis to those Lamentation-Psalms. There is another of them, widely known, which we will omit: the *Epître to D'Argens;*[2] passionate enough, wandering wildly over human life, and sincere almost to shrillness, in parts; which Voltaire has also got hold of. Omissible here; the fixity of purpose being plain otherwise to Voltaire and us. Voltaire's counter-arguments are weak, or worse: "That Roman death is not now expected of the Philosopher; that your Majesty will, in the worst event, still have considerable Dominions left, all that your Great-Grandfather had; still plenty of resources; that, in Paris Society, an estimable minority even now thinks highly of you; that in Paris itself your Majesty [does not say expressly, as dethroned and going on your travels] would have resources!" To which beautiful considerations Friedrich answers, not with fire and brimstone, as one might have dreaded, but in this quiet manner (*Réponse au Sieur Voltaire*): —

"*Je suis homme, il suffit, et né pour la souffrance ;*
Aux rigueurs du destin j'oppose ma constance.[3]

But with these sentiments, I am far from condemning Cato and Otho. The latter had no fine moment in his life, except that of his death. [Breaks off into Verse:]

"*Croyez que si j'étais Voltaire,*
Et particulier comme lui,
Me contentant du nécessaire,
Je verrais voltiger la fortune légère," — Or,

to wring the water and the jingle out of it, and give the substance in Prose: —

"Yes, if I were Voltaire and a private man, I could with much composure leave Fortune to her whirlings and her plungings; to me, contented with the needful, her mad caprices and sudden topsy-turvyings would be amusing rather than tremendous.

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[1] *Œuvres de Voltaire,* lxxvii. 80–83 (*Les Délices,* early in September, 1757: no date given).

[2] In *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xii. 50–56 ("Erfurt, 23d September, 1757").

[3] "I am a man, and therefore born to suffer; to destiny's rigors my steadfastness must correspond." — Quotation from I know not whom.

"I know the ennui attending on honors, the burdensome duties, the jargon of grinning flatterers, those pitiabilities of every kind, those details of littleness, with which you have to occupy yourself if set on high on the stage of things. Foolish glory has no charm for me, though a Poet and King: when once Atropos has ended me forever, what will the uncertain honor of living in the Temple of Memory avail? One moment of practical happiness is worth a thousand years of imaginary in such Temple. — Is the lot of high people so very sweet, then? Pleasure, gentle ease, true and hearty mirth, have always fled from the great and their peculiar pomps and labors.

"No, it is not fickle Fortune that has ever caused my sorrows; let her smile her blandest, let her frown her fiercest on me, I should sleep every night, refusing her the least worship. But our respective conditions are our law; we are bound and commanded to shape our temper to the employment we have undertaken. Voltaire in his hermitage, in a Country where is honesty and safety, can devote himself in peace to the life of the Philosopher, as Plato has described it. But as to me, threatened with shipwreck, I must consider how, looking the tempest in the face, I can think, can live and can die as a King: —

Pour moi, menacé du naufrage,
Je dois, en affrontant l'orage,
Penser, vivre et mourir en roi."[1]

This is of October 9th; this ends, worthily, the Lamentation-Psalms; work having now turned up, which is a favorable change. Friedrich's notion of suicide, we perceive, is by no means that of puking up one's existence, in the weak sick way of *felo de se;* but, far different, that of dying, if he needs must, as seems too likely, in uttermost spasm of battle for self and rights to the last. From which latter notion nobody can turn him. A valiantly definite, lucid and shiningly practical soul, — with such a power of always expectorating himself into clearness again. If he do frankly wager his life in that manner, beware, ye Soubises, Karls and flaccid trivial persons, of the stroke that may chance to lie in him! —

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[1] *Œuvres,* xxiii. 14.

III. *Rumor of an Inroad on Berlin suddenly sets Friedrich on March thither: Inroad takes Effect, — with important Results, chiefly in a left-hand Form.*

October 11th, express arrived, important express from General Finck (who is in Dresden, convalescent from Kolin, and is even Commandant there, of anything there is to command), "That the considerable Austrian Brigade or Outpost, which was left at Stolpen when the others went for Silesia, is all on march for Berlin." Here is news! "The whole 15,000 of them," report adds; — though it proved to be only a Detachment, picked Tolpatches mostly, and of nothing like that strength; shot off, under a swift General Haddick, on this errand. Between them and Berlin is not a vestige of force; and Berlin itself has nothing but palisades, and perhaps a poor 4,000 of garrison. "March instantly, you Moritz, who lie nearest; cross Elbe at Torgau; I follow instantly!" orders Friedrich;[1] — and that same night is on march, or has cavalry pushed ahead for reinforcement of Moritz.

Friedrich, not doubting but there would be captaincy and scheme among his Enemies, considered that the Swedes, and perhaps the Richelieu French, were in concert with this Austrian movement, — from east, from north, from west, three Invasions coming on the core of his Dominions; — and that here at last was work ahead, and plenty of it! That was Friedrich's opinion, and most other people's, when the Austrian inroad was first heard of: "mere triple ruin coming to this King," as the Gazetteers judged; — great alarm prevailing among the King's friends; in Berlin, very great. Friedrich, glad, at any rate, to have done with that dismal lingering at Buttelstädt, hastens to arrange himself for the new contingencies; to post his Keiths, his Ferdinands, with their handfuls of force, to best advantage; and push ahead after Moritz, by Leipzig, Torgau, Berlin-wards, with all his might. At Leipzig, in such press of business and interest, — judge by the following phenomenon, what a clear-going soul this is, and how completely on a level with whatever it may be that he is marching towards: —

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[1] His Message to Moritz, *Orlich*, p. 73: Rödenbeck, p. 322 (dubious, or wrong).

"*Leipzig, 15th October*, 1757 (Interview with Gottsched). — At 11 this morning, Majesty came marching into Leipzig; multitudes of things to settle there; things ready, things not yet ready, in view of the great events ahead. Seeing that he would have time after dinner, he at once sent for Professor Gottsched, a gigantic gentleman, Reigning King of German Literature for the time being, to come to him at 3 P.M. Reigning King at that time; since gone wholly to the Dust-bins, — 'Popular Delusion,' as old Samuel defines it, having since awakened to itself, with scornful hahas upon its poor Gottsched, and rushed into other roads worse and better; its poor Gottsched become a name now signifying Pedantry, Stupidity, learned Inanity and the Worship of Colored Water, to every German mind.

"At 3 precise, the portly old gentleman (towards sixty now, huge of stature, with a shrieky voice, and speaks uncommonly fast) bowed himself in; and a Colloquy ensued, on Literature and so forth, of the kind we may conceive. Colloquy which had great fame in the world; Gottsched himself having — such the inaccuracy of rumor and Dutch Newspapers, on the matter — published authentic Report of it;[1] now one of the dullest bits of reading, and worth no man's bit of time. Colloquy which lasted three hours, with the greatest vivacity on both sides; King impugning, for one principal thing, the roughness of German speech; Gottsched, in swift torrents (far too copious in such company), ready to defend. 'Those consonants of ours,' said the King, 'they afflict one's ear: what Names we have; all in mere *k*'s and *p*'s: *Knap*—, *Knip*—, *Klop*—, *Krotz*—, *Krok*—;—your own Name, for example!'"—Yes, his own Name, unmusical Gott*sched*, and signifying God's-Damage (God's-*skaith*) withal. "Husht, don't take a Holy Name in vain; call the man *Sched* ('Damage' by itself), can't we!" said a wit once.[1]—"'Five consonants together, *ttsch, ttsch*, what a tone!' continued the King. 'Hear, in contrast, the music of this Stanza of Rousseau's [Repeats a stanza]. Who could express that in German with such melody?' And so on; branching through a great many provinces; King's knowledge of all Literature, new and ancient, 'perfectly astonishing to me;' and I myself, the swift-speaking Gottsched, rather copious than otherwise. Catastrophe, and summary of the whole, was: Gottsched undertook to translate the Rousseau Stanza into German of moderate softness; and by the aid of water did so, that very night;[2] sent it next day, and had 'within an hour' a gracious Royal Answer in verse; calling one, incidentally, 'Saxon Swan, *Cygne Saxon*,' though one is such a Goose! 'Majesty to march at 7 to-morrow morning,' said a Postscript,—no Interviewing more, at present.

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[1] Next Year, in a principal Leipzig Magazine, with name signed: given in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 728–739 (with multifarious commentaries and flourishings, denoting an attentive world). Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, iii. 286–290.

"About ten days after [not to let this thing interrupt us again], Friedrich, on his return to Leipzig, had another Interview with Gottsched; of only one hour, this time;—but with many topics: Reading of some Gottsched Ode (*Ode*, very tedious, frothy, watery, *of Thanks* to Majesty for such goodness to the Saxon Swan; reading, too, of 'some of Madam Gottsched's Pieces'). Majesty confessed afterwards, Every hour from the very first had lowered his opinion of the Saxon Swan, till at length Goosehood became too apparent. Friedrich sent him a gold snuffbox by and by, but had no farther dialoguing.

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[1] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, iii. 287. [2] Copied duly in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 726.

"A saying of Excellency Mitchell's to Gottsched — for Gottsched, on that second Leipzig opportunity, went swashing about among the King's Suite as well — is still remembered. They were talking of Shakspeare: 'Genial, if you will,' said Gottsched, 'but the Laws of Aristotle; Five Acts, unities strict!' — 'Aristotle? What is to hinder a man from making his Tragedy in Ten acts, if it suit him better?' 'Impossible, your Excellency!' — 'Pooh,' said his Excellency; 'suppose Aristotle, and general Fashion too, had ordered that the clothes of every man were to be cut from five ells of cloth: how would the Herr Professor like [with these huge limbs of his] if he found there were no breeches for him, on Aristotle's account?' Adieu to Gottsched; most voluminous of men; — who wrote a Grammar of the German Language, which, they say, did good. I remember always his poor Wife with some pathos; who was a fine, graceful, loyal creature, of ten times his intelligence; and did no end of writing and translating and compiling (Addison's *Cato*, Addison's *Spectator*, thousands of things from all languages), on order of her Gottsched, till life itself sank in such enterprises; never doubting, tragically faithful soul, but her Gottsched was an authentic Seneschal of Phœbus and the Nine."[1] —

Monday, 17th, at seven, his Majesty pushed off accordingly; cheery he in the prospect of work, whatever his friends in the distance be. Here, from Eilenburg, his first stage Torgau-way, are a Pair of Letters in notable contrast.

Wilhelmina to the King (on rumor of Haddick, swoln into a Triple Invasion, Austrian, Swedish, French).

Baireuth, "15th October, 1757.

"My dearest Brother, — Death and a thousand torments could not equal the frightful state I am in. There run reports that make me shudder. Some say you are wounded; others, dangerously ill. In vain have I tormented myself to have news of you; I can get none. Oh, my dear Brother, come what may, I will not survive you. If I am to continue in this frightful uncertainty, I cannot stand it; I shall sink under it, and then I shall be happy. I have been on the point of sending you a courier; but [environed as we are] I durst not. In the name of God, bid somebody write me one word.

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[1] Her *Letters*, collected by a surviving Lady-Friend, "*Briefe der Frau Luise Adelgunde Viktorie Gottsched*, born *Kulmus* (Dresden, 1771–1772, 3 vols. 8vo)," are, I should suppose, the only Gottsched Piece which anybody would now think of reading.

"I know not what I have written; my heart is torn in pieces; I feel that by dint of disquietude and alarms I am losing my wits. Oh, my dear, adorable Brother, have pity on me. Heaven grant I be mistaken, and that you may scold me; but the least thing that concerns you pierces me to the heart, and alarms my affection too much. Might I die a thousand times, provided you lived and were happy!

"I can say no more. Grief chokes me; and I can only repeat that your fate shall be mine; being, my dear Brother, your

"WILHELMINA."

What a shrill penetrating tone, like the wildly weeping voice of Rachel; tragical, painful, gone quite to falsetto and above pitch; but with a melody in its dissonance like the singing of the stars. My poor shrill Wilhelmina! —

King to Wilhelmina (has not yet received the Above).

"EILENBURG, 17th October, 1757.

"MY DEAREST SISTER, — What is the good of philosophy unless one employ it in the disagreeable moments of life? It is then, my dear Sister, that courage and firmness avail us.

"I am now in motion; and having once got into that, you may calculate I shall not think of sitting down again, except under improved omens. If outrage irritates even cowards, what will it do to hearts that have courage?

"I foresee I shall not be able to write again for perhaps six weeks: which fails not to be a sorrow to me: but I entreat you to be calm during these turbulent affairs, and to wait with patience the month of December; paying no regard to the Nürnberg Newspapers nor to those of the Reich, which are totally Austrian.

"I am tired as a dog (*comme un chien*). I embrace you with my whole heart; being with the most perfect affection (*tendresse*), my dearest Sister, your" — **Friedrich.**

. . . (*at some other hour, same place and day.*) "'No possibility of Peace,' say your accounts [Letter lost]; 'the French won't hear my name mentioned.' Well; from me they shall not farther. The way will be, to speak to them by action, so that they may repent their impertinences and pride."[1]

The Haddick affair, after all the rumor about it, proved to be a very small matter. No Swede or Richelieu had dreamt of co-operating; Haddick, in the end, was scarce 4,000 with four cannon; General Rochow, Commandant of Berlin, with his small garrison, had not Haddick skilfully slidden through woods, and been so magnified by rumor, might have marched out, and beaten a couple of Haddicks. As it was, Haddick skilfully emerging, at the Silesian Gate of Berlin, 16th October, about eleven in the morning, demanded ransom of 300,000 thalers (£45,000); was refused; began shooting on the poor palisades, on the poor drawbridge there; "at the third shot brought down the drawbridge;" rushed into the suburb; and was not to be pushed out again by the weak party Rochow sent to try it. Rochow, ignorant of Haddick's force, marched off thereupon for Spandau with the Royal Family and effects; leaving Haddick master of the suburb, and Berlin to make its own bargain with him. Haddick, his Croats not to be quite kept from mischief, remained master of the suburb, minatory upon Berlin, for twelve hours or more: and after a good deal of bargaining, — ransom of £45,000, of £90,000, finally of £27,000 and "two dozen pair of gloves to the Empress Queen," — made off about five in the morning; wind of Moritz's advance adding wings to the speed of Haddick.[2]

Moritz did arrive next evening (18th); but with his tired troops there was no catching of Haddick, now three marches ahead. Royal Family and effects returned from Spandau the day following; but in a day or two more, removed to Magdeburg till the Capital were safe from such affronts. Much grumbling against Rochow. "What could I do? How could I know?" answered Rochow, whose eyesight indeed had been none of the best. Berlin smarts to the length of £27,000 and an alarm; but asserts (not quite mythically, thinks Retzow), that "the two dozen pair of gloves were all gloves for the left hand," — Berlin having wit, and a touch of *absinthe* in it, capable of such things! Friedrich heard the news at Annaburg, a march beyond Torgau; and there paused, again uncertain, for about a week coming; after which, he discovered that Leipzig would be the place; and returned thither, appointing a general rendezvous and concentration there.

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[1] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. i. 308, 309, 310.

[2] *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 715–723 (Haddick's own Account, and the Berlin one).

Scene at Regensburg in the Interim.

Just while Haddick was sliding swiftly through the woods, Berlin now nigh, there occurred a thing at Regensburg; tragic thing, but ending in farce, — Finale of *Reichs-Acht*, in short; — about which all Regensburg was loud, wailing or haha-ing according to humor; while Berlin was paying its ransom and left-hand gloves. One moment's pause upon this, though our haste is great.

"Reichs Diet had got its Ban of the Reich ready for Friedrich; *Citatio* (solemn Summons) and all else complete; nothing now wanted but to serve Citatio on him, or 'insinuate' it into him, as their phrase is; — which latter essential point occasions some shaking of wigs. Dangerous, serving Citatio in that quarter: and by what art try to smuggle it into the hands of such a one? 'Insinuate it here into his, Plotho's, hand; that is the method, and that will suffice!' say the wigs, and choose an unfortunate Reichs Notary, Dr. Aprill, to do it; who, in ponderous Chancery-style, gives the following affecting report, — wonderful, but intelligible (when abridged): —

"Citatio" to come and receive your Ban, — a very solemn-sounding Document, commencing (or perhaps it is Aprill himself that so commences, no matter which), "'In the Name of the Most High God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Amen,' — was given, Wednesday, 12th October, in the Year after Christ our dear Lord and Saviour's Birth, 1757 Years, To me Georgius Mathias Josephus Aprill, sworn Kaiserlich Notarius Publicus; In my Lodging, first-floor fronting south, in Jacob Virnrohr the Innkeeper's House here at Regensburg, called the Red-Star," for insinuation into Plotho:

With which solemn Piece, Aprill proceeded next day, Thursday, half-past 2 P.M., to Plotho's dwelling-place, described with equal irrefragability; and, continues Aprill, "did there, by a servant of the Herr Ambassador von Plotho's, announce myself; adding that I had something to say to his Excellency, if he would please to admit me. To which the Herr Ambassador by the same servant sent answer, that he was ill with a cold, and that I might speak to his Secretarius what I had to say. But, as I replied that my message was to his Excellenz in person, the same servant came back with intimation that I might call again to-morrow at noon."

To-morrow, at the stroke of noon, Friday, 14th October, Aprill punctually appears again, with recapitulation of the pledge given him yesterday; and is informed that he can walk up-stairs. "I proceeded thereupon, the servant going before, up one pair of stairs, or with the appurtenances (*Gezeugen*) rather more than one pair, into the Herr Ambassador Freiherr von Plotho's Anteroom; who, just as we were entering, stept in himself, through a side-door; in his dressing-gown, and with the words, 'Speak now what you have to say.'

"I thereupon slipt into his hand *Citatio Fiscalis*, and said" — said at first nothing, Plotho avers; merely mumbled, looked like some poor caitiff, come with Law-papers on a trifling Suit we happen to have in the Courts here; — and only by degrees said (let us abridge; *Scene*, Aprill and Plotho, Anteroom in Regensburg, first-floor and rather higher): —

Aprill. "'I have to give your Excellenz this Writing, — [which privately, could your Excellenz guess it, is] *Citatio Fiscalis* from the Reichstag, summoning his Majesty to show cause why Ban of the Reich should not pass upon him!' His Excellenz at first took the *Citatio* and adjuncts from me; and looking into them to see what they were, his Excellenz's face began to color, and soon after to color a little more; and on his looking attentively at *Citatio Fiscalis*, he broke into violent anger and rage, so that he could not stand still any longer; but with burning face, and both arms held aloft, rushed close to me, *Citatio* and adjuncts in his right hand, and broke out in this form: —

Plotho. "'What; insinuate (*insinuieren*), you scoundrel!'

Aprill. "'It is my Notarial Office; I must do it.' In spite of which the Freiherr von Plotho fell on me with all rage; grasped me by the front of the cloak, and said: —

Plotho. "'Take it back, wilt thou!' And as I resisted doing so, he stuck it in upon me, and shoved it down with all violence between my coat and waistcoat; and, still holding me by the cloak, called to the two servants who had been there, 'Fling him down stairs!' — which they, being discreet fellows, and in no flurry, did not quite, nor needed quite to do ('Must, sir, you see, unless!'), and so forced me out of the house; Excellenz Plotho retiring through his Anteroom, and his Body-servant, who at first had been on the stairs, likewise disappearing as I got under way," — and have to report, in such manner, to the Universe and Reichs Diet, with tears in my eyes.[1]

What became of Reichs Ban after this, ask not. It fell dead by Friedrich's victories now at hand; rose again into life on Friedrich's misfortunes (August, 1758), threatening to include George Second in it; upon which the *Corpus Evangelicorum* made some counter-mumblement; — and, I have heard, the French privately advised: "Better drop it; these two Kings are capable of walking out of you, and dangerously kicking the table over as they go!" — Whereby it again fell dead, positively for the last time, and, in short, is worth no mention or remembrance more.

Corpus Evangelicorum had always been against Reichs Ban: a few Dissentients, or Half-Dissentients excepted, — as Mecklenburg wholly and with a will; foolish Anspach wholly; and the Anhalts haggling some dissent, and retracting it (why, I never knew); — for which Mecklenburg and the Anhalts, lying within clutch of one, had to repent bitterly in the years coming! Enough of all that.

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[1] Preuss, ii. 397-401; in *Helden-Geschichte*, iv. 745-749, Plotho's Account.

The Haddick invasion, which had got its gloves, left-hand or not, and part of its road-expenses, brought another consequence much more important on the *per-contra* side. The triumphing, *te-deum*-ing and jubilation over it, — "His Metropolis captured; Royal Family in flight!" — raised the Dauphiness Army, and especially Versailles, into such enthusiasm, that Dauphiness came bodily out (on order from Versailles); spread over the Country, plundering and insulting beyond example; got herself reinforced by a 15,000 from the Richelieu Army; crossed the Saale; determined on taking Leipzig, beating Friedrich, and I know not what. Keith, in Leipzig with a small Party, had summons from Soubise's vanguard (October 24th): Keith answered, He would burn the suburbs; — upon which, said vanguard, hearing of Friedrich's advent withal, took itself rapidly away. And Soubise and it would fain have recrossed Saale, I have understood, had not Versailles been peremptory.

In a word, Friedrich arrived at Leipzig October 26th; Ferdinand, Moritz and all the others coming or already come: and there is something great just at hand. Friedrich's stay in Leipzig was only four days. Cheering prospect of work now ahead here; — add to this, assurance from Preussen that Apraxin is fairly going home, and Lehwald coming to look after the Swedes. Were it not that there is bad news from Silesia, things generally are beginning to look up.

Of the hour spent on Gottsched, in these four days, we expressly take no notice farther; but there was another visit much less conspicuous, and infinitely more important: that of a certain Hanoverian Graf von Schulenburg, not in red or with plumes, like a Major-General as he was, but "in the black suit of a Country Parson," — coming, in that unnoticeable guise, to inform Friedrich officially, "That the Hanoverians and Majesty of England have resolved to renounce the Convention of Kloster-Zeven; to bring their poor Stade Army into th field again; and do now request him, King Friedrich, to grant them Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick to be General of the same."[1]

Here is an unnoticeable message, of very high moment indeed. To which Friedrich, already prepared, gives his cheerful consent; nominations and practicalities to follow, the instant these present hurries are over. Who it was that had prepared all this, whose suggestion it first was, Friedrich's, Mitchell's, George's, Pitt's, I do not know, — I cannot help suspecting Pitt; Pitt and Friedrich together. And certainly of all living men, Ferdinand — related to the English and Prussian royalties, a soldier of approved excellence, and likewise a noble-minded, prudent, patient and invincibly valiant and steadfast man — was, beyond comparison, the fittest for this office. Pitt is now fairly in power; and perceives, — such Pitt's originality of view, — that an Army *with* a Captain to it may differ beautifully from one without. And in fact we may take this as the first twitch at the reins, on Pitt's part; whose delicate strong hand, all England running to it with one heart, will be felt at the ends of the earth before many months go. To the great and unexpected joy of Friedrich, for one. "England has taken long to produce a great man," he said to Mitchell; "but here is one at last!"

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[1] Mauvillon, i. 256; Westphalen, i. 315: indistinct both, and with slight variations. Mitchell Papers (in British Museum), likewise indistinct: Additional MSS. 6815, pp. 96 and 108 ("Lord Holderness to Mitchell," doubtless on Pitt's instigation, "10th October, 1757," is the *beginning* of it, — two days before Royal Highness got home from Stade); see ib. 6806, pp. 241-252.

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